# *To the Right Honourable the Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, my Subſcribers.*

WERE I an Author of that Figure and Magnitude as to be able to reflect the leaſt Luſtre upon your NAMES, I ſhould not fail of expreſſing my Gratitude in a Manner ſo modiſh, and ſo agreeable to myſelf, as that of prefixing them to my little Performance, and preſenting the World with a Conſtellation of the moſt Polite and Noble Patrons. There is no Genius ſo great, who would not, upon a like Occaſion, receive infinitely more Glory from you, than he could pretend to give you, by the higheſt Reputation of Wit and Learning, or the moſt ingenious Encomiums of a Dedication. But I am determin'd not to abuſe your Indulgence to ſo mean an

Undertaking, nor ſeem to detract from the Delicacy of your Taſtes, whilſt I reap the Advantage of the moſt exalted Principles, and beſt Natures.

AS you have generouſly contributed to the quieting of a Mind diſtracted with a Thouſand Anxieties, ſo ſhall I, with Pleaſure, lay out every eaſy Moment, in ſome Attempt more worthy of your Attention, and more expreſſive of that high Eſteem and Reſpect with which I ſhall be ever proud to diſtinguiſh myſelf,

*Your moſt obliged,*

*moſt humble, and*

*moſt devoted Servant,*

TAM. RERESBY.

THE

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Of

# *Of the Original of Languages, and the little Solidity of thoſe Opinions which ancient Philoſophers entertain'd about it.*

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THOSE ancient Virtuoſo's, who enquir'd as well into the Original of Mankind as into that of their Language, agreed, that whether Men were the Produce of Chance, or ſome ſuperior intelligent Being, yet had they at firſt no Uſe of Speech amongſt them. But that finding in Progreſs of Time they ſtood in need of each other's Aſſiſtance, and deſiring for that Reaſon, to communicate their Thoughts, they firſt made Uſe of ſome certain Geſtures and Signs, of Eyes, Hands, or Heads; at laſt perceiving that they could with Eaſe make Uſe of the Tongue, to form all Sorts of Sounds, they judg'd it more proper to make Uſe of the Signs of Voice, and Sound, to explain themſelves, than any others; and ſo by Degrees agreed to compoſe a Language. But there is little Appearance of Reaſon in this Suppoſition: For, which Way could they, who knew not

how to ſpeak, agree amongſt themſelves about Words, whereby to render themſelves intelligible? We who have a conſtant fix'd Language amongſt ourſelves, may teach the ſame to our Children, becauſe we ever make Uſe of the ſame Terms to ſignify the ſame Things, and the ſame Sentiments: By which Means they gradually form their Tongues to articulate Sounds, and accuſtom themſelves with the ſame Words to mark the ſame Things, and the ſame Conceptions. Since it is by the Mediation of Speech that Mankind agree about everything, they could not therefore agree about Words, without the Uſe of any; and it is as abſurd to imagine that a Language could poſſibly have been form'd without the Uſe of Speech, as it is to imagine that Spectacles might have been contriv'd and faſhion'd by Men who never had their Sight.

BUT to render this as clear as poſſible, we will ſuppoſe that Men at firſt fell like ſo many Frogs from the Clouds, and of perfect Age. For we muſt allow them Years of Diſcretion, and in Society, to render them the better able to compoſe a Language. Theſe Men at firſt, no Queſtion, would be mightily ſurpriz'd at the Sight of each other; and it is hard to conceive what their firſt Thoughts might be. But we will allow, for Argument's Sake, that being faſhion'd every Way like ourſelves, they would, upon this accidental meeting with ſo many Strangers, deſire to ſpeak to them: But the Difficulty is, about what? For as yet they knew nothing. It may be anſwer'd, that in ſome Space of Time they would be either dry or hungry, hot or cold; and being preſs'd by ſome Neceſſity or other, they would deſire to explain themſelves, and require ſome Sort of Aſſiſtance.

NOW all that we can poſſibly allow them, is a bare Vociferation, or Cry inarticulate, like that of Beaſts, which would prove not only as various as their Fancies, but utterly unintelligible. And this we may gather from the diſagreeable Noiſe made by dumb People, whoſe Defect of Speaking is owing only to another, of not Hearing.

SINCE then the Men we have been ſpeaking of, never heard any articulate Sounds which they could imitate, they would of courſe

courſe only make ſome Sort of Noiſe, and muſt neceſſarily perſiſt in the ſame Courſe, without being ever able to form one ſingle accented Word, and determin'd to imply one Thing more than another. For how could one Sound, or Cry, come to have the Preference before others, to ſignify this or that? And who could oblige the reſt of the Society to employ the Cry of any particular Perſon to a certain Meaning, before that of another? We muſt ſuppoſe, amongſt theſe ſpeechleſs Gentlemen, a previous Engagement to ſubmit to the Deciſion of any one Member, whoſe Privilege alone it ſhould be to impoſe Names upon all Things, and all Ideas, and to require from them the Obſervation and Uſe of the very ſame Words he ſhould invent: Without this Agreement, there would be as many Languages as Men; or, to ſpeak with greater Propriety, no Language at all. *Plato*, upon the Suppoſition that Men were firſt created without the Faculty of expreſſing themſelves, affects to give ſome Account, by what Degrees and Methods they fram'd a Language; but comes to no other Deciſion, but, that if it were poſſible to arrive at an Expedient of underſtanding each other in Things ſenſible and familiar, yet could they never do ſo in Ideas purely ſpiritual and intelligible; and refers all at laſt to a Divine Power. Chriſtians need not go far in Queſt of the Original of Languages, being very well aſſur'd, that God created Man with all the Perfections that appertain to his Nature. That as he was made for Society, and as Speech is its primary and neceſſary Tye, ſo muſt he of Courſe have been provided with that Faculty from the firſt Moment of his Creation.

Now, if the firſt Man was repleniſh'd with all Lights that human Nature is capable of, and ſuch as, according to the Opinion of the ancient Fathers, ſurpaſs'd the greateſt Wits of later Times, as much as the Flight of Eagles ſurpaſſes the Motion of any Reptiles, he would however have been very defective, if he had not the Power to impart his Knowledge, or explain his Notions about everything ſoon after he came out of his Creator's Hands. Since Time, Labour, and Application, had been all requir'd to the Compoſition of any Language, it ſeems unworthy of the Wiſdom of God to make him imperfect, and, of his

 Juſtice,

Juſtice, to ſubject him to a painful Fatigue, which he had not yet deſerv'd.

We may take it, I believe, for granted, that Man no ſooner enjoy'd an Exiſtence, but he enjoy'd Thought; that he no ſooner conceiv'd any Notion, than he deſir'd to communicate it. For this Reaſon were his Notions follow'd by certain Traces in his Imagination, proper to inveſt them with Body; and by certain Diſpoſitions in the Organs of Voice proper to form expreſſive Sounds. So that all his Thoughts, in the whole Courſe of his Life, were inveſted with all the Images and all neceſſary Expreſſions, to render them as clear, conſpicuous, and intelligible to others as they were to himſelf; and all this was done by the Direction of God, and a neceſſary Sequel of his all-wiſe Deſigns in the Formation of Man.

As Man is a Being compos'd of Spirit and Body, ſo ought he to have the Priviledge of inveſting his Thoughts with Body; and this ſeems to be his natural Prerogative. As all the Beauties of the World center'd in *Adam*, as he was not only an Abridgment of all created Perfection, but was in ſome degree the Image of God himſelf; we may infer that he was not placed in the World as much an Infant as others are born, and that he was to lead for many Years a Life of Darkneſs and Ignorance, till the Light of his Mind improv'd with the Stature of his Body. We may with much more Reaſon conclude, that he who was immediately conſtituted his Creator's Viceroy, had an univerſal Rectitude of all the Faculties of the Soul.

That his Underſtanding was ſublime, and clear like the upper Regions, not the leaſt obſcur'd, nor diſturb'd by the Vapors of Affections; or Storms of Paſſion; here Reaſon acted as perpetual Dictator; and did not ſo much perſuade as command; his Diſcourſe was almoſt as active as his Ideas; and he conceived nothing with greater Clearneſs than he expreſſed it. He came into the World a Philoſopher; but ſo ſuperior to thoſe that generally bear that Name; that he neither confounded himſelf, nor others; but ſeeing Nature naked by Intuition, he irradiated every Object, and ſome are of Opinion that he writ its Nature in its Name.

THE Union of Ideas purely ſpiritual, and intelligible, with Sounds corporeal and ſenſible; and which Way they could at firſt excite in the Soul ſuch and ſuch Thoughts, is a ſort of Myſtery, and is to be referr'd to the omnipotent Artificer. *Adam* no queſtion enjoy'd all the Perfection of human Nature; a conſummate Knowledge of Arts, and Sciences, and could not conſequently be deſtitute of Words, nay, the greateſt Eloquence, to diſplay the moſt exalted as well as the moſt ſolid Notions. No Man had ever greater Occaſion for all the Ornaments of Language. His own and the World's Formation, the Felicity of his innocent, the Miſery of his fallen State and of all Mankind by his Tranſgreſſion, the Rigors of God's Juſtice, the Greatneſs of his Mercy, were all Subjects that requir'd the greateſt Force and Sublimity of Stile; and for that, as well as a thouſand other Reaſons, it is not to be queſtion'd but the *Hebrew* Tongue was at firſt more copious, and every way more compleat than any other Language that has been ſince produc'd, and gradually improv'd by the Art of Man: Yet do I not believe, as ſome do, that the very Names of Things expreſs'd their Nature, and were a ſort of *abridg'd Definitions*. If *Adam* ſignified *made of Earth*, and *Eve* the *Mother of all Living*, the Reaſon is, the firſt is compos'd of the Word that implies *Earth*, and the latter, of thoſe that imply *Mother* and *living*. But thoſe Words that ſignified *Earth*, *Mother*, and *living*, might have had a quite different Meaning, and any other Sounds might have been employ'd to ſignify the ſame Things.

WE read in Scripture, that God, at the Time of his making a Covenant with *Abram*, commanded that he ſhould afterwards be called *Abraham*; the Addition of one Letter making it a Word compounded, and expreſſive of the Multiplication of his Family. In the Chapter before, *viz.* the 16th of *Geneſis*, we read that *Hagar* gave the Name of *Beer-lahai-roy* to the Well where ſhe ſaw the Angel who comforted her: Theſe and a thouſand other Words may be produc'd, to ſhew the Energy of the *Hebrew*; but this not in the leaſt makes out any greater Force in the Roots and ſimple Sounds before they are in this Manner united.

THE

THE *Cabaliſts* themſelves can prove nothing more of the Superiority of *Hebrew* uncompounded Words, than we have done by Inference. We allow that *Ariſtotle* is no more than the Rubbiſh of an *Adam*, and that all other Languages may be at beſt but poor jejune Copies of the great Original. But ſince in the few Books that are left, it is impoſſible to recover the Beauties of that Language, we ſhall not, like ſome *Antiquaries*, pore upon *defac'd Medals*, to collect only ſome blind *Conjectures*. All we deſign'd to prove was, that Language at firſt was the immediate Gift of God, and that we ſuppoſe has been made ſufficiently clear and evident.

## *Of the Multiplication of Languages.*

IF we can be perſuaded that the Great Creator inſpir'd the firſt Man with the Faculty of Speaking, we may eaſily be induc'd to believe, that it was very eaſy for the ſame Omnipotent Power ſo to diſpoſe the Organs of the proud Builders of *Babel*, as to make them annex new Words to their Ideas, and to render them unintelligible to each other. Some pretend to prove, that there was however ſome ſort of Affinity preſerv'd amongſt that Confuſion of Languages; and that the *Hebraick* remain'd pure and uncorrupted in the Family of *Heber*, who was innocent of the ambitious Conſpiracy: Be this Matter as it will, this is moſt certain, that the Multiplication of Languages did not ſtop there; but that as the Diviſion of Languages caus'd a Diviſion of Mankind, ſo did the Diviſion of Mankind cauſe in its Turn a Diviſion of Languages. If at that Time ſeventy two Families ſeparated and ſpread themſelves gradually over the Face of the whole Earth, we may eaſily imagine, without entring into a particular Detail of the Matter, how theſe Languages came to be ſubdivided and multiplied.

THE

THE very Inconſtancy of Man's Nature is ſufficient to introduce a new Language; and we may ſee an Example of it in our own, into which we do not only adopt new Words, but reject abundance of old ones; and then again, after the Example of ſome ſuperior Genius, we reſtore ſome old baniſh'd Words, and reject new ones. Poſterity will no Queſtion take the ſame Liberty with us as we have done with our Predeceſſors; and the *Engliſh Language* will at laſt retain little more than its Name. Should any one of our Forefathers return to the World, and ſpeak to us in the Language *a la mode* Four or Five Hundred Years ſince, we ſhould ſcarce underſtand him. In the ſame Manner, and by the Laws of Viciſſitude that wait upon all Things, will all Tongues now in Vogue change, and become very ſtrange, if not unintelligible to Poſterity. Nor can we believe that the Language of the *Chineſes* is more privileged from this Revolution than themſelves from the Infirmities of humane Nature, whatſoever has been ſaid by ſome Travellers, who delight to amuſe us with Wonders. In theſe Caſes we may apply the *Spaniards* Adage, *de luengas vias luengas mentiras*: From long Voyages long Lyes.

## *Of the Perfection and Decay of Languages.*

THE Prudence of Man does not ſeem to have any Influence upon theſe Changes in Languages; they ſeem to depend upon a Chain of Cauſes, contriv'd by Providence, for Ends which the Wit of Man cannot penetrate.

BUT there are others that are properly the Workmanſhip of their Induſtry and Dexterity; and theſe are the Alterations that are made for the better, and advance towards a Perfection. In

this

this Manner did the *Greeks* and *Romans* change their Languages, by enriching them with an abundance of Terms, by poliſhing their Conſtruction, by enobling them with a World of figurative Expreſſions, ſublime, and magnificent, by forming their Stiles to all Sorts of Subjects. In a Word, by the Help of Sciences, and Knowledge of Arts, they imbelliſh'd their Languages. I don't queſtion but the *Chaldeans* and the *Egyptians* did the ſame; eſpecially ſince it is manifeſt they were great Maſters of Learning, and had carry'd them, in all Probability, to a higher Point of Perfection than they have ſince attain'd to.

SINCE then, Languages are improv'd, and enrich'd with new Terms, by new Diſcoveries in Arts and Sciences, it ſeems neceſſary that Men ſhould be ſet apart, as well to make the fineſt Reſearches into Nature, as to make known their Diſcoveries in the moſt proper and eaſy Terms. *Cicero* ſays, that Eloquence is the Companion of Peace and Pleaſure, and the Fruit of a Government well eſtabliſh'd. For this Reaſon, no ſooner did the *Grecians* obtain a conſtant Form of Government, but they enjoy'd their Eaſe, learnt the Art of Writing, and began to apply themſelves to Study. And being perſuaded, that thoſe who poſſeſs'd this Art before them, muſt likewiſe have been Maſters of thoſe Sciences, of which they had only a confus'd Notion, they travell'd into *Egypt*, *Phœnicia*, *Chaldea*, and *Judea*, purpoſely to inſtruct themſelves. We may collect all this, not only from the Hiſtory of the *Grecian* Philoſophers, but from their Principles, which have all a Tincture of the Learning they borrow'd from the *Hebrews*.

IT was the Conſiſtency of the *Grecian* and *Roman* Governments, that gave Way to the perfecting of both Languages: But no ſooner did thoſe ſtagger, than theſe were neglected; and when they were buſy'd in conſulting the Safety of Life, they had little Time to conſider the ornamental and poliſhing Part. Their Languages are not indeed effectually dead; we have them tranſferr'd to us in Books; but it is as impoſſible to preſerve the whole Beauty of a Language in Books, as it is to repreſent all the Graces of Body and Mind in Painting. We muſt not flatter our ſelves, that becauſe we have ſome of *Ariſtotle*'s and *Cicero*'s Works,

that

that we ſhall ever know, for that Reaſon, the Energy of thoſe Languages in which they writ.

As theſe Languages, eſpecially the *Latin*, are at this Time employ'd in the Diſcuſſion of Arts and Sciences, and in Controverſies of Religion, which the *Greeks* and *Romans* knew nothing of; ſo have they been enrich'd one Way, as they have loſt another: But this Acquiſition has been ſo ſmall, that we may pronounce of Tongues as of other Things, they are form'd and brought to a certain Degree of Perfection, from which they decline inſenſibly, 'till at laſt they come to be bury'd in Oblivion.

## *When a Language may be ſaid to be perfect, when loſt.*

IT will appear from what has been already ſaid, that it is as impoſſible for any People or Nation to become learned, without poliſhing and enriching their Language, as it would be for any Workman to become a finiſh'd Artiſt, without multiplying his Tools and Inſtruments. In order to be learned, a Man muſt not only have true Ideas of Things; he muſt alſo compare them, and reaſon upon them: And this cannot be done, unleſs Sounds be annexed to theſe Ideas: For Man being a Compound of Soul and Body, cannot act conſiſtently and conſequentially, unleſs his Operation partakes both of the one and the other. For this Reaſon, he no ſooner diſcovers, by the Strength of Meditation, ſome new Idea, or Truth, but he cloaths it with a ſenſible Sign, that he may the better lodge it in his Imagination, or Memory, in order to produce it upon a proper Occaſion. If would otherwiſe prove no more than a Flaſh of Fancy, that vaniſh'd as ſoon as it appear'd.

THERE is then a Neceſſity that a Faculty of Speaking ſhould attend that of Thinking; and that Wiſdom ſhould be ever accompany'd by Eloquence, like a faithful Handmaid. For this Reaſon does *Cicero* call Elocution by the Name of Eloquent Wiſdom, *Eloquentia nihil eſt aliud quam copioſe loquens Sapientia.* It follows then, that when any People has made a notable Progreſs in the Knowledge of Arts and Sciences, they muſt neceſſarily expreſs themſelves with Purity, Elegance, Energy, nay, with Magnificence and Sublimity.

WHEN the Mind is furniſh'd with all the Diſcoveries it is capable of making, then will Language attain its higheſt Perfection. So that the Defect of Expreſſion will be ever owing to the Defect of Knowledge.

WHEN I ſpeak of Perfection, I ſpeak of ſuch a Perfection as is conſiſtent with the Infirmities of human Nature; for, alas, neither that, nor the Compaſs of Man's Life, will admit any Attribute of that Dignity. All we can ſay is, that as Knowledge has no Limits, ſo neither has Language; and when the Latter bears a Proportion to the Former, it is as compleat as can be deſir'd. As the Age of *Auguſtus* ſurpaſs'd a great many others, in Letters, Arts, and Politeneſs; ſo did its Language: And at this Time, whilſt we excel the vaineſt and proudeſt Nations in all Sort of Learning; ſo is our Language more copious and expreſſive than the ſo much admir'd *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*; and infinitely more capable of painting the moſt abſtruſe Thoughts, if not ſo well calculated, it may be, for the Gratification of the Ear.

BUT Tongues are deſtin'd to change with States and Empires; and frequently, like them, become ſo much corrupted, as to loſe not only their Splendor, but ceaſe to live. And it is as true, that ſome riſe by the ſame Degrees that others fall. So that it is hard to tell the preciſe Time when Languages expire, or when they have attain'd their utmoſt Perfection: Like Rivers they loſe themſelves in one another; which, whilſt they run in the ſame

Chanels,

Chanels, retain their Names, how much ſoever the Nature of their Waters may be changed.

WITHOUT taking particular Notice of the Diſtinction generally made of Tongues, Matricular, Primative, Original, and Dialectical, as for my Part, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that any one Language differs eſſentially from another, when People who ſpeak the one, do not underſtand thoſe who ſpeak the other; nor can poſſibly effect it without Study and Application. Whatever Affinity there may be between the *German* and the *Engliſh*, the *French* and the *Italian*, yet cannot thoſe Nations underſtand each other's Dialect. So that a more preciſe Notion of a Difference cannot be given: There is no Matricular Tongue ſo pure, as not to be mix'd with others, excepting only the *Hebrew*; and this is a ſtrong Argument for its Antiquity, and Pre-eminence. If all others are intermix'd, why then are they ſtil'd Matricular? Learned Men affect to make Subdiviſions, and Diſtinctions, from a Principle of Vanity: But they can no more prove their Aſſertions, than they can prove that a Monkey is leſs a Beaſt than an Ox, becauſe he reſembles Man more than he does that Animal.

## Of Greek, Latin, *and* Engliſh.

THE Learned make no Difficulty of giving the *Greek Tongue* the Pre-eminence above all others; which they attribute as well to the refin'd Genius of that People, as the general Methods of perfectioning a Language ſo frequently repeated. With reſpect to the *Romans*, and all others that ſucceeded them, they had the particular Privilege of being Inventors of Arts, and Sciences; and conſequently of all Terms proper to illuſtrate and explain them. As for the *Romans*, they were too buſily engag'd in other Enterprizes, to ſpare any Time for ſedentary Amuſe-

ments; and it was very late before they came to have a fine Taſte of polite Learning. As they were by Nature a fierce, proud, and aſpiring People, they could not be eaſy 'till they had ſubdu'd even their own Ambition by Force of Arms. For this Reaſon, how ſonorous, magnificent, and pertinent ſoever their Language was, and expreſſive of their military and governing Genius, yet was it little fitted to the Uſe of Arts and Sciences: And *Cicero*, when he found himſelf diſgrac'd, and reduced to a Neceſſity of conſoling himſelf by philoſophical Studies and Writings, he ſays, *Enitar ut latine loquar*; I will endeavour to explain myſelf in *Latin*. But in his firſt Book of Academical Queſtions, he makes Uſe of a great many *Greek* Terms; and ſeem'd not ſo ambitious of the Labour and Glory of coining new Words, as of the Eaſe in borrowing old ones from his Neighbours. So that the *Greeks* remain'd ever in Poſſeſſion of their Superiority, and had the ſole Privilege of improving their Stock at Diſcretion. *Fingere Græcis magis conceſſum eſt, qui ſonis etiam quibuſdam & affectibus non dubitarunt nomina aptare, non alia libertate quam qua illi primi homines appellationes dederunt.*

THE *Latin* Tongue, as it was left imperfect by *Cicero*, ſo has it remain'd: For thoſe *Romans* who treated of Sciences, did either make Uſe of the *Greek* Tongue altogether, or of *Greek* Terms latiniz'd. So that the *Greek* has continu'd ever to be the Tongue of Arts and Sciences.

WHAT has been ſaid of the *Latin*, with reſpect to the *Greek*, may be ſaid of the *Engliſh*, with reſpect to both. We have eſteem'd them ſo long our Maſters, that we dare not eſteem ourſelves better than their Scholars and Diſciples. The Yoke that was put upon our Necks at School, hang there ſtill; and we dare ſcarce make the ſame Uſe of our Language, as the *Romans* did of theirs: We have not the Courage to apply it to all Uſes, nor enrich it with as many Expreſſions as is neceſſary. If Sounds are altogether indifferent, to ſignify all Sorts of Beings, and Thoughts; it will follow, that there is neither Thing, Thought, nor Manner of Being, that may not unite itſelf with any Sound, and in any Tongue whatſoever.

## *Copiouſneſs of Languages.*

WE have before obſerv'd, that Men, who have not only had an Inſight into moſt Arts and Sciences, but have made Additions to the ſame, have been oblig'd ſometimes to invent Words to expreſs new Notions. This Method has contributed much to the enriching of Languages, and the rendring of all Diſcourſes perſpicuous: For as nothing makes them more equivocal and ambiguous, than when the ſame Words are taken in different Senſes; ſo does a Language become perfectly clear, if every Thing, and every Idea, has its proper Term and Expreſſion.

TONGUES being capable of this Addition, it follows, that all may be carry'd to the ſame Degree of expreſſive Perfection. But, indeed, it is not only neceſſary that this Liberty of coining new Words ſhould be taken for the Neceſſity of explaining ſome new Idea, but likewiſe for the Muſick and Harmony of Sound; it being tireſome to hear or repeat over and over again the ſame Word. He who takes the Liberty, however, of framing new Words, muſt govern himſelf by ſome Rules: He muſt not, in the firſt Place, attempt it merely from a Spirit of Affectation; he muſt not coin Words at Random, but take them from the *Greek* or *Latin*, or the Nature of the Things they are deſign'd to expreſs. He muſt conſider the Genius of his own Language, and give them a ſuitable Termination and Pronunciation. After theſe Precautions, he need not much regard the Cenſure of ſupercilious Criticks.

WHAT is chiefly to be regarded, is, to make the Terms as clear as poſſible, that the Reader may not be oblig'd to make them as much his Study, as the Things they are deſign'd to repreſent.

*But if you write of Things abſtruſe or new,*
*Some of your own inventing may be us'd*
*(So it be ſeldom and diſcreetly done.)*
*But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,*
*Muſt ſo derive them from the* Grecian *Spring,*
*As they may ſeem to flow without Conſtraint.*
*Can an impartial Reader diſcommend*
*In* Milton *or in* Dryden *what he likes?*
*Men ever had, and ever will have Leave,*
*To Coin new Words well ſuited to the Age;*
*Words are like Leafs, ſome wither ev'ry Year,*
*And ev'ry Year a younger Race ſucceeds.*

**Roſc. Hor.**

## PERSPICUITY.

QUINTILIANUS vero cujus laus ſumma eſt Perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa ſi egeat interprete. *A Diſcourſe whoſe greateſt Excellence is Perſpicuity, how vitious muſt it be if it wants an Interpreter.* Quint. But indeed who is capable of explaining what is in itſelf obſcure or ambiguous? He that undertakes this may be himſelf miſtaken; nor is the Reader oblig'd to believe better of the Expoſitor than the Author. Nothing can be ſaid more diſadvantageous of *Ariſtotle*, than that he writ purpoſely not to be underſtood; and 'tis reported that his Diſciple, *Alexander the Great*, laid this to his Charge: But to do him Juſtice, I believe he deliver'd himſelf as clearly as the Nature of the Things would allow which he handled. *Alexander* had not Patience to attend to refin'd and abſtruſe Notions; and this Age does not ſufficiently underſtand the Force

of

of the *Grecian* Language, in which he deliver'd his Syſtem of Sciences. Generally ſpeaking, Obſcurity is not the Fault of the Language, but of the Writer; a clear Head will be ever attended with clear Expreſſions. But whoever pretends to write well, muſt not only be Maſter of his Subject, but of the Language he writes in, and every Term of Art that belongs to it. How laborious and difficult it is to attain ſo great Perfection, may be calculated from the very few that have been allow'd Maſters of the *Engliſh*. It is an invidious Undertaking, to name who have attain'd an eſtabliſh'd Reputation, and it may be an unjuſt one. As ſome deſerve it, to whom Prejudice upon other Accounts has deny'd it; ſo do others claim it, who have but very ſlender Pretenſions to it. We ſhall here take Notice only, that Terms of Art and Propriety of Expreſſion does not only more illuſtrate our Conceptions, but render them infinitely more beautiful, as will appear in theſe few Lines of Mr. *Dryden*'s to Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

*By ſlow degrees thy Godlike Art advanc'd;*
*As Man grew poliſh'd, Picture was inhanc'd;*
Greece *added Poſture, Shade, and Perſpective,*
*And then the Mimick Piece began to live;*
*Yet Perſpective was lame, no Diſtance true,*
*But all came forward in one common View.*
*No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art,*
*When Light was there, it knew not to depart;*
*But glaring on remoter Objects play'd;*
*Not languiſh'd and inſenſibly decay'd.*
*Long time the Siſter Arts, in Iron Sleep*
*A heavy Sabbath did ſupinely keep:*
*At length in* Raphael's *Age at once they riſe,*
*Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.*
*Thence roſe the* Roman *and the* Lombard *Line,*
*One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.*

Ra-

*Raphael's, like* Homer's, *was the nobler Part;*
*But* Titian's *Painting look'd like* Virgil's *Art.*
*Thy Genius gives Thee both; where true Deſign,*
*Poſtures unfort'd, and lively Colours join.*
*Likeneſs is ever there, but ſtill the beſt,*
*Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dreſs'd:*
*Where Light to Shades deſcending plays, not ſtrives,*
*Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.*

Or in theſe of a Storm.

*And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,*
*The Sailors ſhip their Oars, and ceaſe to row;*
*Then hoiſt their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails*
*Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.*
*By this the Veſſel half her Courſe had run,*
*And as much reſted till the ſetting Sun.*
*Both Shores were loſt to Sight, when at the Cloſe*
*Of Day, a ſtiff ar Gale at Eaſt aroſe:*
*The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,*
*Like Heralds, firſt denounce the wat'ry War.*
*This ſeen, the Maſter ſoon began to cry,*
*Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſheet fly,*
*And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,*
*And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd:*
*Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,*
*Each in his Way, officiouſly they wrought;*
*Some ſtow their Oars, or ſtop the leaky Side;*
*Another, bolder yet, the Yards beſtrides,*

*And*

*And folds the Sails; a fourth, with Labour, laves*
*Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.*
*In this Confuſion, while their Work they ply,*
*The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,*
*And wage inteſtine Wars; the ſuff'ring Seas*
*Are toſs'd and mingled as their Tyrants pleaſe.*

The preſent Duke of *Buckingham*, who excells ſo much in an eaſy Way of Speaking and Writing, and has the Art of expreſſing the moſt ſublime and abſtruſe Notions in the moſt perſpicuous and flowing Language, has this upon Mr. *Hobbs*'s Stile.

*In other Authors tho' the Senſe be good,*
*'Tis not ſometimes ſo eaſ'ly underſtood;*
*That Jewel oft unpoliſh'd has remain'd,*
*Some Words ſhou'd be left out, and ſome explain'd.*
*So that in Search of Senſe we either ſtray,*
*Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a Way.*
*But here bright Eloquence does always ſmile*
*In ſuch a choice yet unaffected Style,*
*As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,*
*The Force of Reaſon, with the Flow'rs of Art;*
*Clear as a beautiful tranſparent Skin,*
*Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in:*
*Like a delicious Stream, it ever ran,*
*As ſmooth as Woman, but as ſtrong as Man.*

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# Of ENERGY.

SOME who ſpeak of the Energy of Languages, expreſs themſelves in ſo myſterious a Manner, that one would imagine they conceiv'd that there was a certain Sort of Magick conceal'd in ſome particular Terms which of itſelf did Wonders. Some are ſo weak as to attribute all *Moſes* his Miracles to an Operation of this Nature. *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have cured ſeveral Diſtempers both of Soul and Body by the Force of Words; and there are certain Words at this Time of Day, confin'd to a Piece of Paper, which being ſealed up, and tied about the Neck of credulous People, have the ſame miraculous Effect. As no Body queſtions the Efficacy of God's Word, which made all Things; ſo will it be granted, I ſuppoſe, that it is very ridiculous to believe that any Sort of Word can of it ſelf do Miracles, without his immediate concurring Power and Influence. But to hear ſome Pedants talk of *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, one would imagine them as much poſſeſs'd with an Opinion of an Efficacy in 'em as much ſuperior to other Languages, as *Romaniſts* believe there is in the Words of a Prieſt who daily tranſubſtantiates. But, indeed, as their only Uſe and Efficacy is to preſerve Men in Society by a Communication of Thoughts and Inclinations; ſo is it ſcarce poſſible that any Language ſhould enjoy this particular Privilege.

A *French* Gentleman, M. *Laboureur*, declares, that he ſees only two Things that mightily contribute to the perfectioning of any Language, *viz.* a ſufficient Number of proper Terms, and a juſt ranging of the ſame. He ſeems to have Reaſon on his Side; for if Energy, and Number be requir'd; is it not certain, that the Energetick proceeds from Propriety; and Number from the Diſpoſition, or placing of Words in a Period. But the

the Partisans of the learned Languages will not easily be convinc'd. We must show them particularly that every Language is equally susceptible of these Perfections.

Let us examine then what does in Effect produce the Energy of Expression. In order to understand well its Nature, it is convenient we should consider in a particular Manner which Way our Thoughts pass into Speech, and into Writing. We must in the first Place lay it down for a Principle, that the exterior Word is not properly the Word, but the Voice of Word, according to St. *Austin*'s Observation. We must in the next Place observe, that Writing is the Painting of a Voice, or Sound articulate; as this is the Expression, or Picture of Thought.

As the Art of Writing was first attributed to *Cadmus*, a *Phœnician*, we will, *en passant*, give two Lines out of *Lucan*, very fine upon this Subject, and better translated into the *French* and *English* than they are in the Original.

*Phœnices primi, famæ si creditmus auct*
*Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.*

*C'est de luy que nous vient cet Art ingenieux,*
*De peindre la parole, & de parler aux yeux;*
*Et par les traits divers des figures placées*
*Donner de la couleur, & du Corps aux pensées.*

Thus translated by a Daughter of the Lord *Molesworth*:

*This noble Art from* Cadmus *took its Rise,*
*Of Painting Words, and Speaking to the Eyes.*

*He first in wondrous Magick Fetters bound*
*The airy Voice, and stopt the flying Sound.*
*The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,*
*Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.*

If then an articulated Voice be the Picture of Thought, this must be immediately painted in the Imagination; because otherwise we could not with Words paint what we had conceiv'd. Our Thoughts then are follow'd by certain Traces in the Imagination; these Traces are follow'd by those of Speech, and those of Speech by others of Writing, when we have a a Mind to record our Conceptions.

In this Order are form'd all these differing Images, altho' they are executed with that Rapidity, that we fancy they are done in the same Instant of Time, or that some are not done at all. For it is certain, that as the Ideas of Things which we are acquainted with, and whose Names we know, are ever attended with Traces of the Imagination which represent their Names; we are not at first appriz'd of the Reason why our Thoughts are painted in the Imagination, in order to be painted in Words. And we may even believe, that the Painting which I say is made in the Brain, or Imagination, is a pure Imagination. It is, however, most certain that Things are so order'd, and that it is impossible for us to express any the most simple Conception without its being attended with some Motion of the Spirits in the Brain. Hence it is that we imagine sometimes that a Thought has escap'd us, that is to say, it pass'd so nimbly as to leave no Trace for Memory; yet not so quick, as not to give some slight Emotion to the Brain, otherwise we could have no Notice of its Escape.

Even spiritual Things, how spiritual soever, must be invested with certain Images, in order to be express'd by sensible Signs. When we think of Justice, of God, of Angels, their Ideas

Ideas muſt neceſſarily leave ſome Impreſſions upon the Imagination, at leaſt their Names; we could otherwiſe never retain their Ideas, nor ſpeak concerning them.

If we think of anything extraordinary, and which as yet has no Name, our firſt Care is to give it one. We generally give one agreeable to the Impreſſion it has made in the Brain; and what makes it frequently difficult for us to expreſs our ſelves, is the Indiſtinctneſs or Lightneſs of the firſt Impreſſion. So that we don't know what Term to make Uſe of to put it in a fair Light.

It is therefore manifeſt, that the exterior Repreſentation of anything by the Mediation of Words, is the ſame that is firſt painted in the Brain; if this be exact, our Diſcourſe will prove clear and eloquent, and ſo *vice verſa*.

We may now reſume our Thoughts about *Energy*.

Any Diſcourſe appears to me truly Energetick, when the Expreſſions convey to him who underſtands them Things with the ſame Clearneſs, and in the ſame Extent and Depth as he himſelf conceives who delivers them. But it is obſervable that this Energy depends in part upon the Hearer or Reader. He muſt be able, with the Subtilty and Strength of his Underſtanding, to take in the whole Force of the Terms. We lately ſaw by what Degrees the Thoughts deſcend into Writing: Now it is certain, that at every Step they come down they loſe ſome of their primitive Perfection. Our Thoughts being in their Nature all ſpiritual, muſt neceſſarily ſuffer ſome Diminution in the corporeal Images, with which they are inveſted; and, like the Rays of the Sun, are weakned, in Proportion to their Diſtance from the Center of Light. That is to ſay, We do not imagine Things ſo perfectly as we think them; that we ſpeak of them with leſs Perſpicuity than we imagin'd them; and that we write them ſtill worſe than we ſpeak them. The firſt Painting in the Imagination does not equal the Original of

ought,

Thought, the painting of Words bears a leſs Reſemblance, and that of Writing has the leaſt Likeneſs of all. Now, what does a Reader of Wit and Penetration? He remounts by the ſame Degrees as the Thought came down: From the Writing to the Expreſſion; from the Expreſſion to the Imagination; from the Imagination to the Underſtanding, where the Thought was at firſt conceiv'd: And by the Help of Meditation and Reflection, he makes Reſtitution of all that the Thought had loſt in paſſing through ſo many groſs and corporeal Images. Having, by this Means, attain'd as full a Knowledge of the Object as the Author had himſelf, one may pronounce his Words to have had all neceſſary Energy. All this is accompliſh'd with greater or leſs Agility, according as the Reader has more or leſs Penetration. So that Energy requires almoſt as much Learning and Ingenuity in the Reader as the Writer.

I HAVE hitherto ſpoke only of the Effects of Energy, we will enquire at preſent what produces this Effect; that is, what it is that renders the Expreſſion ſo efficacious, as to be able to convey to the Reader's or Hearer's Mind all the Weight and Significancy of his Thoughts who writes or ſpeaks. It is my Opinion, that it proceeds from the Compoſition of Words, of Phraſes, and Periods. From the Compoſition of Words, becauſe primitive and ſimple Words can furniſh a ſingle Idea only, one Sentiment, or one Action. So that to inhance the Signification of any Word, we may extend it, or compound it with ſome others; and Words ſo inrich'd, amplify our Ideas. For this Reaſon, Languages that abound moſt with theſe Sorts of Words, are moſt Energick and Expreſſive.

THE Structure of Periods likewiſe contribute much to the Force of Expreſſion. Certain Terms join'd together, certain Phraſes united in a ſpiritual and dexterous Manner, have a peculiar Effect, which they would not have, were they not ſo artfully diſpos'd. They may be compar'd to the Parts of a Machine, which ſeparately would have but little Force; but being put together, are able to raiſe the greateſt Weights:

Or

Or to the turning of an Arch, which is ſuſtain'd by the artificial Cut and Placing of every individual Stone. But as this Compoſition and ranging of Words have ſome Reſpect to the Number and Harmony of Diſcourſe, I muſt not paſs it over without ſome Regard.

A Diſcourſe may be call'd numerous, when ſuch Attention is given to the ranging of Words in a Period, as to render the Whole flowing and eaſy to the Pronunciation, and harmonious to the Ear, nay to the Mind; for, indeed, no Pleaſure can be communicated to the Senſes, in which the Mind does not partake. There is even a Number, of which the Mind can judge only.

Harmony is ſtiled Number, becauſe the Proportions from which it reſults are meaſur'd by Numbers, altho' this is only true in Muſick. The Harmony of Diſcourſe depends much more upon the Sentiment of the Ear, than the Judgment of Reaſon: Since, however, it is the Effect of certain Proportions, it may well pretend to that Title.

*Omnis Harmonia, & concentus numeris conſtat.*

How magiſterially ſoever ſome attribute a ſuperior Numeroſity to learned Languages; yet, ſince it is impoſſible for them to have a juſt Idea of the original Pronunciations; it is as impoſſible for them to form a right Judgment. The Ear cannot help being prejudic'd in Favour of one Language, to the Diſadvantage of another; and our natural Tongue will have ever the Aſcendant from Cuſtom and Education. He who pronounces any Language ill, corrupts its Harmony; and he whoſe Ear is not accuſtom'd to the true Accent, does not reliſh it. Let the *Engliſh* be never ſo correct that a Man ſpeaks, if he utters it with a *French* Agility, he ſurprizes us; if he drauls it out with a phanatick Preciſeneſs, he tires us: The Reaſon is, the one does not fill the Organ of the Ear, and the other makes it languiſh.

But

BUT this is certain, that all Nations adjuſt the Pronunciation of the *Latin* to their own Language. So that the *French* can ſcarce underſtand the *Germans*, nor theſe the *Italians*, nor the *Engliſh* any of them, nor any of theſe the *Engliſh* when they ſpeak *Latin*. Nay, I know a Gentleman, who valu'd himſelf extreamly upon ſpeaking moſt *European* Languages, who yet gave ſuch a Twang of *Yorkſhire* to every one, that nobody could diſtinguiſh the Language he ſpoke, 'till he pleas'd by a proper Comment to inform the Company.

IT would be tedious to examine all the Pretenſions that are made by moſt Countries to Sound and Harmony; and altho' it is generally agreed that the *Italian* has the Pre-eminence, becauſe better adapted to Muſick, by the Multiplicity of Vowels, upon which the Notes can more conveniently play and dwell; yet I queſtion if a *Sclavonian* would not diſpute this Point with them as well as a *Frenchman*.

I THINK this is very plain, that Words in all Languages have ſuch an Aptitude in Sound and Pronunciation, that an Harmony may be form'd proper to their Ears which are accuſtomed to them: And this may be eaſily evinc'd, from the contrary Effect that a Mixture of Words of contrary Languages would have upon the Ear, how artfully ſoever put together.

IN a Word, a *Demonſthenes*, or a *Cicero*, may be form'd out of any Language; there is nothing more requiſite than a like Genius, to conſtitute an excellent Orator in any Tongue whatſoever. If the Cadence of ſome agrees better with certain Subjects, it will agree leſs with others. If one Language excels in Force and Majeſty, another will in Sweetneſs of Sound; ſo that an abſolute Superiority cannot be aſſigned to any Language that has been cultivated by Arts and Sciences.

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He that has not an Ear to Muſick, can never be a compleat Orator, or a good Poet. There is a Diſpoſition to Numbers in Nature, which is not to be attain'd by Art. Some very ingenious Men, who had not this Muſick and Chiming in their Heads, uſed to admire why their Verſes, that ran upon as many Feet, and no more, than other People's, ſhould not be as agreeable as thoſe of the beſt Poets; however, they could never effect it. Of this Number was the polite and judicious Mr. *Wycherley*, with whom I had the Honour to be acquainted; he would therefore revenge himſelf upon ſmooth Writers, and would allow to very few what he did to Mr. *Pope*.

——— *In your Verſe are found*
*Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.*
*Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe Numbers glide along*
*So ſmooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song:*
*Laboriouſly enervate they appear,*
*And write not to the Head, but to the Ear.*

In a Word, a Man may as well pretend to dance in Time, by knowing only the Steps, as to write harmoniouſly, by being only furniſh'd with Words, and a Notion of Quantity. Indeed, I have ſeen an Example of the firſt, even at Court: But he was ſomething obliged to the Muſicians, who were forc'd to treſpaſs mightily upon Time, to keep him as much as poſſible in it; and wiſh'd him ever done before he began. Tho' I can't ſay that of the Company, whoſe ill Nature he gratify'd, by making the Philoſopher cut Capers out of all Mood and Figure.

# *Concerning Sublimity of Stile and Diſcourſe.*

WHAT is generally amongſt *Orators* and *Poets* call'd *Sublime*, will be found, upon Enquiry, to be the ſimple Effect of *Energy* and *Number*: So that having prov'd that all Languages are capable of the One, there need no Arguments to prove them capable of the other: Or that they are all equally entitled to every Prerogative of *Eloquence*. Any Diſcourſe is more or leſs excellent, according as his Idea's are more or leſs clear, brilliant, and exalted, who compoſes it; and it will not be deny'd, I ſuppoſe, that extraordinary Genius's may be met with in all Languages.

WHAT bears the Title of *Sublime*, or *Marvellous*, has been at all Times ſo much in Requeſt, that the Antients, as well as ſome modern Criticks, have beſtow'd large Treatiſes upon it: And, I ſuppoſe, ſome of them, who have writ abundantly upon this Matter, affected to recommend their own Works for Pieces of elaborate Eloquence, whilſt they ſhow'd by their Criticiſms, that they underſtood the Rules of Art; but the Difference is vaſtly wide between *Theory* and *Practice*.

*Longinus* is the moſt ancient Author that is to be found upon this Subject; and he tells us, that the *Sublime is that which forms the Excellency and the ſov'raign Perfection of Diſcourſe ..... That which tranſports ..... That which produces a certain Admiration mix'd with Wonder and Surprize .... That which raiſes the Soul, and inſpires her with a more exalted Opinion of herſelf.* Theſe Expreſſions we ſee give a true Notion of the ſurprizing Effects of the SUBLIME; but we are ſtill

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to ſeek for the true Cauſe of theſe Effects: We are by this Means appriz'd, indeed, that when we feel ourſelves pleas'd and raviſh'd with ſome noble Expreſſions, or an ingenious elaborate Diſcourſe, that it muſt be ſomewhat *marvellous*, which in ſo particular a Manner affects us; but we remain ſtill ignorant as to the Nature of this *Marvellous*, or *Sublime*. I ſhall therefore endeavour to ſupply this Defect, with ſome Conjectures of my own; and ſhall always leave Room enough to the Reader to improve theſe by his greater Judgment and Penetration.

THE SUBLIME then, in my Opinion, conſiſts in a compleat and lively Imitation of Nature, or of that which ſurpaſſes Nature. I ſuppoſe, that a bare Imitation of Nature conſtitutes the *Sublime* of *Orators*; and the Imitation of what is above Nature, the *Sublime* of *Poets*. For it will not be diſputed, I believe, that there goes into the Compoſition of Poetry, ſomething ſupernatural and divine.

As there is nothing more noble, or worthy of Admiration, than Nature; ſo whatever is found to repreſent her to the Life, cannot fail, at the ſame Time, to appear truly *great* and *ſublime*. And as Nature is not ever uniform in her Operations, does not ever proceed in the ſame Method, and has her *Prodigies* and *Miracles*; ſo does this *Marvellous* diſplay itſelf in a vigorous and ſinewy Expreſſion of Nature's Wonders. But if we look a little nearer into this Matter, we ſhall find that it is Man's Vanity alone that prompts him to look out for the ſurprizing Works of Nature, upon which to exerciſe his moſt improv'd Faculties; for there is nothing in her ſo vile and contemptible, in his Opinion, which, if well examin'd and repreſented, would not produce the Sentiments of Admiration and Surprize. When the Prophet ſays, *How glorious are thy Works, O Lord! Thou haſt made them all with Wiſdom*: This Ejaculation comprehends as well the Worms of the Earth, the Leaves of Trees, the Hair of the Head, as the Elements, the Heavens, and the Planets. God is wonderful in all his Works; nor can we contemplate any

of them with Attention, and not pay him, at the ſame Time, a Tribute of Wonder, as well as Praiſe: And there will be found ever a little more only, or a little leſs, between the *Sublime* of *ordinary* and the moſt *extraordinary* Things of *Nature*.

I PRESUME, no Diſcourſes that have been writ ſince the Creation of the World, will with greater Force evince the Truth of this Aſſertion, than thoſe incomparable Sermons, that have been preach'd, and publiſh'd by the Appointment of the learned, the pious, the immortal Mr. *Boyle*: In which, beſides the moſt convincing Arguments that can be drawn from Scripture, Reaſon, Hiſtory, and Tradition; we may find others as perſuaſive, from the Nature of the moſt minute and deſpicable Plants, Volatils, and Reptils. Some of thoſe moſt ingenious and learned Orators have, with indefatigable Induſtry, made a nice Scrutiny into a little World, imperceptible to the Generality of Mankind; have painted their exterior Beauties in Words as various, and ſhining, as their natural Colours; have anatomiz'd their little Structures; and made the Wiſdom of God manifeſt in the Diſpoſition of every Member, and Organ, adapted not only to the Preſervation, but the Defence of every individual Inſect. And whoſoever ſhall have Leiſure to read and meditate upon theſe Wonders, will find, that an Ant, a Bee, or a Mole, have been as much the Subjects of the Creator's Wiſdom, as an Oſtridge, an Eagle, or an Elephant: And that the moſt minute Part of the Creation ſupplies him with abundant Matter for the *Energy of Expreſſion*, and *Sublimity of Diſcourſe*.

*What various Wonders may Obſervers ſee*
*In a ſmall Inſect, the ſagacious Bee!*
*Mark how the little untaught Builders ſquare*
*Their Rooms, and in the Dark their Lodgings rear!*
Nature's Mechanicks, *they unwearied ſtrive,*
*And fill with curious* Labyrinths *the Hive.*

*See what bright Strokes of Architecture ſhine*
*Thro' the whole Frame; what Beauty, what Deſign!*
*Each odoriferous Cell, and waxen Tow'r,*
*The yellow Pillage of the rifled Flow'r,*
*Has twice three Sides, the only Figure fit,*
*To which the Lab'rers may their Stones commit,*
*Without the Loſs of Matter, or of Room,*
*In all the wond'rous Structure of the Comb.*
*Next view, Spectator, with admiring Eyes,*
*In what juſt Order all th' Apartments riſe!*
*So regular their equal Sides cohere,*
*Th' adapted Angles ſo each other bear,*
*That by mechanick Rules refin'd, and bold,*
*They are at once upheld, at once uphold.*
*Does not this Skill ev'n vye with Reaſon's Reach?*
*Can* Euclid *more, can more* Palladio *teach?*
*Each verdant Hill th' induſtrious Chymiſts climb,*
*Extract the Riches of the blooming Thyme;*
*And provident of Winter long before,*
*They ſtock their Caves, and hoard their flow'ry Store.*
*In Peace they rule their State with prudent Care,*
*Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive War.*
Maro, *theſe Wonders offers to his Thought,*
*Felt his own Ardor, and the Rapture caught;*
*Then rais'd his Voice, and in immortal Lays,*
*Did high as Heav'n this Inſect Nation raiſe.*

OUR very Paſſions, which confeſs more the Weakneſs of the Heart and Mind than anything divine, or Heroic; as Fears, Sadneſs, Rage, Deſpair, may be ſo finely touch'd and painted, that the Soul ſhall find itſelf as much agitated and tranſported; as at the Repreſentation of Things which ſeem to us

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the moſt exalted. What we generally call a happy Thought, is a true and lively Idea of Nature; and a ſublime Expreſſion, or Diſcourſe, is a Repreſentation, Image, or Painting of that Idea, either in Miniature, or at full Length; but drawn with an Attitude ſo exactly proportion'd, a Diſpoſition ſo ſupple and ſinewy, Colours ſo finely temper'd, and with ſo maſterly an Agreement of Light and Shade, that a Spectator may very well take it for original Nature.

He that has not a moſt delicate Taſte given him by Nature, will be apt to take every *Enthuſiaſtick* Fit for *Divine Rapture*; and when he has cloath'd his extravagant *Whims* with *boiſterous Terms*, be apt to fancy that he is a great Proficient in the *ſublime* or *pathetick Stile*.

It is certain, that the Succeſs of ſome of our late Tragedies has been owing to meer *Sound* and *Noiſe*; the vehement and paſſionate Exclamations of the Actors confounded all Attention, and the Spectators were ſo indulgent, as to fancy that there muſt be ſomething wond'rous great and magnificent in what they did not underſtand. One of theſe bombaſt Writers told me one Day; he did not form his Characters, or his Style for Peruſal, but for Action: He knew what would make the Herd of Fools prick up their Ears, ſtare, and wonder for ſix Days; and that the bluſtering Noiſe of a *German* Horn ſerv'd this Purpoſe much better than the moſt melodious Warblings of a Silver Trumpet.

I Took Notice, that our very Paſſions, which confeſs'd more our Frailty than any Degree of Perfection, (for the *Stoicks* look'd upon all theſe to be ſo many Irregularities, and Deviations from right Reaſon) afford abundant Matter for the Sublime, not only as they are drawn out into Action, but as they are Subjects of fine Deſcription. I beg Leave to give one or two Examples of this from a famous *Engliſh* Orator.

The great leading Affection is that of *Love*. This is the great Inſtrument and Engine of Nature; the Bond and Ce-

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ment of Society; the Spring and Spirit of the Univerſe. Love is ſuch an Affection, as cannot ſo properly be ſaid to be in the Soul, as the Soul to be in that. It is the whole Man wrapt up into one Deſire; all the Powers, Vigour, and Faculties of the Soul abridg'd into one Inclination. And it is of that active reſtleſs Nature, that it muſt of Neceſſity exert itſelf; and like the *Fire*, to which it is ſo often compar'd, it is not a free Agent, to chuſe whether it will heat or no; but it ſtreams forth by natural Reſults, and unavoidable Emanations; ſo that it will faſten upon an inferior unſuitable Object, rather than none at all. The Soul may ſooner leave off to ſubſiſt, than to love; and, like the Vine, it withers, and dies, if it has nothing to embrace. Now this Affection in the State of Innocence, was happily pitch'd upon its right Object; it flamed up in direct Fervours of Devotion to God, and in colateral Emiſſions of Charity to its Neighbour. It was not then another and more cleanly Name for Luſt. It had none of thoſe impure Heats, that both repreſent, and deſerve Hell. It was a Veſtal, and a Virgin Fire; and differ'd as much from that which uſually paſſes by this Name now-a-days, as a vital Heat from the *Burning* of a Fever.

THEN, for the contrary Paſſion of Hatred. This we know is the Paſſion of Defiance; and there is a kind of Averſation and Hoſtility included in its very Eſſence and Being. And if we may bring in Anger under this Head, as being, according to ſome, a tranſient Hatred, or, at leaſt, very like it; this alſo, as unruly as now it is, yet we ſuppoſe, in the State of Innocence, that it vented itſelf by the Meaſures of Reaſon. There was no ſuch Thing as the Tranſports of Malice, or the Violences of Revenge: No rendering Evil for Evil, when *Evil* was truly a *Non-entity*, and no where to be found. Anger then was like the Sword of Juſtice, keen, but innocent and righteous. It did not act like Fury, and then call itſelf Zeal. It always eſpouſed God's Honour, and never kindled upon anything but in order to a Sacrifice. It ſparkled like a Coal upon the Altar, with the Fervours of Piety, the Heats of Devotion, the Sallies and *Vibrations* of an harmleſs Activity.

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In the next Place, for the lightsome Passion of *Joy*. It was not that which now often usurps this Name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial Thing, that only gilds the Apprehension, and plays upon the Surface of the Soul. It was not the mere Crackling of Thorns, a sudden Blaze of the Spirits, the Exultation of a tickled Fancy, or a pleased Appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe Thing; the Recreation of the Judgment, the Jubilee of Reason. It was the Result of a real Good suitably apply'd. It commenc'd upon the Solidities of Truth, and the Substance of Fruition. It did not run out in Voice, or undecent Eruptions; but fill'd the Soul, as God does the Universe, silently and without Noise. It was refreshing, but compos'd; like the Pleasantness of Youth, temper'd with the Gravity of Age; or the Mirth of a Festival, managed with the Silence of Contemplation.

And on the other Side, for *Sorrow*. Had any Loss or Disaster made but Room for Grief, it would have moved according to the severe Allowances of Prudence, and the Proportions of the Provocation. It would not have sally'd out into Complaint or Loudness, nor spread itself upon the Face, and writ sad Stories upon the Forehead. No wringing of the Hands, knocking of the Breast, or wishing one's self unborn; all which are but the Ceremonies of Sorrow; the Pomp and Ostentation of an effeminate Grief; which speak not so much the Greatness of the Misery, as the Smallness of the Mind. Tears may spoil the Eyes, but not wash away the Affliction. Sighs may exhaust the Man, but not eject the Burthen. Sorrow then would have been as silent as Thought, as severe as Philosophy. It would have rested in inward Senses, tacit Dislikes; and the whole Scene of it been transacted in sad and *silent* Reflections.

As to the Affection of *Fear*. It was then the Instrument of *Caution*, not of *Anxiety*; a *Guard*, and not a *Torment* to the Breast that had it. It is now, indeed, an Unhappiness, the Disease of the Soul. It flies from a Shadow, and makes more Dangers than it avoids. It weakens the Judgment, and betrays

trays the Succours of Reaſon. So hard is it to tremble, and not to err, and to hit the Mark with a ſhaking Hand. Then it fixed upon him who is only to be feared, God: And yet with a filial Fear, which at the ſame Time both fears and loves. It was Awe without Amazement, Dread without Diſtraction. There was then a Beauty even in this very Paleneſs. It was the Colour of Devotion, giving a Luſtre to Reverence, and a Gloſs to Humility.

IT was before hinted, that the SUBLIME of the Poets conſiſted in the Imitation of ſomething ſuperior to Nature; but ſome of their own moſt Pathetick Expreſſions will beſt explain this Definition.

## LOVE.

*How have I lov'd!*
*Witneſs ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,*
*That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet;*
*As all your Buſ'neſs were to count my Paſſion.*
*One Day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but Love;*
*Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:*
*The Suns were wearied out with looking on,*
*And I untir'd with Loving.*
*I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;*
*And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt;*
*So eager was I ſtill to love you more.*

Dryden, *All for Love.*

*And is it given me to touch thy Hand,*
*And fold thy Body in my longing Arms;*

*To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars;*
*To taſte thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath:*
*While ev'ry Sigh comes forth ſo fraught with Sweets,*
*'Tis Incenſe to be offer'd to the Gods.*

Lee *Alexander.*

*Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jeſſamin,*
*Nor Vi'lets infant Sweets, nor op'ning Buds,*
*Are half ſo ſweet as* Alexander's *Breaſt.*
*From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls:*
*He kiſſes ſweeter than a Southern Wind,*
*Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God.*
*Then he will talk! Good God, how he would talk!*
*Ev'n when the Joy he ſigh'd for, is poſſeſs'd;*
*Ev'n then he ſpeaks ſuch Words, and looks ſuch Things,*
*Vows with ſo much Paſſion, ſwears with ſo much Grace!*
*If I but mention him, the Tears will fall:*
*Sure there is not a Letter in his Name*
*But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.*

Lee *Alex.*

*If Love be Treaſure, we'll be wond'rous rich;*
*I have ſo much, my Heart will ſurely break with't;*
*Vows can't expreſs it. When I would declare*
*How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought;*
*I ſwell, and ſigh, and labour with my Longing.*
*O lead me to ſome Deſart, wide and wild,*
*Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul*
*May have its Vent! Where I may tell aloud,*
*To the high Heav'ns, and ev'ry liſt'ning Planet,*

*With*

*With what a boundleſs Stock my Boſom's fraught:*
*Where I may throw my eager Arms about him,*
*Give Looſe to Love with Kiſſes, kindling Joy,*
*And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.*

Otway, *Ven. Preſ.*

*Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,*
*Tow'rds* Phœbus' *Lodging; ſuch a Charioteer*
*As* Phaeton, *wou'd laſh you to the Weſt,*
*And bring in cloudy Night immediately.*
*Spread thy cloſe Curtains, Love-performing Night,*
*Thou ſober ſuited Matron, all in Black,*
*That jealous Eyes may wink, and* Romeo
*Leap to theſe Arms untalk'd of, and unſeen.*
*O give me* Romeo, *and when he ſhall dye,*
*Take him, and cut him out in little Stars,*
*And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,*
*That all the World will be in Love with Night,*
*And pay no Worſhip to the gaudy Sun.*

Shakſp. *Rom. & Jul.*

MILTON's Deſcription of the firſt Gallant, the Serpent, when he approach'd *Eve*, is fine.

*The Serpent ſleeping faſt, the Devil found*
*In Labyrinth of many a Round, ſelf roll'd,*
*His Head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle Wiles,*
*Nor yet in horrid Shade, or diſmal Den,*
*Nor nocent yet; but on the graſſy Herb*
*Fearleſs, unfear'd he ſlept: In at his Mouth*
*He enter'd, Innate bad, and tow'rds Eve*

*Addreſs'd his Way, not with indented Wave*
*Prone on the Ground, as ſince; but on his Rear*
*Circular Baſe of riſing Folds, that towr'd*
*Fold above Fold, a ſurging Maze: His Head*
*Creſted aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;*
*With burniſh'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect*
*Amidſt his circling Spires, that on the Graſs*
*Floated redundant.*
*Then with Track oblique*
*At firſt, as one who ſought Acceſs, but fear'd*
*To interrupt, ſide-long he works his Way.*
*As when a Ship by ſkilful Steerſmen wrought*
*Nigh River's Mouth, or Foreland, where the Wind*
*Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her Sail;*
*So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train*
*Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in Sight of Eve,*
*To lure her Eye:*
*Then, as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd*
*His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,*
*Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon ſhe trod.*
*Lead on, ſaid* Eve: *He, leading, ſwiftly roll'd*
*In Tangles, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait;*
*To Miſchief ſwift: Hope elevates, and Joy*
*Brightens his Creſt.*

## A FRIEND.

*I had a Friend that lov'd me:*
*I was his Soul: He liv'd not but in me:*
*We were ſo clos'd within each other's Breaſt,*
*The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.*

*That does not reach us yet: We were ſo mix'd*
*As meeting Streams; both to our ſelves were loſt.*
*We were one Maſs, we could not give or take,*
*But from the ſame; for he was I, I, he:*
*Retiurn my better half, and give me all my ſelf,*
*For thou art all!*
*If I have any Joy when thou art abſent?*
*I grudge it to myſelf! Methinks I rob*
*Thee of thy Part.*

Dryden *All for Love.*

*Thou Brother of my Choice: A Band more ſacred*
*Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendſhip,*
*Glory and Fame ſtood ſtill for thy Arrival;*
*My Soul ſeem'd wanting of its better half;*
*And languiſh'd for thy Abſence; like a Prophet,*
*That waits the Inſpiration of his God.*

Rowe *Tam.*

## Abſent Miſtreſs.

*And why not Death, rather than living torment!*
*To dye, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf,*
*And* Silvia *is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her,*
*Is ſelf from ſelf: A deadly Baniſhment!*
*What Light is Light, if* Silvia *be not ſeen?*
*What Joy is Joy, if* Silvia *be not by,*
*Unleſs it be to think that ſhe is by,*
*And feed upon the Shadow of Perfection.*
*Except I be by* Silvia *in the Night,*
*There is no Muſick in the Nightingale;*

*Unleſs*

*Unleſs I look on* Silvia *in the Day,*
*There is no Day for me to look upon:*
*She is my Eſſence; and I leave to be,*
*If I be not, by her fair Influence,*
*Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.* Shakeſpear.

I Do not give it for a new Diſcovery, that no Man in any Age or any Language did ever paint Nature in ſo ſtrong and lively Colours as the inimitable *Shakeſpear*, and that conſequently there never was ſo great a Maſter of the *Sublime*. He did not, like other Artiſts, hit a Likeneſs, but was ſure of it. All Subjects prov'd alike to him; and whoever has the leaſt Taſte, and Penetration, may diſtinguiſh his Paintings amidſt the greateſt Variety. The Truth of the Matter is; he does not only delineate exterior Nature, but enters into the utmoſt Receſſes of the Heart; he turns Man Inſide out; and, like another Conſcience, makes his moſt retired Thoughts paſs in Review before his Eyes.

## Life and Death.

*Reaſon thus with Life;*
*If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a Thing*
*That none but Fools would keep; a Breath thou art,*
*Servile to all the Skiey Influences;*
*That doſt this Habitation, where thou keep'ſt,*
*Hourly afflict: Meerely thou art Death's Fool;*
*For him thou labour'ſt by thy Flight to ſhun,*
*And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not Noble;*
*For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'ſt,*
*Are nurs'd by Baſeneſs: Thou'rt by no means Valiant:*
*For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender Fork*
*Of a poor Worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is Sleep,*

*And*

*And that thou oft provok'ſt, yet groſly fear'ſt*
*Thy Death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;*
*For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand Grains*
*That iſſue out of Duſt. Happy thou art not;*
*For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get,*
*And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain,*
*For thy Complexion ſhifts to ſtrange Effects,*
*After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;*
*For like an Aſs, whoſe Back with Ingots bows,*
*Thou bear'ſt thy heavy Riches but a Journey,*
*And Death unloadeth thee. Friend haſt thou none;*
*For thine own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,*
*The mere Effuſion of thy proper Loins,*
*Do curſe the* Gout, Serpego, *and the* Rheum,
*For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt not Youth, nor Age;*
*But, as it were, an After-dinner's Sleep,*
*Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed Youth*
*Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms*
*Of palſied Eld; and when thou art old, and rich,*
*Thou'ſt neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty,*
*To make thy Riches pleaſant. What's yet in this*
*That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life*
*Lie hid more thouſand Deaths; yet Death we fear,*
*That makes theſe Odds even.*

I HAVE purpoſely paſs'd over the Expoſtulations of Raging Heroes with the Gods; the paſſionate Rants of diſtracted Queens; the uncouth and rattling Deſcriptions of Storms, and Thunder. Not only becauſe I would not ſeem too prolix, but becauſe they appear generally not only *ſuper* but *præternatural.*

*MILTON* ſeems to me to have had the greateſt Genius for the *ſublime* Manner of Writing: He was furniſh'd by Nature with

with an excellent Judgment, a ſtorid Imagination, a bright Fancy, and boundleſs Invention. He had improv'd ev'ry Faculty with great Application, and all Sort of Learning; he poſſeſs'd a vaſt Treaſure of Words; and how lofty ſoever were his Conceptions, yet he never fail'd not only to fit 'em, but to adorn 'em with pertinent Terms and Expreſſions. With one ſmall Sketch of his, I ſhall take my Leave of the Minor Poets; for they are no more, when compared with their great Forefathers in Scripture.

## The Encounter of two Armies.

*All the Plain*
*Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,*
*Chariots, and flaming Arms, and firey Steeds,*
*Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, firſt met his View:*
*From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, ſtretch'd*
*In Battalous Aſpect:*
*Briſtled with upright Beams, innumerable,*
*Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields*
*Various, with boaſtful Arguments pourtray'd:*
*The banded Pow'rs of* Satan.
*The Powers militant,*
*That ſtood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd*
*Of Union irreſiſtible, mov'd on*
*In Silence their bright Legions, to the Sound*
*Of inſtrumental Harmony, that breath'd*
*Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,*
*Under their God-like Leaders. On they move*
*Indiſſolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,*
*Nor ſtrait'ning Vail, nor Wood, nor Stream divides*
*Their perfect Ranks; for high above the Ground*
*Their March was, and the paſſive Air upbore*
*Their nimble Tread.*

The

*The Shout*
*Of Battle now began, and ruſhing Sound*
*Of Onſet ended ſoon each milder Thought.*
*High in the Midſt, exalted as a God,*
*Th' Apoſtate in his Sun-bright Chariot ſate;*
*Idol of Majeſtie divine, enclos'd*
*With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields:*
*Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now*
*'Twixt Hoſt and Hoſt but narrow Space was left,*
*A dreadful Interval! And Front to Front*
*Preſented ſtood in terrible Array,*
*Of hideous Length! Before the cloudy Van,*
*On the rough Edge of Battle, e'er it join'd,*
Satan, *with vaſt and haughty Strides advanc'd,*
*Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.*

THERE is a Sort of *Sublime* which ſeems peculiar to Princes, and great Men, whoſe Minds are exalted as their Fortunes; and this appears generally in conciſe and pertinent Anſwers. *Acrius eſt & vehementius quod paucis verbis ſummam cantinet Significationem.* When *Darius* made an Offer to *Alexander the Great* of his Daughter, and one Half of *Aſia* for her Dowry, *Parmenio* took upon him to ſay, that were he *Alexander*, he would accept thoſe Conditions. *And ſo would I*, (reply'd that haughty Conqueror) *were I* Parmenio.

AFTER the Emperor *Otho* had been overthrown in a deciſive Battle by *Vitellius*, he was encourag'd by his Adherents to rally his ſcatter'd Forces, and try once more his Fortune in the Field. But he being perſuaded that his Affairs were deſperate, determin'd to die; and in theſe Words addreſs'd his Friends:

*HUNC animum, hanc virtutem veſtram ultra, periculis objicere nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto. Quantò plus ſpei oſtenditis, ſi vivere placeret, tantò pulchrior mors erit. Experti invicem ſumus ego & Fortuna. Mihi non ultione, neque ſolatiis opus eſt. Alii diutiùs imperium tenuerint, nemo tam fortiter reliquerit.*

*PLURA de extremis loqui pars ignaviæ eſt. Præcipuum deſtinationis meæ documentum habete, quod de nemine queror; nam incuſare Deos vel Homines ejus eſt qui vivere velit.*

*MY Life is not of that Value, as to deſerve you ſhould hazard any more ſo exemplary a Courage and Virtue. The greater Hopes you give me, if I would agree to live, the more glorious will it be for me to die. Fortune and I have had ſufficient Experience of each other. Beſides, I neither ſeek for Revenge, nor Conſolation. Others may have poſſeſs'd the Empire longer than I; yet ſhall nobody be ſaid to have reſign'd it with greater Generoſity.* He concludes his Harangue with as much Reſolution as he began. *There is* (ſays he) *a Sort of Cowardice in ſpeaking too long upon our own Death. I deſire that you will govern your Opinions of my Reſolutions to die, by this particular Obſervation: I complain of nobody: For to accuſe either God or Men, is that Man's Part who deſires to live.*

*MUCIUS*, in a pathetick Speech, perſuades *Veſpaſian* to ſeize the Empire; but at the End, where he admoniſhes him not to loſe Time, he excels himſelf. *They* (ſays he) *who deliberate in an Affair of this Moment, ſeem already determin'd, and to give up the Cauſe,*

WHEN *Henry the Great* of *France* had put his Army in Battle Array, before they engag'd, he encourag'd his Soldiers with ſaying, *Gentlemen, I am your King. You are* Frenchmen. *There is the Enemy.* And I think human Invention could not poſſibly find any other Arguments of greater Force, and Majeſty.

KING

KING *John* of *France* hearing that his ſecond Son, the Duke of *Anjou*, one of the Hoſtages he had deliver'd to our King *Edward*, had made his Eſcape out of *England*; he return'd thither himſelf in Perſon, to convince the World that he had no Part in that Action. To him is attributed this noble Sentence. *If Faith and Truth were baniſh'd from the World, yet ſhould they be found again in the Mouth of Kings.*

*Si la foi, et la verité etoient bannies de tout le Monde, ne' anmoins elles devroient ſe retrouver dans la bouche des Rois.*

IT is hard to ſay whether his Action or Expreſſion were more Noble and Generous.

BUT as the moſt exalted Things require the moſt noble and lofty Diction, ſo we ſhall ſeldom meet with anything in *Scripture* ſo high and important in itſelf, but what may be ſaid to be overtopp'd by Sublimity of Expreſſion. Whoever will turn to the 38th and 39th and 40th Chapters of *Job*, will ſee the Majeſty of God's Power diſplay'd with greater Splendour and Magnificence than in any other Writing ſince the World began.

*AND the Lord anſwered* Job *out of the Whirlwind and ſaid: Who is this that darkneth Councel by Words without Knowledge. Gird up now thy Loins like a Man; for I will demand of thee, and anſwer thou me. Where was thou, when I laid the Foundation of the Earth? Declare it, if thou haſt Underſtanding. Who has laid the Meaſures thereof, and who has ſtretched the Line upon it? Whereupon are the Foundations thereof faſtened? Or who laid the Corner Stone thereof? When the Morning Stars ſung together, and all the Sons of God ſhouted for Joy. Or who ſhut up the Sea with Doors, when it brake forth as if it had iſſued out of the Womb? When I made the Cloud the Garment thereof, and thick Darkneſs a Swadling Cloth for it. And brake up for it my decreed Place; and ſet Bars, and Doors, and ſaid, Hitherto ſhalt thou come, and no farther; and here ſhall thy proud Waves be ſtay'd.*

NEVER did any Poet celebrate the Triumphs of God's Mercies, and Judgments, with higher and livelier Strains than *David*. Where do we ſee ſuch Images of Faith, and Hope; of Fainting, and Deſpair? He is, indeed, an eternal Feaſt for the Paſſions; and in whatever Diſpoſition the Soul finds herſelf, ſhe may be ſure, in his Peruſal, to cheriſh and improve her Tranſports. It would require Volumes to take Notice of the Beauties of David's Poetry; but I ſhall take Notice only of one little Paſſage of *Sublime*, which will not loſe its Dignity, even in the Hands of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. How it happen'd, I can't tell; but I believe it would puzzle our beſt Poets, to give the Subject a more ſplendid Cloathing.

## PSALM VIII.

*Such is his Pow'r, that, in his Wrath,*
*He made the Earth to quake;*
*Yea, the Foundation of the Mount*
*Of* Baſan *for to ſhake.*
*And from his Noſtrils went a Smoke,*
*When kindled was his Ire:*
*And from his Mouth went burning Coals*
*Of hot conſuming Fire.*

*The Lord deſcended from above,*
*And bow'd the Heav'ns moſt high;*
*And underneath his Feet he caſt*
*The Darkneſs of the Sky.*
*On Cherubs, and on Cherubims,*
*Full royally he rode:*
*And on the Wings of mighty Winds,*
*Came flying all abroad.*

As to the Tranſports of Paſſion, and the ſurpriſing and various Operations of Human Nature, they are nowhere repreſented with greater Energy than in *Scripture*. Where do we ſee all the Ecſtaſies and Tyrannies of Love, deſcrib'd with higher Rhetorick than the 8th Chapter of the Canticles? *Love* (ſays *Solomon*) *is as ſtrong as Death, and Jealouſly cruel as the Grave.* And for his Image of Beauty, he ſo deſcribes it, that he tranſcribes it even into his Expreſſions. Where do we ever find Sorrow venting itſelf in a more prevailing Pathos than in the Lamentations of *Jeremy*? One would be apt to think that every Letter was wrote with a Tear, ev'ry Word was the Sound of a breaking Heart.

*Longinus* and others take Notice, that the *Sublime* may ſubſiſt in the moſt ſimple Expreſſions, as in theſe following:

*The Earth held its Peace, the Heavens and Earth fly before the Face of him who ſets upon the Throne.* Mach. 1. Apoc. 20.

Since it muſt be an *infinite Power* that could give *Fertility* to *nothing*. Man not being able naturally to conceive that *nothing* could become *fruitful*; he could neither declare, nor expreſs this with ſo great *Dignity*, if the *Being* in whom reſided this *Power*, had not prompted him. It was therefore the *Holy Ghoſt* that inſpir'd *Moſes* with the *Sublime Expreſſions*. *He ſpoke, and every Thing was made. He ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light.* Nothing can give a greater Evidence of our Creator's Condeſcenſion in this Particular, than when he was pleas'd to reveal at the ſame Time both his *Name* and his *Eſſence*.

When *Moſes* was ſent by *God* to deliver the Children of *Iſrael* from their Captivity, he was afraid, that a faithleſs and ſtuborn Generation might queſtion his Commiſſion: For that Reaſon he preſum'd to ſay, *Behold, when I come unto the Children of* Iſrael, *and ſhall ſay unto them, the God of your Fathers hath ſent me unto you, and they ſhall ſay unto me, What is his Name? What ſhall I ſay unto them?* And God ſaid unto *Moſes*,

*Moſes, I AM hath ſent me unto you.* For ſo the Seventy read it, ἐγῶ εἰμὶ ὁ ὤν, *I am he that is*, and not as it is render'd in the *Engliſh* Bibles, *I am that I am.* This Expreſſion contains in it, πᾶν τὸ πλήρωμα τ̃ θεότητ⊙, all the fulneſs of the Godhead, all the Riches of the Divinity. By this Name he ſtands diſtinguiſh'd from all falſe Gods, implying that he *is* after ſome very wonderful and eminent Manner, and that no *Being* beſides him truly *is*.

It diſplays in a *Word*, both his *Eſſence* and *Exiſtence*; and ſhews, at the ſame Time, the narrow Limits of human Underſtanding, when it endeavours to give a Definition of God. The greateſt Philoſophers not having been able to give a better Account of him, than that he is *A Being abſolutely perfect*; this has been generally taken for the very formal Conception and *Idea* of God: Whereas, if we make a ſtricter Enquiry, we ſhall find that *abſolute Perfection* is an Attribute only flowing from his *Eſſence*.

The firſt Thing which is *conceivable* in God, muſt be the firſt Thing that can *abſolutely be conceiv'd*. But *Being itſelf* is the firſt Thing that can *abſolutely be conceiv'd*. Therefore, *Being itſelf* is the firſt Thing which is *conceivable* in God. The *Idea of a Thing* is that which repreſents its *Eſſence* or *Nature*, and which is the firſt in order of Conception: And what can we poſſibly conceive before *Being itſelf?* The Aſſumption then is clear. The Propoſition we may prove in this Manner. God is the *Firſt*; and therefore the firſt Thing which is *conceivable* in God, muſt be the firſt Thing that can *abſolutely* be *conceiv'd*. There would otherwiſe be ſomething before God, which is againſt the Suppoſition, or, indeed, all Poſſibility. The Concluſion therefore follows, that *Being itſelf* is the firſt Thing we can apprehend in God, and conſequently, that the true *Idea* of God is *Being itſelf*. Nobody can meditate upon this Definition that God has given of himſelf, but may eaſily thence deduce all his Attributes; for whatſoever is known to have all the *Degrees of Being*, has all *Perfection*. But *Being itſelf* has all the *Degrees* of *Being*; there-

fore

fore has it all *Perfection.* The Reaſon why all created Beings are in ſome Reſpects imperfect, is, becauſe they are Partakers only of *abſolute Being*, according to its moſt *imperfect Degree*, which is, *barely to exiſt*; ſo that it may be ſaid, they are not imperfect as they *are*, but as they *are not.* As they *are*, they are ſo far *perfect*; *but to be abſolutely, is to be abſolutely perfect.*

ST. *AUSTIN* in his Sermon upon that Part of the *Romans*, where St. *Paul* takes Notice that the *Gentiles* knew GOD, but did not glorify him as GOD, in this Manner explains himſelf.

*WHENCE could they know him?* (ſays he) *From the Things which he has made. For, do but aſk the Beauty of the Sea; aſk the Beauty of the dilated and diffuſed Air; aſk the Beauty of the Heavens; aſk the Order of the Stars; aſk the Sun, clarifying the Day with his Brightneſs; aſk the Moon, tempering the Darkneſs of the following Night with her Splendour; aſk the Animals, which move in the Waters, on the Earth, and in the Air. The Souls which lie hid; the Bodies that are perſpicuous; the viſible Things that are to be govern'd, and the inviſible Governours: Aſk all theſe, they will all of them give Anſwer, Behold, look upon us, we are fair. Their Beauty is their Confeſſion. Who made theſe mutable Fairs, but the immutable Fair?*

THE Beauties of the whole Creation are no more than ſlender Shadows and Reflections of *Beauty itſelf*, which is GOD. He is the *Idea* and Eſſence of Beauty; and this depends every Way upon him, as much as the Reflection in a Glaſs does upon the Face whoſe Reflection it is. In a Word, the whole Creation ſeems to be one great *Mirror* of the *DIVINITY.*

*Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!*
*Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame,*
*Thus wond'rous fair! Thy ſelf how wond'rous then!*

*Speak*

*Speak you who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,*
*Angels! for you behold him, and with Songs,*
*And choral Symphonies, Day without Night*
*Circle his Throne rejoycing, you in Heaven.*
*On Earth, join all ye Creatures, to extol*
*Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without End!*
*Faireſt of Stars! laſt in the Train of Night,*
*If better thou belong not to the Dawn,*
*Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn*
*With the bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Sphere,*
*While Day ariſes, that ſweet Hour of Prime!*
*Thou Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul,*
*Acknowledge him thy Creator, ſound his Praiſe.*
*In thy eternal Courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,*
*And when high Noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.*
*Moon! that now meet'ſt the orient Sun, now fly'ſt*
*With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,*
*And ye five other wand'ring Fires! that move*
*In myſtick Dance, not without Song, reſound*
*His Praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.*
*Air! and ye Elements! the eldeſt Birth*
*Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run*
*Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix*
*And nouriſh all Things; let your ceaſeleſs Change*
*Vary to our great Maker ſtill new Praiſe.*
*Ye Miſts, and Exhalations! that now riſe*
*From Hill, or ſtanding Lake, duſky, or grey,*
*'Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,*
*In Honour to the World's great Author riſe;*
*Whether to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,*
*Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Showers,*
*Riſing or falling, ſtill advance his praiſe.*

*His Praiſe, ye Winds! that from four Quarters blow,*
*Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!*
*With ev'ry Plant, in Sign of Worſhip, wave.*
*Fountains! and ye that warble as you flow,*
*Melodious Murmurs, warbling, tune his Praiſe.*
*Join Voices, all ye living Souls, ye Birds!*
*That, ſinging, up to Heav'ns high Gate aſcend,*
*Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes, his Praiſe.*
*Ye that in Waters glide! and ye that walk*
*The Earth! and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;*
*Witneſs if I be ſilent, Ev'n or Morn,*
*To Hill or Valley, Fountain, or freſh Shade,*
*Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praiſe.*

**Milton.**

# General Reflections

## UPON

# STYLE and ELOQUENCE.

THE Chevalier *De Mere* who has treated the moſt difficult Subjects in a fine and accurate Manner; in his Diſcouſe upon Eloquence, lays this down for a Rule.

I WOULD not choose (ſays he) to begin a Diſcourſe with ſome very bright and elegant Period: It were to be wiſh'd that the whole appear'd Noble, and Beautiful, according to the Dignity of the Subject; but the moſt advance by ſlow Degrees: Nature in this, as in every thing elſe, is a learned and infallible Guide: Obſerve her Method of proceeding, which is almoſt inſenſible; and that the fineſt Day, when it begins to dawn, diſcovers ſo little Brightneſs, that there is Room to queſtion, whether it be *Evening* or *Morning*.

THIS Thought is equally beautiful, and judicious. The ſame Author, in his Condemnation of ſome Perſons who affected in their Proſe, and poetical Deſcriptions, to repreſent every minute Particular, ſays admirably,

GREAT

GREAT Maſters never paint the Whole; they give Play to the Imagination, and leave more to be conjectur'd than they diſplay to View. That *Greek*, ſo famous for his Genius, and fruitful Invention, does not amuſe himſelf, or the Reader, with painting *Helen* in all her Colours; he ſcarce mentions her Face, or Shape, yet has he perſuaded the World that ſhe was the greateſt Beauty of that Age.

THERE are ſome Things in the Diſcourſes of Eloquence, which, in *Quintilian*'s Opinion, ought to be diſguiſed, if not conceal'd; either becauſe they cannot conveniently be expos'd to View, or with ſufficient Energy be expreſs'd. *Quid non in Oratione operienda ſunt quædam? Sive oſtendi non debent, ſive exprimi pro dignitate non poſſunt?*

*TIMANTHUS* having painted *Chalchas* with a dejected and ſad Countenance; *Ulyſſes*, ſtill more concern'd at the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, having at the ſame Time, in *Menelaus*'s Viſage, expreſs'd the moſt exquiſite Sorrow that could be repreſented by Art, and being utterly at a Loſs in what Colours to draw her Father's Agony; after having exhauſted all his Ideas and Sentiments of the deepeſt Melancholy, he threw a Veil over his Face, and ſo left every Spectator a Judge of the Exceſs. What *Saluſt* ſays, with reſpect to *Carthage*, the Rival and Enemy of *Rome*, has ſome Sort of Affinity to this. *Nam de Carthagine tacere ſatius puto quam rarum dicere.* I chooſe rather to paſs over *Carthage* in Silence, than ſay little of her.

AS in the Painting of *Groups*, it is very difficult to maintain a juſt Proportion amongſt the Figures, a proper Diſpoſition of Place; and more ſo, to animate every Image with its peculiar Paſſion; ſo in Diſcourſes of Eloquence, it is very painful to obſerve a juſt Propriety of Thought; to range our Ideas in a juſt Order, and to give them that colouring of Expreſſion, as is ſufficient to convey their whole Force and Meaning to the Reader's Conception. Were Men ſure of

never making a greater Progreſs than they effectually muſt, they would either never ſet forward, or ſtop in the Way by Deſpair; it is neceſſary then that they ſhould propoſe to themſelves a Point of Perfection beyond their Reach; an imaginary one is ſufficient for this Purpoſe, where a real Perfection is not to be attain'd. *Quintilian* obſerves, that it ſometimes happens to great Genius's, which are ever in queſt of Extremes, to meet in their Way ſomething great and ſublime; and they may be well compared to Chymiſts, who whilſt they purſue in vain the Diſcovery of the Philoſophers Stone, do not fail, however, to find in their Way rare and excellent Things.

IT fares with Productions of Wit, ſays Monſ. *Coſtar*, as with ſome Kinds of delicate Fruits, which being generally too green, or too ripe, are hard to be gather'd, and apply'd to a proper Uſe. When the Imagination is vigorous, the Judgment is ſcarce half form'd; and this ſeldom attains its full Perfection, before the other Powers of the Soul are upon the Decline. In the ſame Degree that we acquire the Advantage of well Judging, we loſe that of happily Inventing.

MR. POPE, in his Preface to *Homer*, obſerves, that *Invention furniſheth Art with all her Materials; and without it, Judgment can at beſt but ſteal wiſely. The Reaſon why Criticks are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical Genius before a great and fruitful one is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their Obſervations thro' an uniform and bounded Work of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various Extent of Nature. It is with great Parts as with great Virtues, they naturally border upon ſome Imperfection, and it is frequently hard to diſtinguiſh exactly, where the Virtue ends, or the Fault begins: As Prudence may ſometimes ſink to Suſpicion, ſo may great Judgment decline to Coldneſs. And as Magnanimity may run up to Profuſion, or Extravagancy, ſo may a great Invention to Redundancy, or Wildneſs.*



FOR

For this Reaſon did a Member of the *French* Academy pronounce of a Diſcourſe replete with lively and ingenious Reflections, but by no Means regular, as to the Deſign, that it abounded ſo much with Spirit, that it had no Subſtance. Upon the whole Matter, in my humble Opinion, as Nature produces, and does not finiſh, ſo ſhould Art finiſh what Nature produces; and it would be very well, if the moſt florid Imagination, and moſt active Invention of the *Gentleman*, could be reſtrain'd within proper Rules and Bounds of the *Doctor*. The Reaſon why *Montagne*'s and the Duke of *Rauchfaucault*'s Manner of Writing pleaſes a great many, is, becauſe Mens Minds are not more curious than lazy: They had rather purſue for a Spirt ſome new Game that is ſtarted by the Way, than hunt down the old one. But this looſe Manner of Writing, as well as negligent Style, have had at all Times their Patrons and Admirers. *Tacitus* ſays of a great Wit in his Time, *Dicta factaque ejus quanto ſolutiora, & quandam ſui negligentiam præferentia, tanto gratius in ſpeciem ſimplicitatis accipiebantur.* What he ſays, or writes, the more remote it is from Conſtraint and Affectation, the more does it ſeem to partake of that negligent and eaſy Air that adorns the Gentleman. For this Reaſon, ſays an *Italian*, Politeneſs is not inconſiſtent with the Strength and Majeſty of Diſcourſe; and he compares Eloquence ingeniouſly to *Cæſar*'s Soldiers, who, though they were extreamly neat and perfum'd, fought never the worſe.

The true *Graces*, ſays *C——r de Mere*, and thoſe that affect the moſt, never appear without Delicacy. Great Things, ſuch as *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, are contriv'd leſs for Pleaſure than *Wonder* and *Admiration*. Beauty itſelf, when it ſhines out with all its Luſtre, dazles more than it pleaſes. The Reaſon is, we grow tir'd with a long Attention to any pompous Object, and the Pleaſure ceaſes with the Wonder.

There is in Eloquence a certain Simplicity, which ſurpaſſes all Ornaments; and the more ſimple any Diſcourſe is, the

the more true, noble, and magnificent will it appear; like thoſe incultivated Places which Nature has ſo much inrich'd by their Situation, as to allow no Room for additional Beauties and Improvements.

*Malvezzi*, *Gratian*, *Balzac*, and ſome others, ſeem to value themſelves upon a quite contrary Character. *Balzac*, ſpeaking of his own Works, ſays, that he wrote in the ſame Manner as Great Men build Palaces, who bring their Materials a great Way off: That he reſembled the *Spaniards*, who make Voyages of Two Thouſand Leagues to tranſport the Treaſures of *America* into *Spain*.

He vindicates the Loftineſs of his Thoughts and Expreſſions in another Place with this Aſſertion.

True Eloquence does not only impart to all Diſcourſes Grace and Beauty, like *Phidias*, but Life and Motion, like *Dedalus*. Her Mien is rather that of an *Amazon* than a Coquette.

Great Wits can ſo finely palliate any Favourite Paſſion, that they almoſt perſuade us that they commit Faults by the Rules of Reaſon. In Diſputes therefore of a nice Nature, we muſt refer our ſelves to ſome great Judge, who has a Right of Deciſion. Let us ſee then what Mr. *Pope* ſays in a Caſe like this.

*Of the two Extreams, one would ſooner pardon Frenzy than Frigidity; none is to be envy'd for that Character of Style which his Friends may call Simplicity, and the reſt of the World Dullneſs. There is indeed a graceful and dignified Simplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one; which differ as much from each other, as a plain Man from a Sloven. 'Tis one Thing to be trick'd up, and another not to be dreſs'd at all. Simplicity is the Mean between Oſtentation and Ruſticity.*

I Be-

I Believe it will appear generally true, that the Difference of Stiles depends upon the Difference of *Genius*; for this Reason *Voiture* and *Balzac* would have found it very difficult, I believe, to imitate each other. *Voiture* had the Secret of finding Veins of Marble, Mines of Gold, Carracts of Diamonds, in Places where no Man else could hope to find a Pebble; and one would imagine that the Devils had reserv'd these Treasures for him, I mean the Demons of fine Sciences, and good Letters, whose Confidant and Favourite he was. He could not help cloathing his Conceptions with the genteeleſt Expreſſions, inſomuch that they were at firſt Sight known to belong to him. *Balzac*, on the other Side, ranſack'd all Books, and beat his Brains inceſſantly to find out ſomething new and ſurprizing; but all his Images ſavour of Pedantry, and Conſtraint; and allowing him to be Maſter of Languages, yet will not all the Colouring in the World render thoſe ſupple and pliant that were extravagant or ſtiff in their firſt deſigning.

If we may give Credit to the C——r *de Méré*, we do not ſpeak to explain our Thoughts, but to expreſs our Sentiments. He who does not find himſelf mov'd by any thing, is as unfit to talk, as he that thinks nothing. The Heart has its Language, as well as the Mind; and that Language of the Heart makes generally the deepeſt Impreſſions. When the Heart feels no Emotion, let the Wit of Man be never ſo great, he will never touch to the quick: on the other hand, if we have the beſt Sentiments, and no Wit, we ſhall only make a Noiſe, and ſo impertinently, that we had much better be ſilent.

Mr. *Boileau* had ſo great and intimate a Converſation with the Writings of both theſe Authors, and ſo happy a Genius, that he could form himſelf exactly upon their Model. As two Letters of his are Maſter-pieces in their Kind, I believe a Copy of them will not prove unpleaſant to the Reader. Mr. *Boileau* introduc'd them into the World by another he writ to the Duke of *Vivonne*.

*My Lord*,

" THE ſureſt Way to prevent a Man's being pleaſant, is, " to bid him be ſo. Since you laid your Commands up- " on me not to be ſerious, I never found my ſelf ſo grave; and " all I ſay is ſententious. Beſides, your laſt Action has ſome- " thing in it ſo Noble, that I ſhould make it matter of Conſci- " ence, to write in any thing leſs than an Heroick Style. How- " ever, my Lord, I cannot preſume to diſobey you in the leaſt " Article of your Commands. So that, in the Humour I now " find my ſelf, I tremble equally at the Apprehenſion of fati- " guing you with ſome ſerious Inſipidity, or tiring you with " ſome ſtupid Pleaſantry. At laſt, *Apollo* came kindly to my " Aid; and when I leaſt dreamt of it, he put upon my Pillow " two Letters, which, upon Failure of my own, may ſerve to " entertain you. They come from the *Eliſian* Fields: One is " *Balzac*'s, the other *Voiture*'s; who both tranſported at the " News of your laſt Combat, write from the other World, " purpoſely to congratulate you. I preſent you, in the firſt " Place, with *Balzac*'s. You will eaſily find him out by his " Style, who cannot expreſs Things ſimply, nor abate any " thing of his ſublime Manner.

## *Balzac* to my Lord . . . ., from the *Elyſian Fields*.

*My Lord*,

" THE Noiſe of your Actions raiſe the Dead. It awakens " People who have been theſe Thirty Years aſleep, and " condemn'd to an eternal Slumber. It makes even Silence " ſpeak. O the noble, ſplendid, glorious Victory, which you " have gain'd over the Enemies of *France!* You have reſtor'd " Bread to that Town, which uſed to ſupply all others with " the ſame; you have nurs'd the *Nurſing Mother* of *Italy*. The " Thunderings of that Fleet which barracaded the Mouth of " *Meſſina*'s Port, did only in a civil Manner ſalute your En-

" trance.

" tranee. The Reſiſtance it made, detain'd you but little lon-
" ger than was neceſſary to the Formality of a well-bred Re-
" ception. So far was it from retarding the *Rapidity* of your
" *Conqueſts*, that it did not ſo much as interrupt the *Order* of
" your *March*. You oblig'd, in its very Sight, the South and
" the North Winds to obey you. Without chaſtiſing the Sea,
" like *Xerxes*, you have taught it Diſcipline; nay, you have
" done more, you have made the *Spaniards* humble. After
" this, what may we not pronounce of you? No, *Nature*, I
" ſay, *Nature* in her full *Bloom* and *Vigour*, when ſhe brought
" forth *Alexanders* and *Cæſars*, never produc'd any thing ſo
" great, as under the Reign of *Lewis* XIV. She has given the
" *French*, in her declining Years, what *Rome* never obtain'd at
" her Hands, in her greateſt *Maturity*. She has, in your Age,
" expos'd to the Eyes of the World the *Body* and *Soul* of *perfect*
" *Valour*, of which before it had but imperfect Glimpſes in
" Romances and Heroick Poetry. By one of our Poet's Leave,
" he had no ſort of Colour for aſſerting, that Merit did not
" reach our Ears, on the other Side *Cocytus*. *Yours*, *my Lord*,
" is here extoll'd with a general Voice, on both Sides of *Styx*.
" It does inceſſantly revive the Memory of your Perſon, in the
" very Manſions of *Oblivion*. It meets with zealous *Partizans*
" in the Confines of *Indifferency*. It has brought *Acheron* into
" the Intereſt of the *Sein*. We farther add, that there is not a
" ſingle Shade amongſt us ſo prepoſſeſs'd with the *Portic* Phi-
" loſophy, ſo harden'd in the Schools of *Zeno*, ſo fortify'd a-
" gainſt *Joy* and *Grief*, which does not attend to your Encomi-
" ums with *Delight*: All clap their Hands; at the Sound of
" your Name they cry, a *Miracle*, and are eager with your
" *Malherb* to exclaim.

*His Silence then ſufficiently is great,*
*Who dares preſume on ſuch a Theme to ſpeak.*

" As for my Part, *my Lord*, who am able to conceive you
" full much better, I meditate upon you in my *Solitude* with-
" out ceaſing. I entertain my ſelf with the *Idea* of your Ex-
" ploits, in my long *Intervals* of *Leiſure*. I cry continually,

" *O the prodigious Man!* And if I wish to return to the *Land*
" of the *Living*, it is less to behold the Sun, than to enjoy the
" *sovereign Felicity* of your Conversation, and to tell you by
" Word of Mouth, with how great Respect I am, in the whole
" *Extent* of my Soul,

*My Lord,*

*Your most humble and*
*most obedient Servant,*

BALZAC.

" I can't tell, my Lord, whether or no these violent Exag-
" gerations will please you, or whether *Balzac*'s Style will not
" appear a little corrupted in the other World. Howsoever
" this Matter stands, he never in his Life lavish'd *Hyperbole*'s
" more seasonably. You are best able to judge; but in the first
" Place I beseech you give Mr. *Voiture*'s Letter a Reading.

*Voiture* to my Lord . . . . . , from the *Elysian Fields.*

*My Lord,*

" ALTHO' we *Ghosts* do not much interest our selves in
" the Affairs of the *Living*, and are not much inclin'd to
" *Mirth*; I cannot however refrain being overjoy'd at the
" great Things you perform *over our Heads*; your last Combat
" makes a *devilish Noise* in *Hell.* It has found a Way to be
" heard where *God*'s *Thunder* never was, and has proclaimed
" your *Glory* in a *Country* where the Sun never shin'd. Here
" are just now arriv'd a competent Number of *Spaniards* who
" were in the *Action*, and have given us a full and true Ac-
" count. I can't imagine why these poor People have the
" Name of *Braggadocio's*; they are, I assure you, a good sort

" of

" of *People*, and our *King* has of late diſpatch'd ſome hither
" extremely *tame* and *well bred*. You have made, *my Lord*,
" moſt certainly a World of them your moſt *humble Servants*.
" To ſee with what an *Air* you ſail over the *Mediterranean*,
" one would ſwear it was yours in *Propriety*. There is not at
" preſent in its whole *Extent* a ſingle *Corſair* ſafe; and if you
" continue your Triumphs never ſo little longer, I cannot con-
" ceive how you would have *Algiers* and *Tunis* ſubſiſt. We
" have here your *Caſars*, *Pompeys*, and *Alexanders*. They all
" agree that you have got their *Air* to *Perfection*, in your rid-
" ding out of your Way every thing that dares oppoſe you.
" But eſpecially *Ceſar* deems you in a ſuperlative Senſe *Ceſar*.
" There is not ſo much as the *Alericks*, *Theodoricks*, and all
" thoſe Conquerors in *Icks*, who do not ſpeak advantagiouſly
" of this Action; and, in *Tartarus* it ſelf, if you have any
" Knowledge of that Place, there is not a *Devil* who does not
" confeſs ingeniouſly, that at the Head of an Army you are
" much more a *Devil* than he. This is a Truth that your very
" Enemies acquieſce in. Yet to conſider the Good you have
" done at *Meſſina*, I conclude for my Part, that you partici-
" pate more of the *Angel* than the *Devil*; only the Angels are
" ſome ſmall matter ſlenderer about the *Waſt*, and don't, like
" you, carry one *Arm* ty'd up in a *Scarf*. Raillery apart, *Hell*
" has diſtinguiſh'd itſelf mightily in your *Favour*; they have
" but one Thing to object againſt your Conduct; that is, the
" little Care you ſometimes take of your *Life*. They love
" you ſo well here, as to wiſh never to ſee you within their
" Confines. Take my Word for it, *my Lord*, and I often ſaid
" the ſame Thing in the *other World*, a *Demi-God*, when dead,
" makes but a very ſorry *Figure*; there is nothing like being
" *alive*. And as for my Part, I, who know experimentally
" what it is to be no more, do put the beſt Face upon the Mat-
" ter I can; but to conceal nothing from you, I dye with Im-
" patience to return to the *World*, were it for no other Reaſon
" than that of making you a Viſit. In purſuance of this in-
" tended *Voyage*, I have already ſent ſeveral times in queſt of
" the *Particles* of my *Body*, in order to a *general Rendezvous*;
" but I could never hear Tydings of my *Heart*, which upon
" taking

" taking my Leave, I left in the *Cuſtody* of *ſeven Miſtreſſes*,
" whom I ſerved ſo faithfully, as you know, all at once. As
" to my *Soul*, unleſs you poſſeſs it, they aſſure me there is no
" Remains of it in the *World*. To be plain with you, I very
" much ſuſpected your having my pleaſant *Faculty*, be-
" cauſe five or ſix Expreſſions in your Manner have been con-
" vey'd hither, which I wiſh my ſelf the Author of with all
" my Heart; and for the which I would willingly make a Pre-
" ſent of my *Panygerick* upon *Pliny*, and two of my beſt *Let-*
" *ters*. Suppoſing it then to be in your Poſſeſſion, I beg you
" would ſend it back the firſt Opportunity; for indeed you
" can't imagine how inconvenient it is not to have all our *Wits*
" about us, eſpecially upon the occaſion of writing to a Perſon
" of your *Penetration*: This is the Reaſon why my *Style* is ſo
" chang'd; had it not ſo happen'd, you ſhould ſee me as *jocoſe*
" as formerly, with my *Goſſip* the *Pike*, and I ſhould not be un-
" der a neceſſity of finiſhing my Letter ſo trivially as I do, by
" ſaying that I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt humble and*

*Moſt obedient Servant,*

VOITURE.

" You have the two Letters juſt as I receiv'd them;
" and I ſend them copy'd in my own Hand, becauſe you
" would have found too great Trouble in reading the Chara-
" cters of the other World, had I ſent you the Originals.
" Don't then, my Lord, go about to imagine that theſe are
" only the Sports of Fancy, and an Imitation of thoſe two
" great Maſters of Style: You know that *Balzac* and *Voiture*
" are inimitable: But ſuppoſing it were true, that I had Re-



" courſe

" courſe to this Artifice purely to divert you, ſhould I be much
" to blame. And might I not, on the contrary, pretend to
" ſome little Eſteem, for having contriv'd a Way to make you
" read thoſe Praiſes which you would not by any other means
" allow of. In a Word, could I better expreſs the *Sincerity*
" and *Reſpect* with which I am,

*My Lord,*

*Your moſt obedient and*

*Moſt humble Servant,*

**DESPREAUX.**

TRAN-

# TRANSLATIONS.

IT is difficult in Tranſlating to make the Copies as perfect as the Originals; for which Reaſon, ſays an ingenious Author, Tranſlations are like your *Flanders* Tapiſtry turn'd Inſide out; where the Figures may be indeed diſcern'd, but diſgrac'd with ſo many Threads, that they appear rather rude Sketches than finiſh'd Pieces.

ANOTHER ſays, upon the ſame Occaſion, that what is moſt delicate in the Conceptions and Expreſſions of Authors who have writ with the greateſt Force and Accuracy, is loſt by being put into another Language; not unlike thoſe exquiſite Eſſences, whoſe ſubtle Perfume evaporates by Transfuſion.

BOTH theſe Alluſions are, without Queſtion, very pertinent, and generally ſo true, that original Performances do not only loſe their Spirit but their Senſe, by the Management either of ſtupid or haſty Writers; but it is as certain that ſome ingenious Pieces are infinitely improv'd by falling into maſterly Hands: Men who have a great Penetration, a clear Conception, and having the Advantage of a more copious Language, follow the firſt Deſign, but make the Figures more ſinewy and bold, and illuſtrate the whole Compoſition with more beautiful and laſting Colours.

He

*He that proportion'd Wonders can diſcloſe,*
*At once his Fancy and his Judgment ſhews.* Waller.

EXPRESSION (ſays the immortal Mr. *Pope*) *is like the Colouring of ſome great Maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with Rapidity; for in the ſame Degree that a Thought is warmer, an Expreſſion will be brighter; and as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous; like Glaſs in the Furnace, which extends to a greater Magnitude, and refines to a greater Clearneſs, as the Breath within is more powerful, and the Heat more intenſe.*

THE *Fire of an Original Poem is what a Tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his Management. Nothing ſeems ſo hard to imitate as* Homer's *Style; ſome of his Tranſlators have ſwell'd into Fuſtian, in a proud Confidence of the Sublime; others ſink into Flatneſs, in a cold and timorous Notion of Simplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different Followers of* Homer, *ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent Leaps and Bounds, (the certain Sign of falſe Mettle) others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his Train: While the Poet himſelf is all the Time proceeding with an unaffected Majeſty before them.*

As both theſe Reflections are wonderfully delicate, and generally true; yet is it certain, that if all who pretend to tranſlate, were furniſh'd with the ſame Knowledge of Languages, as ſtrong a Judgment, fine Penetration, Wit copious, and Fancy as beautiful as this immortal Author; Originals would be ſo far from loſing any Degree of their Heat and Fire, that they would appear animated with new Life, and adorn'd with all the Beauties and Advantages of a Chriſtian Reſurrection. Of all ancient Poets, *Homer* has generally the moſt Admirers; but it muſt be confeſs'd, that he ſhows himſelf to much greater Advantage in *Engliſh* than in *Greek:* He was, in ſhort, a great and precious rough Diamond, which being poliſh'd by a moſt artful Hand, does not only ſhine with greater Luſtre, but has acquir'd a greater intrinſick Value.

ONE

ONE Reaſon why we prefer the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues to all others is, becauſe particular Perſons that have tranſlated thoſe Languages, did not ſufficiently underſtand them, or their own. They had not, it may be, Penetration great enough to diſcover all the Force of the Original, and it was impoſſible for them to explain what they did not underſtand. By this Means, in lieu of attributing the Fault to the Tranſlator, the Reader has frequently attributed it to the Poorneſs of the Language in which he tranſlated. I would deſire thoſe learned Criticks, who declare they ſee a Delicacy and Energy in the learned Languages, which they cannot maintain in their own, that they would ſo far indulge ſmaller Genius's, as to explain, in Circumlocutions as ample as they think proper, all that *Sublime* which they conceive to be in thoſe myſterious Words and Phraſes which they ſo much extol For what cannot be done by one Expreſſion, may be effected by more. And if, with all their Efforts, they cannot make us comprehend the whole Extent of that Senſe which they pretend to perceive, they will pardon us if we ſay, That they fancy they ſee more than they really do; that it is owing to an over bearing Conceit of their Author, and a torturing of their own Brains, that he is ſuppoſed to think what he never in the leaſt dream'd of; and this Antient, whoever he be, would ſtand amaz'd, could he know the Trouble theſe wiſe Gentlemen give themſelves, to find a Meaning which he never dream'd of.

WERE we leſs prejudic'd in Favour of *Horace*, or any other Favourite Author, there would not be altogether ſo much Wit requiſite to underſtand him; but upon the Diſcovery of ſome fine Hint, or Notion, we congratulate ourſelves as much as if it were the Iſſue of our own Brain. *Cum intellexerint acumine ſuo, delectantur, non quaſi audierint, ſed quaſi invenerint.*

MONS. *LABOUREUR*, to ſhew us that the *French* is capable of tranſlating the *Latin* with all the Energy and Conciſe-

neſs

neſs that is neceſſary, has given this Tranſlation of the 13th Ode in the fourth Book of *Horace*.

*MES vœſont contens, Iſabelle,*
*Oui les Dieux, de leur grace, ont contenté mes vœux,*
*Te voila vicille, & cependant tu veux*
*Faire encore la belle.*

*En vain, d'un chant grêle & tremblant*
*Tu rapelles l'amour, en vain tu ris, tu joües,*
*Il t'abandonne, & s'en va ſur les joües*
*De la jeune Yolande.*

*Loin des trônes Seches il s'arête,*
*Et ne prenant plaiſir qu'aux fleurs, qu'aux Myrthes verds,*
*Il fuit la nége & les triſtes hyvers,*
*Qui blanchiſſent ta tête.*

*Ni le brocard, ni les rubis*
*Ne ſauroient à ton mal aporter de remede,*
*On ſait ton âge, & la vieilleſſe eſt laide*
*Sous les plus beaux habits.*

*Ce teint tout de lis & de roſes,*
*Cette grace & ce port qui m'avoient enchanté,*
*Las, où ſont ils ? & que t'eſt il reſté*
*De tant d'aimables choſes ?*

*Iris n'avoit rien de plus beau ;*
*Mais des ſon orient le ſort fut jaloux d'elle,*
*Il nous l'ôta pour laiſſer* Iſabelle
*Vivre autant qu'un Corbeau.*

*Aux jeunes gens il la veut rendre*
*Un objet ridicule à leur flâme oposé.*
*En leur montrant d'un flambeau tout usé*
*La fumée & la cendre.*

*AUdivere, Lyce, Di meas vota; Di*
*Audivere, Lyce, fis anus, & tamen*
*Vis formosa videri,*
*Ludisque & bibis impudens.*

*Et tantus tremulo pota cupidinem*
*Lentum sollicitas; ille virentis &*
*Docta psallere Chiæ*
*Pulchris excubat in genis.*

*Importunus enim transvolat aridas*
*Quercus, & refugit, te quia luridi*
*Dentes, te quia rugæ*
*Turpant, & capitis nives.*

*Nec Cöæ referent jam tibi purpuræ,*
*Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel*
*Notis condita fastis*
*Inclusit volucris dies.*

*Quo fugit Venus? heu, quove color decens?*
*Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius*
*Quæ spirabat amores?*
*Quæ me surpuerat mihi?*

*Felix*

*Felix poſt Cynaram, notaque & artium*
*Gratarum facies: ſed Cynara breves*
*Annos fata dederunt,*
*Servatura diu parem*

*Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lyce:*
*Poſſint ut juvenes viſere fervidi,*
*Multo non ſine riſu,*
*Delapſam in cineres facem.*

MR. *LABOUREUR* excuſes his not ſaying all in *French* that is in the *Latin*: *The Raillery* (ſays he) *of placing* Iſabella *in the midſt of Bottles and Glaſſes, and deſcribing her rotten Teeth, and Wrinkles, would not paſs amongſt us. The* Roman *Ladies were not ſo abſtemious as the* French, *and we are more gallant than the* Roman *Gentlemen.*

LYCE, *the Gods have heard my Prayers;*
*Old Age has put out all thy blazing Charms:*
*Yet ſtill doſt thou affect, with coquette Airs,*
*And brimming Glaſs to give Alarms.*

*In vain, alas! with quav'ring Throat,*
*And Song, doſt thou invite the* Cyprian *Boy:*
*He feeds on* Chloe's *ſweeter Breath and Nose;*
*In her bright Eyes he friſks with Joy.*

*Far from old withe'r'd Oaks he flies,*
*Diſtilling Eyes, and powder'd Heads of Snow:*
*In roſy Beds, and myrtle Groves he lies,*
*Where Nature ſprings, and Zephirs blow.*

*No rich Brocades, or Gems more bright,*
*Can Tears recal, or one young Charm replace;*
*They more expoſe thy tarniſh'd Skin to Sight,*
*And Art improves each foul Diſgrace.*

*Where is that Queen of ſoft Deſires?*
*Whoſe eaſy Motion, Mein ſo ſweet, ſo gay,*
*Did my fond Heart with thouſand Loves inſpire,*
*And ſtole me from myſelf away?*
Iris *herſelf was not more bright;*
*But envious Fate cut ſhort her Thread of Years:*
*Whilſt, like a Raven,* Lyce *lives in Spight,*
*And kills me with a thouſand Fears.*

*But in Return, will the young Beaus,*
*Treat thee with Scorn, like ſome old waſted Link,*
*Toſt here and there, whilſt ev'ry wary Noſe*
*Is guarded 'gainſt the Smoke and Stink.*

As this Ode is far from being one of *Horace*'s beſt, ſo may the Senſe be crowded into fewer Words, and can be no ſtanding Rule for the *French* or *Engliſh* to walk by.

It is moſt certain that the Tranſlations we have had of this Kind in our Language, are abſolutely the worſt. When not only every Line, but Word, is big with Thought; inſtead of giving the Original a fine and eaſy Delivery, it has been defac'd, nay, deſtroy'd, by a new and ſtrait Lacing. This may be eaſily ſeen, by comparing *Sandy*'s Verſion of *Ovid*, and Mr. *Creech*'s of *Horace*, with Mr. *Congreve*'s, and others.

My Lord *Roſcommon*, Mr. *Dryden*, and ſeveral others, have ſo abundantly writ upon the Subject of Tranſlation, and ſo ingeniouſly, that it would be as ridiculous and injurious to divide their Diſcourſes, and expoſe them in Parcels, as it would be to knock a Leg or an Arm off a fine Statue, in order to ſhow the Beauty of the Whole.

# *What moſt conduces to the Improvement of Human Underſtanding.*

AS Nothing is more obvious than the Miſtakes, as well as the wilful Tranſgreſſions of Mankind in the *Moral Conduct* of Life; ſo have all ingenious Men empty'd their Quivers at this Mark; but very few have beſtow'd their Reflections upon the *Intellectual Conduct* of human Life, with regard to the Study of that Knowledge which alone deſerves the Name of *Learning*. Indeed the World has been ſo habituated to a particular Sort of Education, and Road of Study, that few have dared, for fear of the Imputation of Singularity, to find Fault with old Methods, or point out new ones. How prevalent ſoever the Paſſion in moſt Men is for Knowledge, yet is that for *Fame* and *Reputation* ſtill more ſo; and ſince theſe depend generally more upon the Humours of others, and ſome unaccountable Fatality, than any real Superiority of *Merit* or *Underſtanding*, it is no Wonder if thoſe who generally paſs for *Learned*, court only the ſuperficial Part. For this Reaſon do we ſee a great many fine Libraries diſpos'd in the beſt Order, and very few Books the worſe for being diſplac'd or in the leaſt moleſted. It is a bold, but I am afraid a true Aſſertion, that Nature has ſo little deſign'd to indulge this aſpiring Humour, that ſhe has beſtow'd upon very few a ſufficient

ſufficient Capacity to attain true Learning. Nothing is more certain, than that the Generality of Men have Intellectuals adapted merely to the Exigencies of Life; whereas that Part of Learning which deſerves the Title of *Science*, is calculated for the moſt *ſublime*, ſolid, and penetrating *Genius's*. But if Men cannot compaſs the Reputation of being Rich one Way, they will another; if they cannot obtain Treaſures of Gold and Silver, they will coin *Tin* or *Braſs*, and put theſe off for the beſt Metals with a little *Colouring*. It is ſuppoſed then that Men will generally place *Learning* and Knowledge in ſuch Things as ſignify little or nothing to the Perfection of the Underſtanding; and this will put us upon examining wherein this Perfection does conſiſt. I preſume then, that this Perfection is either *formal*, or *objective*. The firſt is only its *Operation*, which is *Perception*, or *Thinking*; the latter is *Truth*: Out of theſe two Perfections, in Conjunction, is form'd *Knowledge*. But our preſent Enquiry ſhall be confin'd to the objective Perfection of the Underſtanding, or what Truth that is of which this Perfection doth conſiſt.

As with reſpect to the *Will*, all Good is either *neceſſary* or *contingent*; ſo, in relation to the intellectual Faculty, all *Truth* is either *neceſſary* or *contingent*. For, beſides the Immediateneſs of the Oppoſition, it is agreed that that muſt be the adequate Diviſion of *Truth* which is of *Being*; but neceſſary and contingent is the adequate Diviſion of *Being*, therefore of *Truth*.

By *neceſſary Truth* is underſtood that which cannot but be true; that which was, and is always immutably true. Such is GOD himſelf, among ſimple Truths, and all *Divine Ideas* as variouſly imitable thus or thus. Such alſo among *complex Truths*, are all Propoſitions of *eternal Truth*, with all their regular Inferences and Concluſions, which are the *Divine Idea's* themſelves, as they reſpect each other, according to their ſeveral immutable Habitudes and Combinations.

By *contingent Truth* is underſtood that which may or may not be true; that, whoſe Truth depends not upon the *Eſſence* of

of GOD, but only upon his *Free-will* and *Pleaſure* either decreeing or permitting. Such among ſimple Truths are all created Beings, which, tho' form'd according to the immutable Patterns of the *Divine Ideas*, yet in themſelves are temporary and mutable. Such alſo among *complex Truths* are all thoſe Propoſitions, the Terms of which have no eſſential or immutable Connexion with each other, but are ſo and ſo related merely by his Decree or Permiſſion who is the Author of all beſides himſelf.

As that Good which is perfective of the *Will*, is *neceſſary Good*; ſo that *Truth*, which is perfective of the *Underſtanding*, is *neceſſary Truth*. To prove this, we may ſuppoſe that GOD was once when there was nothing beſides Himſelf. Again, we ſuppoſe, that as the Being of GOD did go before all other Being in Order of Time, ſo in Order of Nature it was even antecedent to the Will of creating or permitting any Thing. That there was then no other *Truth* but *neceſſary Truth*; that GOD was as perfect then as he is now, and conſequently the Divine Underſtanding the ſame. If then the Perfection of the Divine Underſtanding is to be reſolv'd into the ſole Knowledge of neceſſary Truths, it may be preſum'd that the Perfection of humane Underſtanding does alſo conſiſt in the ſame, and by a Participation of the *Divine Ideas*, which are the very *Eſſence* of GOD, as 'tis variouſly imitable according to its *Omniformity*.

IT is plain then, that the *Perfection* of the *Mind* or *Underſtanding* conſiſts in its *Union* with GOD, who is its ſole and true Good. For the *Good* of the *Mind* muſt not only be ſpiritual, but of a Nature ſuperior, to be able to act upon it, to enlighten, to raiſe pleaſing Senſations, or add anything to its Perfection. Hence it follows, that *Truth* could not be any Perfection of our *Underſtanding*, if it were not the ſame with the *Divine Eſſence*; and ſince that is the only neceſſary or *Ideal Truth*, it follows likewiſe that this only is the *objective Perfection* of *humane Underſtanding*.

FROM what has been premis'd, it will in some measure appear, that the Study of some Things is pursu'd with the greatest Ardor, and Application, which conduce little to the perfectionating of the Understanding; and that *true Learning* resides only in the Comprehension of those *Sciences* whose Foundations are fix'd and immutable; and in a clear Conception of the eternal Laws and Measures of Reason and Consequence. That Man therefore seems only to have a Title to *true Learning*, who having an awaken'd *Genius*, has apply'd it wholly to the furnishing his Mind with the cleareſt *Ideas*, in settling the Relations and Consequences of one to another, and in disposing these after an orderly and regular Method in his Brains. So that he not only thinks *distinctly*, but is able at all times to set his Thoughts in the best Light, and argue dependently, and consequentially. He is not only Master of the most beautiful Range of Thought in his own Head, but can give to others a fine and clear Perspective of the Field of Truth.

How unquestionable soever the preceding Position may be, yet has the Reputation of Learning been generally annex'd to that Sort of Knowledge which is call'd *contingent*; and he who can express the most common and trifling Things in Variety of *Languages*, shall pass in the World for a much more knowing Person, than he that is *Master* of *Notion*, and true Reasoning, and shall be able at the same time to express himself only in his own *Language*. As Words are design'd to serve to the Attainment of Learning, or the Communication of our Thoughts; so it is plain, that when we affect them for their own Sakes, we turn the Means into the End than which nothing can be more absurd and preposterous. And let the Prejudice of some Men be never so great in this Particular, who esteem Languages the great Characteristick of a Scholar, yet they seem to me as little to deserve the Imputation of true Learning, as the Knowledge of *Algebra* does that of Magick or Conjuration.

THERE are others, who place the Reputation of Science in the Knowledge of Hiſtory, and in being able to give ſome ſort of Account of what has paſs'd in the World for 6000 Years; but I think nothing ſhows more the Inſignificancy of this Pretence, than a thorough Inquiry into their Abilities who have made the greateſt Advances in this Study; they will be found generally to be Men of great Memories, and little Judgment; who have made a ſort of Lumber-Houſe of their Brains, where all Things, good and bad, are jumbled together, and which they produce promiſcuouſly, without being able to make any uſeful Application. The beſt Uſe that can be made of Hiſtory, is to extract ſome Obſervations relating to the Conduct of Divine Providence. But whoever attends to the many ſtrange Revolutions and Viciſſitudes of his own Times, will find ſufficient Matter of Wonder and Contemplation, and have Reaſon enough to conclude, that the Memory of all former Events ſignify little to the Prevention of thoſe that are in the Womb of Futurity, ſuppoſing any Man were able to furniſh, by the Strength of Memory, a Parallel to every ſurprizing Event and Exigency of Government.

THE beſt that can be ſaid of Hiſtory, is, that it may deſerve in ſome meaſure to be known, as it touches or concerns our Intereſt; but not as it is perfective of our Underſtanding: And were not Men more vain of remembring great and antique Actions, than thoſe who are chiefly concern'd in them, we ſhould not find ſo many Porers upon Old Stories. There was a Time when Thouſands, nay, Millions of great Events had not happen'd; yet what Diminution could theſe be ſuppos'd to be to their Underſtandings who liv'd before that Time; they may rather be thought, for that Reaſon, to have been in a better Condition of improving true Knowledge, ſince they had neither the Prevalence of Cuſtom, nor the Multiplicity and Confuſion of Hiſtory, to perplex the moſt neceſſary Reſearches.

Now, ſince it is preſum'd that nothing can contribute to the perfectioning of the Underſtanding but *Truth*, it is not likely that *Hiſtory* ſhould be able to accompliſh this Deſign. For new Diſputes ariſe daily, not only about Matters of Fact, but Chronology it ſelf; and every ſucceſſive Writer upon ſuch Subjects lays the Foundation of his own Veracity and Reputation in the Ruin of his who went before him.

The Humour of the Age has been pleas'd to dignify ſome other Things with the Attribute of *Learning*, which contribute nothing at all to the Improvement of the Underſtanding, but very much to the Loſs of Pains and Time. Amongſt theſe may be reckon'd the tedious Peruſal of the moſt *Voluminous Authors*, whoſe Excellency conſiſts generally in little more than their *Bulk* and *Antiquity*. A common Obſervation, if extracted out of one of theſe *Folio's*, or a *Manuſcript*, is thought to have much greater *Emphaſis* than any other much more bright and edifying, if not back'd and ſupported by ſuch Authority. *Tantum opinio præjudicata poteſt, ut etiam ſine ratione valeat Auctoritas.* Cic. Then, again, how wonderful learned does he appear, who can muſter together a Parcel of *old Opinions*, how falſe and abſurd ſoever! What does it ſignify to me who held this or that *Tenet*, that has been long exploded, and agreed on all Sides to be falſe, when I can come a ſhorter and ſurer Way to *Truth* and *Certainty?* Suppoſing I had by-heart not only the Name of every *Philoſopher*, but every individual *Opinion* that each maintain'd about the Nature of the Heathen Gods, as they are recorded by *Cicero*; theſe, altogether, would not enlighten my Underſtanding half ſo much as one Text of Scripture. What ſignifies the miſtaken Notions, the Whims and Extravagancies, how venerable ſoever, in any Parts of Learning to me? And yet theſe paſs for great Acquirements; and more Authors amuſe themſelves with Writing upon *Books*, than *Things*.

There is another Sort of Learning, which has for Object no *Truth* at all; its chief Deſign is rather to *banter* and *perplex*

it. The great *Maſters* of this *Sham Science* are your *Academical Sophiſters*; and this they do not attain by any ſtudious Application; and ſo far they are in the right; but by a long Attendance to Diſputations in *Halls* and *Schools*, where they do not only hear long Trains of *Syllogiſtical Punning*, but procure the very ſame *Arguments*, in long Scrolls of Paper, to be deliver'd into their own Cuſtody, which they likewiſe manage to the ſame trifling Purpoſe in their Turn. It is pleaſant enough to ſee with what Heat, upon *Muſter-Day*, two of theſe *Antagoniſts* ſhall fire their *Platoons* of *Majors*, *Minors*, and *Conſequences*, at each other; and with what Pride they make their Retreat, like *Militia Heroes*, to drink to the Memory of their mighty *Atchievments*. To give one Example of this *Art* of *Sophiſtry*, we will ſuppoſe the Queſtion to be, *Whether he that has Faith ſhall be ſaved?* No, ſays the *Opponent*; if the *Damned* have *Faith*, then not every one that has *Faith* ſhall be *ſaved*; but the *Damn'd* have *Faith*, *Ergo*, *&c.* You ſee that altho' the Word *Faith* has ſomething that is common in both Propoſitions, yet, according to its full and intire *Idea*, it ſignifies one thing in one Place, and another in another; and why then is not the whole Argument ſuppreſs'd with Scorn, as impertinent and ridiculous? For there is as much Equivocation in that Term *Faith*, as in the Term *Poſt*; which implies as well a *Poſt-Man*, as a *Poſt* of *Wood*; *Faith* and *Faith* indeed have ſome generical Difference which the other Word has not, but with the contracting Difference they ſignify altogether as different Things.

One very ill Conſequence of this modiſh trifling Amuſement is, that when Scholars have habituated themſelves to this Manner of Arguing, they ſeldom forget it, or can find in their Hearts to apply themſelves to true Reaſoning. It fares with them as with Sharpers, who after having been long habituated to Tricks and Legerdemain, care little to play fair, or to underſtand the Truth of the Game.

In ſerious Diſputations, the *Terms* of all *Queſtions* ſhould be as clearly defin'd as in *Geometry*, and uſed ever in the firſt *ſtated*,

*ſtated Senſe*; otherwiſe they will prove only a more ſolemn Manner of *Punning*, or *Quibbling*, and of making a great *Noiſe* about *nothing*.

*As at Sword and Buckler Fight,*
*Moſt Blows do on the Target light;*
*So when theſe diſpute, greateſt Part*
*O'th' Queſtion falls on Terms of Art;*
*But when the Fuſtian Stuff is ſpent,*
*There's then an End o'th' Argument.*

MR. ROHAULT gives us ſome Account of this Affair, in the Preface to his Philoſophy. *This is not*, ſays he, *the Way to the acquiring new* Truths, *nor as ſuch deſign'd; but only as a Sort of* Exerciſe *and* Diverſion *of the* Mind, *whoſe End is only to intermix and entangle Truth with Falſhood, by the Aſſiſtance of little Tricks, Quirks, and Quibbles; by the Mediation of which, either Side of the Queſtion may be maintain'd, and neither of the Diſputants ſeem to yield, though the Propoſitions they defend be never ſo abſurd, and the Reaſon to the contrary never ſo apparent. And truly this is the* Event *of moſt* publick Exerciſes, *where frequently in the ſame* Deſk *contrary Opinions are agitated by Turns, and come off equally victorious; whilſt in the mean Time, the Matter is not in the leaſt cleared, and* Truth *lyes as much in the Bottom of the Well as it did at firſt.*

As it has been ſhown, in ſome Degree, what is, and what is not, objectively perfective of the *Underſtanding*; ſo it were to be wiſh'd, that a right Method could be ſtated of proſecuting what is ſo. *Carteſius* and Mr. *Malbranch* have writ abundantly upon this Subject; and a great Admirer of theirs (Mr. *Norris*) ſeems ſtill to have improv'd upon the latter's *Notions*: But as theſe are extremely delicate, and, it may be, would not prove agreeable to the Judgment of a great many, I refer the Curious to that Gentleman's Writings, where I dare promiſe

miſe, they will find abundant Pleaſure, if not all the Conviction they deſire.

I SHALL however give ſome ſmall Abridgment of what he advances. In the firſt Place he lays it down as a Foundation, that it is neceſſary Truth that is perfective of the Underſtanding. He ſuppoſes, in the ſecond Place, that this Truth is the ſame with the Divine Ideas, or Archytipal World. Thirdly, that the Divine λόγος, or Ideal World, is preſential to, and united intimately with, the Mind. And, fourthly, That we ſee and underſtand all Things in Him; and that, laſtly, tho' He enlightens all fundamentally, and potentially; yet is not this *Illumination* reduced to *act*, but by the Intervention of ſome Condition on our Parts, which is, duly to conſult and apply ourſelves to Him. He is the *Place* of *Spirits*, as *Space* is that of *Bodies*. This Divine λόγος is the *Region* of *Truth*, and therein are hid all the Treaſures of Wiſdom and Knowledge. This is that great *Univerſal Oracle* lodg'd in every Man's Breaſt, whereof the antient *Urim* and *Thummim* was an expreſſive *Type* and *Emblem*. He ſays, whoever ſhall by devout Meditations apply himſelf to this *Ideal World* for Illumination, will not fail of being led into the Way of *Wiſdom*. As a Man that caſts a ſhort carcleſs Glance upon the *Galaxy*, ſees only a confus'd Whiteneſs ariſing from the numerous Mixture of little Splendors; but when the ſame Perſon fixes his Eye with Steadineſs, and Delay of Application, he begins to diſcern ſomething more diſtinctly; a new Star ever and anon ariſes under his Inſpection, not before diſcover'd; and ſtill the longer and harder he looks, the more he diſcerns, till at laſt he has diſcover'd as much as he can well attend to at once, and has ſatiated his Faculty with the Brilliancy and Multitude of Lights. So he who conſults the *Ideal World* with that Aſſiduity, Attention, and mental Devotion as is requiſite, will be ſure to make very ſurprizing and agreeable Diſcoveries.

ALL Progreſs that was ever made in the Coaſts of Learning, was made by Dint of Thinking; and this Method has been

been uſed by the greateſt Improvers of Knowledge, as *Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Des Cartes*, *Galileus*, *Harvey*, *Merſennus*, *Malbranche*, *Poiret*, and Dr. *More*. Indeed there is an Order of Thinking, and this is more accurately and more perſpicuouſly explain'd and mark'd out by Mr. *Malbranche*, in his ſecond Part of his 6th Book, than any other Writer whatſoever. And whoever deſires to be able to demonſtrate *Truth* upon *ſolid Principles*, and in a conſequential Proceſs, as well for his own Satisfaction, as that of others, muſt give himſelf the Trouble, or rather Pleaſure, of regular Thinking, of contracting his Ideas, of diſpoſing them in his Imagination, and committing them afterwards to Paper, that they may no longer encumber the Mind's Capacity. *Omnes autem Philoſophiæ partes, atque omnia membra tum facillime naſcuntur, cum totæ queſtiones ſcribendo explicantur; eſt enim admirabilis quædam continuatio ſerieſque rerum, ut alia ex alia nixa, & omnes inter ſe aptæ colligatæque videantur.*

It is not to be deny'd, but that Reading is one Way of Knowing; but then it is only ſo by Accident, as it gives Hints and Occaſion for Thinking. As Thinking then is the only Thing to be regarded in Reading, ſo is Underſtanding the only Thing to be regarded in Thinking.

Truth, like the moſt precious Things of Nature, is conceal'd from the common View of Mankind, and, like Gold and Diamonds, ſeems treaſured deep, as a Reward for the moſt laborious Reſearchers: But the worſt of this Matter is, that if an active and prevailing Thinker has overcome the Obſcurity of ſome Objects, he conceives ſo great a Pleaſure in the Victory, that he is preſently ſeiz'd with an Ambition of extending the Bounds of his Apprehenſion, and vainly imagines that by Degrees he ſhall be able to penetrate into all the Myſteries of Nature. To remedy this Preſumption, it will be convenient that he ſhould conſider, that the greateſt Philoſophers have found the Darkneſs of their Minds ſo great, and their Conceptions ſo ſcanty, as to be oblig'd to apply themſelves to one ſingle Object at a Time; and that

too ſo ineffectually, as to divide the moſt ſimple Being into ſeveral inadequate Ideas, only to contract and leſſen the Object, in order to adjuſt and proportion it to their own Narrowneſs.

THAT ſuppoſing any the greateſt and moſt penetrating Genius be ſo temperate, as to apply himſelf only to the Study of any one Thing; yet ſhall he be never able to reach the End even of that one Thing. Mr. *Boyle*, one of the moſt ſucceſsful as well as moſt curious Enquirers, tells us in his Natural Hiſtory, that it is impoſſible for any one Man to underſtand the ſingle Mineral *Antimony*. So that not only every *Science*, but every Particular of it, has unacceſſible and impenetrable Receſſes. If the whole of ſo ſmall a Matter is not to be comprehended, how ſmall muſt we hope to underſtand of univerſal Nature!

*Fir'd with the Charms fair Science does impart,*
*In fearleſs Youth we tempt the Heights of Art;*
*While from the bounded Level of our Mind,*
*Short Views we take, nor ſee the Lengths behind:*
*But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange Surprize,*
*New diſtant Scenes of endleſs Science riſe;*
*Mount o'er the Vales, and ſeem to tread the Sky;*
*So pleas'd, at firſt the tow'ring* Alps *we try:*
*Th'eternal Snows appear already paſt,*
*And the firſt Clouds and Mountains ſeem the laſt.*
*But thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey*
*The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way;*
*Th'increaſing Proſpect tires our wond'ring Eyes,*
*Hills peep o'er Hills, and* Alps *on* Alps *ariſe.*

THE moſt preſumptuous Enquirers have never been able to explain the Mechaniſm of Motion, nor expoſe to Sight its Springs and Wheels. They have not clear'd the Compoſition

ſition of a continued Quantity, nor inform'd us if it be compounded of Parts diviſible or indiviſible: They have not been able to trace the Mazes of Providence, the Nature of Spirits, and given a very poor Account of thoſe Bodies to which they were ſo miraculouſly united; and their Notions of Space and Time, Liberty and Neceſſity, Preſcience and Contingency, demonſtrate only the vaſt Diſproportion of their Faculties to ſuch immeaſurable and fathomleſs Heights and Depths:

*Man does with dangerous Curioſity,*
*Theſe unfathom'd Wonders try:*
*With fancy'd Rules, and arbitrary Laws,*
*Matter and Motion he reſtrains,*
*And ſtudy'd Lines, and fictious Circles draws:*
*Then, with imagin'd Soverainty,*
*Lord of his new Hypotheſis he reigns.*
*He reigns: How long? Till ſome Uſurper riſe,*
*And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wiſe,*
*Studies new Lines, new Circles feigns;*
*On t'other's Ruin rears his Throne,*
*And, ſhewing his Miſtakes, maintains his own:*
*Well then! From this new Toil what Knowledge flows?*
*Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows,*
*That former Searchers were but bookiſh Fools;*
*Their choice Remarks, their darling Rules,*
*But canting* ERROR *all, and Jargon of the Schools.*

It deſerves then to be conſider'd, that as there is a Sort of Philoſophy which conſiſts only of inſignificant Terms, and a Parcel of indeterminate Maxims; all founded upon obſcure unintelligible Principles, which, inſtead of improving the Underſtanding, corrupts it, and wraps it in Miſts, and Clouds of Error and Confuſion: So is there another Sort, that is

capable of enlarging the *Faculties* of the *Mind*, and giving it a thorough View of Things; and which may not only bring us acquainted with ourſelves, but lead us to a true Notion of Morality and Religion: And whatever Studies we purſue, that do not conduce to theſe Ends, will be found, upon ſerious Reflection, to be no better than dangerous Curioſities, that tempt us in a more ſolemn Manner to be idle and impertinent. Upon the whole Matter, he will be found the wiſeſt Man, who ſooneſt attains to a Conviction of his own Ignorance; who has a true Notion of the little Reach of an embody'd Underſtanding; and who, maturely conſidering how very ſmall a Proportion the Life of Man bears to the Extent, Variety, and Inſtability of Sciences, takes Care to employ his own, in the Reſearch of true Happineſs, which God has promiſed not to the Learned, but to the Devout and Good. I ſhall take my Leave of this Subject with an *Aphoriſm* of my Lord *Bacon*.

*It is a* Pleaſure (ſays he) *to ſtand upon the Shore, and to ſee Ships toſs'd upon the Ocean; a Pleaſure, to ſtand in the Window of a* Caſtle, *and behold a* Battle, *its Adventures, and Succeſs: But no* Pleaſure *like that of ſtanding upon the advantage Ground of* Truth, *(a Hill not to be commanded, and where the Air is ever clear and ſerene) and to ſee the* Errors, *the Wandrings, the Miſts, and Tempeſts in the Vale below. So always, that this Proſpect be with Pity, not with contemptuous Pride. It's certainly* Heaven *upon* Earth, *to have a Man's Mind move in* Charity, *reſt in* Providence, *and turn upon the* Poles *of* Truth.

# *Mr.* VOITURE, *and his Letters.*

IT is generally allow'd, that, beſides his Commentaries, *Ceſar* had writ a Volume of Letters; and we may very well believe they were not all addreſs'd to the Senate, and his Legions; ſome, no Queſtion, abounded with Raillery, others with Love and Gallantry, and in the ſame Stile that his Uncle employ'd in writing to the beautiful Queen *Cleopatra*, upon Tablets of Saphires and Rubies; and theſe were, no Queſtion, as polite and delicate in their Way, as any of his other Performances. But ſince theſe Treaſures are loſt, we have nothing of this Sort, either ancient or modern, more entertaining and ingenious than Mr. *Voiture*'s.

MR. *COSTAR*, ſpeaking of this Gentleman's Romance in particular, and his Genius in general, ſays, The Court will receive this Performance of his, how imperfect ſoever, with the greateſt Pleaſure, and the Criticks will, upon this Occaſion, have more Reaſon than ever to declare, that the fineſt Things in the World are not free from Blemiſh. Nothing, in my Opinion, can be writ in a more gallant Manner: For, without ſpeaking of the juſt Œconomy of the Deſign, of the

agreeable Variety of Events, and the Richneſs of his Deſcriptions, his Entertainments are altogether ſo natural and ſo ſplendid, ſo delicate and ſo ſtrong, ſo juſt and ſo various, ſo ſingle and ſo ſurprizing, that I confeſs myſelf in Raptures when I read him. Yet muſt I ſay, that how rare ſoever appear his Conceptions, he did not go far in queſt of them, he found them upon the Spot, and in Places that I have travers'd a thouſand Times, without taking Notice of anything that was not trivial and common. To which may be added, that the moſt trifling Things obtain'd a Luſtre, nay, a new Nature, by paſſing thro' his Imagination: All he writes, ſeems as eaſy and flowing, as full of Wit and Humour, as if ſtruck out at a Heat, or were the Produce of a familiar Converſation; yet have I heard ſome with good Authority aſſert, that he ſeldom finiſh'd a Letter in leſs than two or three Days, and after having perus'd and corrected it a hundred Times.

THE Art of Excelling, ſays the Chevalier *de Méré*, in Speaking or Writing, ſhows itſelf in a natural Dreſs, and requires only a ſimple and unaffected Beauty. As ſhe takes ſome Pains in expoſing her Graces and Imbelliſhments to Light, ſo her chiefeſt Care ſeems to be that of concealing them. He compares this Sort of Management to the ingenious Contrivance of *Armida*'s Palace and Gardens.

*Equel che'l bello el caro accreſce à l'opre*
*L'Arte ché tutto fà nulla ſe ſcopre.*

*What makes the whole with greater Beauty ſhine,*
*It ſeems the Work of Nature, not Deſign.*

*MADAM* Saintot *acquaints Mr.* Voiture *by Billet, that ſhe had promis'd him to two fine Women for a Gallant, that ſhe hop'd this Enterprize would not ſeem too great, either for his Vigour or Courage, and that he would make good whatever ſhe engag'd in his Favour. To which he returns this Anſwer.*

PRAY

PRAY let me ſee, as ſoon as poſſible, the Object of my Paſſion. I dye, Madam, with Impatience; and ſince you have engag'd me to love, pray ſecure me a kind Return. I have all Night been thinking of two Ladies of your Acquaintance: I write to one of them; give, I beg you, the Letter you find under your Cover, to her you think I love the moſt. In gratitude to your good Offices, you ſhall diſpoſe ever of my Affections, and I will never love any Mortal ſo much as yourſelf, till I am convinced that you deſire it in good earneſt.

*To the unknown* MISTRESS.

NEVER was there any Paſſion ſo extraordinary as that I entertain for you. I do not in the leaſt know who you are, nor did I in my Life ever hear you nam'd; yet do I love you, and have ſuffer'd for you a whole Day. Without having ſeen your Face, I think it charming; and your Wit ſeems agreeable, altho' I never heard you ſpeak a Word. Your Actions raviſh me; and I imagine in you I know not what, which makes me paſſionately fond of I know not who. I ſometimes fancy you are fair, ſometimes olive, ſometimes tall, ſometimes little, with a *Roman*, or cock'd up Noſe. But in what Manner ſoever my Imagination paints you, you ſtill ſeem wonderfully handſome; and without knowing what ſort of Beauty you are, I dare ſwear it is the moſt charming. If you know me as little, and love me as much, I return Thanks to Love and my Stars. But to the End you may not be deceiv'd, and that, in Caſe you ſhould take me to be a proper fair Perſon, you may not ſeem ſurpriz'd when you ſee me, I will tell you very near what ſort of Figure I make. My Stature is two or three Inches below the common Level; my Countenance is agreeable enough, adorn'd with a great deal of Hair mix'd with Grey; my Eyes are languiſhing, but a little a-ſkew, and my Aſpect ſilly enough. One of your Friends will tell you, that, by way of Recompence, I am a very honeſt Fellow; and that, as to the Point of being

in

in Love with five or ſix at the ſame Time, nobody acquits himſelf better than myſelf. If you can, Madam, diſpence with all this, it is at your Service at the very firſt Sight. In the mean Time I will think of you, without knowing what I think of; and when it ſhall be aſk'd me for whom I ſigh, don't apprehend my making the leaſt Diſcovery, and be aſſur'd that I ſhall never ſpeak one Word about you.

*MADAM,*

SINCE it is my Fate to be tormented one Way or other, I choſe rather to ſuffer in your Preſence; and how much ſoever you are inclin'd to Miſchief, methinks you cannot inflict a greater Puniſhment than is that of not ſeeing you; for indeed (if the Reſpect I owe you will allow me ſo to expreſs myſelf) I love you infinitely more than I fear you.

*WRITING to a Friend at* London *from* Dover, *he takes Occaſion to praiſe the Dutcheſs of* Mazarine, *at whoſe Houſe he was frequently entertain'd whilſt in* England.

*SIR,*

IT muſt be allow'd that ſhe is a Perſon all over Charms; and there could not in the World be an Object ſo worthy of Affection, did ſhe herſelf know anything of it, and poſſeſs'd a Soul as ſenſitive as it is reaſonable. You will ſhow her my laſt Verſes. I thought (however) once, not to ſend them, for fear ſhe ſhould ſee them. She underſtands Things of this Kind too well; and all that Goodneſs which ſhould reſide in her Will, is ſeated in her Judgment. But I ſhall not be much concern'd if ſhe does find Fault with them, ſince they were made before I had the Honour of her Acquaintance; and I ſhould be very ſorry to have hitherto praiſed or blamed any Body to Perfection, becauſe I reſerve both the one and the other for her.

*MADAM,*

*MADAM,*

WITHOUT ſeeing any Sort of Advantage from my Letters, I ſtill purſue the old Way of writing and complaining. I expect from your Ladyſhip neither Anſwer nor Satisfaction; it is, however, Pity, that the moſt lovely Creature of Nature ſhould be the moſt ungrateful.

*MADAM,*

I MAY well preſume to ſend you a few Flowers, it is a Preſent that the Gods themſelves vouchſafe to accept from Mortals: I know one Reaſon, at leaſt, why you ought to eſteem them; there is not a ſingle Flower which is not attended by ſome peculiar Virtue, nor will they endure a familiar Touch, even from Kings and Princes.

*MADAM,*

NOBODY is dead of your Abſence beſides myſelf; and I don't ſtick to tell you this abruptly, becauſe I believe it will prove no Matter of Concern to you: However, if you will at preſent ſpeak your Mind freely, when it can be of no Sort of Conſequence, I was really once a good pretty Fellow. Be pleas'd to know then, Madam, that ever ſince your Departure laſt Night, I neither eat, ſpoke, or open'd my Eyes; in ſhort, there's nothing wanting to the Reputation of my Death but my being bury'd. I did not too ſoon affect this Ceremony, becauſe, in the firſt Place, I had at all Times ſome Averſion to it: And beſides, I did not care that the News of my Deceaſe ſhould ſpread too faſt, and I put the beſt Face I can upon the Matter, to avoid Suſpicion; for ſhould the World be apprized that this Accident befel me the very Day of your Departure, it would be impoſſible to hinder the Ballad-Singers from putting us together upon every merry Occaſion. This Trade of Song-making is a very fooliſh Invention; the Living, in my Opinion, cannot be guilty of a greater Impertinency; nay, there is not a dead Perſon of us all, to whom it does not give Offence. I beg

of you not to laugh; for (to be ſerious) it is a very wicked Thing to make a Jeſt of the Deceas'd; and were you in my Place, you would not take it well to be ſo treated. Be pleas'd to put my Lady *S.* and Lady *B.* in mind, that I entertain'd an inviolable Paſſion for both when alive, that it continues even after Death, for I ſwear to you, that in my preſent State, I honour them as much as ever.

*To a Maid of Honour, belonging to the Dutcheſs of* Savoy, *upon Occaſion of the Latter's Indiſpoſition.*

*MADAM,*

HEAVEN will not fail to do a Miracle in Favour of a Perſon in whom it has plac'd ſo many. We may without Flattery aſſert, that there is nothing under the Sun ſo glorious as the Miſtreſs You ſerve: I had like to have ſaid We ſerve: What would I give for the Liberty of ſaying ſo!

*MADAM,*

THOSE who have aſſerted, that Virtue would inſpire all Mankind with Love of her, did ſhe ſuffer herſelf to be ſeen naked; would have found her more charming, if inveſted with your Perſon. As for my Part, I don't make this Declararation from any View of Intereſt, but I muſt own, that the Generoſity you diſcover'd in making me a Preſent, was of much greater Value than the Thing itſelf. Riches were ever reputed in the Number of Things indifferent, but your Affection is not ſo; and this you have been pleas'd to teſtify by your Preſent. I beg Leave, however, to aſſure you, that you cannot do me any Good, comparable to that of ſeeing and entertaining you: And ſince I have ventur'd to ſay ſo much, I believe that in you I have a Miſtreſs who deſerves to be that of the whole World; has a great Soul, liberal, the Heart noble, the Face embelliſh'd with all thoſe attractive Features which every Lover admires in her whom he adores.

*MADAM,*

*MADAM,*

I WELL enough perceive that I ſhall never get rid of your Chains. As you every Day give me ſome new Provocation, which invites me to rebel, ſo do I every Moment diſcover ſome new Charm, which retains me: The Idea that I have form'd of your Perſon, and which I contemplate without ceaſing, fixes me in ſuch a Manner, that I have no Leiſure to attend to my Loſſes, and my Sufferings; and all the while that my Heart burns, conſumes, fears, deſires, and ſuffers a thouſand Agitations, my Thoughts are ſedate, and give me Joys ſurpaſſing thoſe of Men. However, I conclude from Reaſon, that my Life cannot by this Means be of any long Continuance; and ſince it belongs to you, and that you are its ſovereign MISTRESS, I believe myſelf in Duty bound to apprize you of its Danger. You are oblig'd in Conſcience to look after it; I waſh my Hands of it entirely.

*MADAM,*

AS I was Yeſterday upon my Journey, I aſked once or twice the Way; and being anſwer'd that I could not miſs it if I would, I loſt it, however, three Times, in ſpite of my Teeth. Being come to the Walls of *Brevanes*, inſtead of taking to the Right, I took the Left, and proceeded in a direct Line, like a Cow, to a Village, which was two great Leagues out of my Way. I can't tell how this happen'd, but I had ſtrangely in my Head Madamoiſelle *d'Angennes*, and *St. Megrin*, and I gaz'd upon them like two *Wills with a Whiſp*, which march'd ever before me, and gave great Light to my Wanderings. I beg, however, that you will not chide them, for fear they ſhould maliciouſly play me the ſame Trick. My beſt Way, I preſume, is to have no Diſputes with them. To conclude, I met with no ſort of Diſaſter, nor with any dangerous Creatures on the Road, beſides thoſe I left behind me.

*To M.* Rambouillet, *in the Name of the King of* Sweden.

*MADAM,*

HERE is that Lion of the North, and that Conqueror, whoſe Name has made ſo great a Noiſe in the World; he comes to lay the Trophies of the *German* Empire at your Feet; and after having defeated *Tilly*, humbled the Fortune of *Spain*, and ſubdued the Forces of the Empire, is proud to liſt himſelf under your Banner. Amongſt the Acclamations of Joy, and the Songs of Victory, which on all Sides ſurround me, I never heard anything ſo agreeable as the News of my being in your good Graces. The Moment I was appriz'd of this Happineſs, I chang'd the Scheme of all my Projects, and fix'd that Ambition entirely in you, which before had for Object the Conqueſt of the World. By this Means I rather extended my Deſigns than retrenched them; for the World has its Bounds, and others have been inſpir'd with an Ambition of conquering it as well as I: But that Wit and Underſtanding which the beſt Judges admire in you, and which has no Limits; that noble Heart of yours, which is Proof againſt Crowns and Scepters; and thoſe enchanting Graces, which give you abſolute Dominion over all Inclinations, are infinite Bleſſings to which no Perſon beſides myſelf did ever dare to aſpire: And thoſe who have extended their Ardor of Conqueſt to more Worlds than one, have been more temperate in their Purſuits than I. If it be poſſible for me to ſucced in mine; and if Fortune, who has in all Places render'd me victorious, ſhall attend my Pretenſions to your Favours, I ſhall not in the leaſt envy *Alexander* his Conqueſts, but believe, that he who commanded all Mankind, had an Empire of a leſs glorious Extent than mine. I ſhould have told you my Sentiments more at large, were I not upon the Point of giving Battle to the *Imperialiſts*, and obliged to paſs five or ſix Hours near *Nuremberg*. *I am,*

*MADAM,*

*Your moſt paſſionate humble Servant,*

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

*To*

## *To Monſieur* D'Avaux.

IF you pretend that the Dignity of Plenipotentiary excuſes you from giving an Anſwer to my Letters, pray take Notice that *Papinian* had all the Affairs of the *Roman* Empire committed to his Charge, yet can I ſhow you in a thouſand Places of vaſt Volumes, that *Papinianus reſpondit, & reſpondit Papinianus.* The moſt wiſe and prudent Men were thoſe who made it a common Practice to give Anſwers. And hence it comes that we ſo often meet with *reſponſa Sapientum, & Sapientum reſponſa.* The Oracles themſelves, tho' you were one of them, vouchſafed to give Anſwers. Nay, Things inanimate think themſelves obliged to comply with this Cuſtom.

*To you I mourn, nor to the Deaf I ſing;*
*The Woods ſhall anſwer, and their Echo ring.*
*Ev'n Hills and Rocks ſhall anſwer my ſad Lay;*
*Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?*

*What he ſays farther is very curious, and marks a Heart wonderous grateful.*

WERE your Letters to be purchas'd with Money, I ſhould long ſince have ſtripped myſelf of the four thouſand Franks you gave me, and reſtor'd you every Farthing.

As it is ſaid, that he who anſwers pays, ſo is it, I believe, equally true, that he who pays anſwers; and that it becomes me, in what Manner ſoever it be, to find out a proper Method of entertaining you, ſince it is for this that I am ſo well paid. You would, however, do a ſingular Act of Generoſity, (you, Sir, who delight in nothing more) if, to the Favours you have already done me, you would pleaſe to add that of writing to me ſometimes: For I proteſt to you, that I eſteem you alone capable of inſpiring me with Wit and good Senſe; and methinks, in this Reſpect, ſince I have been depriv'd of the

Honour of ſeeing and hearing from you, I find myſelf much more neceſſitous than ever.

*This has ſome Alluſion to the Penſion Mr.* D'Avaux *gave* Voiture. *And before, he had told him,*

ALTHO' I receive none of your Letters, it is ſufficient that I partake of your Benefits, to lie under an Obligation of writing to you: And, methinks, the leaſt I can do, is to give you Words in Exchange for Money. Were it in my Choice, I am ſo well acquainted with the true Value of Things, that I would purchaſe your Words with Ready Money.

*Upon ſo common a Subject, nothing can be more happily imagin'd.*

*To Madame de* ——.

I WOULD fain know, if any Aſtrologer could have told me, when walking in the Street *St. Denis*, with my fine Boots, that it would ſoon be my Fortune to be a Rower in one of the *Algier* Gallies, or devour'd by ſome Fiſh or other in the *Atalantick*. My greateſt Conſolation in this eminent Danger is, (and by my Faith I tell no Lye) that I ſail in a Veſſel that carries nothing beſides me and eight hundred Cheſts of Sugar; ſo that if I ſuffer Shipwreck, I am ſure to have the Conſolation of being choak'd with ſweet Water. I flatter myſelf, however, that the *Zephirs*, who, moſt certainly, are of the Society of kind and gentle Spirits, will by Sympathy be diſpoſed to favour me. However, ſhould I happen to die, tell that Lady, who has the beſt Notion of Gallantry in the World, and has the worſt of her Gallants, that I beg her compaſſionate Memory ſo far as not to incommode her. I do not write to her, altho' I owe her an Anſwer; but I am never ſo vain-glorious as when I receive her Letters, nor ſo mortify'd, as when I deſign an Anſwer, and reflect how inferior my Genius is to hers.

*To*

*To a Gentleman at* Rome, *who had won his Money; for, by the by, this Man of Wit was as great a Slave to that Paſſion of Gaming as to Love and Gallantry: Which ſhows, that he who has a great Commerce with the World, loſes on one Side what he gets on the other.*

*Sir,*

IT ſeldom happens that we gain any Man's Friendſhip by undoing him; but this has been your Fate with me; and your Genius, in every Reſpect, hath ſo much the Aſcendant of mine, that I could not defend myſelf againſt you one Way or other; and by winning my Money, you at the ſame Time won my Heart. Although I paid very dear for your Acquaintance, I do not, however, think that I have paid near ſo much as it deſerves; and don't you fancy that I will run any Riſque of loſing a Friend that I have purchas'd at ſo high a Rate.

*To Marſhal* Turenne, *General of the* French *Armies. He ſays everything that can pleaſe in Language ſo temper'd with true Praiſe and Flattery, that he avoids offending the greateſt Modeſty.*

YOUR Highneſs has done nothing all this Campaign ſo bold as what I do at preſent. I know how difficult you are, yet do I preſume to write to you: But as for my Part, having ever eſteem'd *Achilles* and *Alexander*, with whom I was never acquainted, otherwiſe than by their Actions, which I have read of; it would be very ſtrange if I fail'd to aſſure you of the Paſſion I have for your Service; yours, I ſay, who every Day alarms us with ſuch great Exploits. I am of Opinion, that had you once undertaken it, you would have ſeiz'd the Moon with your Teeth. I have little Reaſon to wonder at your taking of *Dunquerque*. Nothing to you is impoſſible. I am only in Pain what to ſay upon this Event. It is a glorious Thing to be in your Favour; but to us Wits, who

who are obliged to write to you upon all Occaſions of happy Succeſs, I aſſure you, it's perplexing enough to find Words correſpondent to your Actions, and to renew from Time to Time thoſe Encomiums that are due to you. If you would vouchſafe now and then to be beaten, or in Deſpair quit the Siege of any Place, we ſhould have Room to come off with Honour, by the Change of Subject; and we ſhould find ſome fine Thing to ſay upon the Viciſſitude of Fortune, and the Honour that waits upon the brave ſupporting of Diſgrace. But you, Sir, having from your very Entrance upon Action, put yourſelf upon an equal Foot with *Alexander*; and ſeeing that Day by Day you ſurpaſs yourſelf, indeed, Sir, we neither know what Meaſures to obſerve, either with reſpect to you or ourſelves. *Hyperboles*, when apply'd to you, are but cold Expreſſions; and, if you don't take care, your Hiſtory will paſs with Poſterity for a meer Romance.

## *To Cardinal* Valette.

I CAN'T imagine the Reaſon of your complaining againſt me, unleſs it be, becauſe at this Time having the Sword in Hand, you incline to pick a Quarrel with all the World; and foreſeeing that the *Spaniards* will not be able to hold out long before you, you begin already to cut out new Work for yourſelf, by ſeeking freſh Matter of Diffetence with other People. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to ſuſtain the Parts of Juſtice and Conqueſts at the ſame Time; and I ſee plain enough, that Valour and Equity ſeldom march Hand in Hand.

*AN Encomium of this Sort has no groſs Allay; and the Reproach that attends it, improves its Value mightily. The Author, whilſt he excuſes himſelf, adds farther in the Cardinal's Commendation.*

UNDER Pretence that you have a World of Affairs upon your Hands; that you are doing the Function of a Labourer, Soldier, and General, all at the ſame Time; that you are engag'd

engag'd in fortifying a Camp, and taking a Town; in eſtabliſhing Order and Juſtice in an Army, and ſubjecting a Nation to Diſcipline, which never underſtood it before; you fancy that everybody elſe is idle, and that you alone are indefatigably employ'd. Give me Leave, however, to aſſure you, that if I had nothing elſe to do, but to attend to what is ſaid of your Exploits every Day, and to report them again to ſuch as aſk me, I ſhould not be leſs buſy'd than yourſelf, and ſhould have little Time to ſpare for writing Letters to your Excellency.

*AFTER the Battle of* Rocroi, *he ſalutes the Duke* D'Anguien *in this Manner:*

*My* LORD,

I AM determin'd to tell your Highneſs all my Heart. Hitherto I have been reſtrain'd by Fear, but you do too much to be cover'd with Silence; and you would be unjuſt, did you imagine that you might do ſo many glorious Actions, and not ſuffer anybody to mention them to you. Did you know what a Looſe the whole World has given itſelf at *Paris* in talking of you, I am perſuaded you would be out of Countenance, and ſurprized to ſee with how little Reſpect, and how little Fear of offending you, they entertain themſelves with your Exploits. To confeſs the Truth, my Lord, I cannot apprehend your Meaning; it was, moſt certainly, a little too bold, at your Age, to give a Shock to two or three old Generals, to whoſe ancient Valour you ſhould have paid ſome Reſpect. To kill the poor Count *de Fountaine*, who was one of the beſt Gentlemen in *Flanders*, and whom the Prince of *Orange* did never preſume to offend: To take thirteen Pieces of Cannon, which belonged to a Prince, Uncle to the King, and Brother to the Queen, with whom you never had the leaſt Quarrel or Diſpute: Rout the beſt Troops of the *Spaniards*, which ſuffer'd you to paſs with ſo much Goodneſs. I don't know what Father *Muſnier* ſays to all this: But I am confident, that the whole Proceeding is againſt the Rules of good

good Breeding, and that there is abundant Matter of Confeſſion. I have, indeed, often heard, that you were as obſtinate as the Devil, and that it was not ſafe to diſpute anything with you; but, indeed, I did not believe you capable of being tranſported to ſuch a Degree. If you go on, there will be no enduring of you in *Europe*, and the Emperor and King of *Spain* can never hold out againſt you. However, ſetting Conſcience aſide, and talking according to the Rules of Policy, I congratulate you for your ſignal Victory, and prodigious Valour: You verify the Saying, that the Courage and Virtue of the *Cæſars* are not of a long Growth. Judge, I pray, after this, in what Manner you will be received by the Lords and Ladies at Court; and how pleas'd they will be, to ſee him who triumph'd in their Balls, do the ſame Thing in the King's Army: And that the handſomeſt Perſon in *France* is alſo the braveſt. All thoſe who uſed to complain of your Jeſting, confeſs at this Time you were in earneſt; and ſeeing how you treat your Enemies, everybody is providing againſt ſuch an Accident. Be pleaſed, *Cæſar*, that we take a little Liberty of Speech, praiſe you moderately, and give to *Cæſar* what belongs to *Cæſar*.

*Mr.* POPE *upon Mr.* VOITURE.

*In his gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine,*
*And all the Writer lives in every Line.*
*His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,*
*Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.*
*Sure, to charm all, was his peculiar Fate,*
*Who, without Flatt'ry, pleas'd the Fair and Great.*
*Still with Eſteem no leſs convers'd than read,*
*With Wit well natur'd, and with Books well bred:*
*His Heart, his Miſtreſs and his Friend did ſhare,*
*His Time, the Muſe, the Witty, and the Fair.*

*Thus,*

*Thus, wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,*
*Chearful, he play'd the Trifle, Life, away:*
*'Till Death, ſcarce felt, did o'er his Pleaſures creep,*
*As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to ſleep.*
*Ev'n Rival Wits did* Voiture's *Fate deplore,*
*And the Gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before.*
*The trueſt Hearts for* Voiture *heav'd with Sighs,*
Voiture *was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes:*
*The Smiles, and Loves, had dy'd in* Voiture's *Death,*
*But that for ever in his Lines they breathe.*

WHOEVER reads one Letter of Mr. *Voiture*'s, will be tempted not only to read them all, but to peruſe them over and over again: He had an inexhauſtible Fund of Wit and genteel Humour, which few or none ever poſſeſs'd before or ſince. Yet, ſince he has been put into good or bad *Engliſh* a hundred Times, I will not tire the Reader with a Repetion; if anybody has not read him, I have ſaid enough to provoke an Appetite, and that's ſufficient. It is certain, that he had all the Advantages that Man could have; but, I believe, his greateſt Help was, the happy Opportunity he had of converſing with the Ladies of Quality in *France*, who, I fear, have generally a better, as well as another Sort of Education than the *Engliſh*; for which, no other Reaſon can be aſſign'd, I think, than that finding their Power ſo great by the Force of their native Charms, we dare not venture to ſupply the Quickneſs of their Apprehenſion with Languages and Learning, for Fear of an abſolute Dominion. There have been Examples in all Times of their Sufficiency for Government; and whoſoever converſes with the Beau *Monde*, will, with Eaſe, perceive, how much their Penetration generally exceeds that of our Sex of the ſame Age. It may with good Grounds be aſſerted, that few Men have either a handſome Manner in Converſation, a graceful Mien and Deportment, a Facility and Elegance of Expreſſion, or, in a Word, any Sort of good

Breeding, that do not frequent their Company; and it is as impoſſible not to improve by their Commerce, as it would be to walk in a Gallery of Spices, or in a Grove of Orange and Jeſſumin Trees, and not refreſh the Brain, nor attract ſome Part of the delicious Odor.

*It's true, that Man is more Sublime and Bold,*
*But Woman's figur'd of a finer Mold.*
*Hence the ſoft Nature of her pliant Clay,*
*Will all Impreſſions take, all Forms obey.*
*Who, then, excludes the Woman, as unfit*
*For the high Arts and Miſteries of Wit?*
*Or, why ſhould baſe invidious Man deny*
*The Search of Truth to their diſcerning Eye?*
*Why, when ingenit Reaſon ſhows her Ray,*
*To light us all, are they forbid the Day?*

Otway.

*Oh Woman, lovely Woman! Nature made you*
*To temper Man; we had been Brutes without you:*
*Angels are painted fair to look like you:*
*There's in you all what we believe of Heaven;*
*Amazing Brightneſs, Purity, and Truth,*
*Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love.*

PLATO himſelf was a great Gallant, and thought it no Fault to be ſo. Never does he mention Love, but he employs his fineſt Style in its Encomium: And his Imagination, fir'd by the Sentiments of his Heart, becomes at leaſt one Degree more brilliant than it was before. Speaking of Beauty, you ſee him full of the Raptures ſhe inſpires: Theſe he adorns with high flown Expreſſions, which, by the Confuſion they partake of, do paint to Perfection the Diſorders of Love.

Love. But nothing, to my Fancy, ſhows better his gallant Genius, than that Place in his *Phædra*, where, after having eſtabliſh'd his *Metempſicoſis*, he aſſigns nine different States, to which Men are deſtin'd, according to the Prevalency of their Virtues, or Vices: And he places in the firſt Rank the compleat Lovers. Philoſophy has not ever been of an uncouth and ſavage Diſpoſition: And *Plato* ſhows us, that we may Love, without bluſhing for the Matter.

## *Some few Letters of other Hands.*

COSTAR, who writ generally not with more Fire than Judgment, explains himself wondrous agreeably to to his Friend, upon the Receipt of an Ingenious Letter.

AT laſt have I received the beſt Letter you ever writ, ſince I believe it is the longeſt. For the Future, I will never put Pen to Paper, before having once read it. Every Morning will I go and warm my Imagination at your Fire. And moſt certainly, if an *Ethiopian* was capable of conceiving the moſt beautiful Girl in the World, by having only at the Time of Conception, a fine Picture before her Eyes; why ſhould not I, having preſent to my Mind the moſt perfect Idea of your Performances, hope to produce ſomething clear of all my cuſtomary Faults, and adorn'd with a Complexion and Features much more delicate than I could ever before pretend to? You tell me, that I am too prodigal of my Encomiums: The Reaſon is, you conſider my Poverty, not the Riches of your Merit; ſo that, let a Man, who has but a ſmall Income, put himſelf to the leaſt Expence, he is preſently called Prodigal.

BUT

BUT to you (of whom I know ſo many charming Truths) ſhould I chuſe to give any fictitious Commendations, I muſt certainly be poſſeſs'd with a Habit of Flattering, of which it's impoſſible to diveſt myſelf: Not unlike thoſe Ladies of our Acquaintance, who cannot forbear painting, however beautiful ſoever they are in themſelves.

*WHAT follows ſeems to be too familiar, and indeed ſevere; but can anything be really ſo in Friendſhip, whoſe Support is Virtue and Sincerity?*

IN your Letter (ſays *Coſtar*) there is one Thing which I believe to be very fine, did you and I underſtand it. When the Thought did firſt ſpring in your ingenious Mind, it had, no Queſtion, a Sort of Brilliancy which dazled you. One of this Sort gives as much Trouble to be underſtood, and unravell'd, as it gives little in the firſt Conception. Remember, if you pleaſe, that your Wit ought not to be indulg'd in the Liberty of ſo great Excurſions, as to give the Judgment Pain in purſuing. The Judgment, I ſay, which has a Right of Precedency, and ſhould ever ſerve as a Guide.

*There is a kind of Writer pleas'd with Sound,*
*Whoſe Fuſtian Head with Clouds is compaſs'd round;*
*No Reaſon can diſperſe them with its Light:*
*Learn, then, to think, ere you pretend to write.*
*As your Idea's bright, or elſe obſcure,*
*Th'Expreſſion follows perfect, or impure:*
*What's well conceiv'd, with Eaſe we can expreſs*
*Words to clear Notions flow with Eaſineſs.*

Roam.

To

*To the Marchioneſs of* Lavardin, *ſome critical Reflections upon* C. Bentivoglio's *Letters, by the ſame Hand.*

*MADAM,*

I CANNOT thank you in a better Manner, for the excellent Letters you were pleaſed to ſend me, than by communicating to you the Improvements I made in the charming Peruſal. The Author has an incredible Facility in accommodating himſelf to all Sorts of Perſons and Subjects. His Ornaments are void of Affectation, his Negligence is agreeable; his Strength is neither too rude, nor continued too long; and his Stile is ſo repleniſh'd with Light, that where it is not Brilliant it is Shining. What he ſays of the *Swiſs*, ſeems to me happily imagin'd; that the *Alps* are made for them, and they for the *Alps*. *L'Alpi ſon per gli Suizzeri, e gli Suizzeri per l'Alpi.* Indeed, ſo ſavage a Nation little deſerv'd a more kind Climate. This puts me in Mind of the Verſes of *Taſſus* upon the Inhabitants of *Touraine*.

*Non e Gente robuſta, e faticoſa*
*Si ben, tutta di ferro ella relluce:*
*La Terra Molle, e lieta, e dilettoſa,*
*Simili a ſe gli habitatore produce.*

DELIGHTFUL Countries produce Men of the ſame Temperament, and little fitted to the Fatigues and Perils of War. So that it may be ſaid, if Men cultivate Countries, Countries cultivate Men; they ſoften their Manners, and poliſh their Minds. Yet do the *Swiſs* grow uneaſy and tir'd, ſometimes, with their Abode in *France* and *Italy*. They pine after their Snows and Ice, they are impatient, and eager to return to their Lawns and Mountains, to ſuch a Degree, that if they are refus'd this Liberty, they will fall into a mortal langiſhing Malady, which they call their *Country Sickneſs*. This confirms the Saying, *That the Smoak of our own Country,*

*ſeems*

*ſeems more clear and bright than the beſt Fires of Foreign Nations.* And altho' it be a Maxim, that honeſt Men find their Homes in all Places that furniſh the Conveniencies of Living;

*Per tutto e buona Stanza, ove altrigoda*
*Et ogn' Stanza al valent huomo e patria.*

Yet it is certain, that Nature inſpires us with an inexpreſſible ſecret Paſſion for our own Country, which admits of no Decay, and which never dies.

*Che dio Natura al Naſcimento humano,*
*Verſo il caro paeſe, ov' altri e nato,*
*Un no ſo che di non inteſo affetto,*
*Che ſempre vive, e non invecchia mai.*

But I have rambled a little too far. I return to the *Swiſs*, who, according to my Author, *ſell the Service of their Bodies to Strangers, but reſerve to themſelves the Liberty of their Country. Vendono il ſervitio de Corpi ad altri, ma retingon la liberta del Raeſe per loro.* He adds, that they are not beholden to their Courage for ſo great a Bleſſing, but to the Situation and Nature of the Place they inhabit, equally poor and inacceſſible. He goes on. *Onde chi vorebbe provar ſi ad eſpugnar Alpi? e chi vorebbe deſiderar de ſignoreggiarle? Who would be ſo bold as to endeavour the Forcing of the* Alps? *Or who ſo extravagant, as to entertain the Deſire of ſuch an Empire?* The Difficulty of the Enterprize cuts off all Hopes of Succeſs, and the little Advantage to be got, extinguiſhes all Ambition. Yet was it ſaid of the *Romans*, that they purſu'd with equal Ardour, the Conqueſt of poor and rich Dominions: That the Rich exciting their Avarice, and the Indigent their Ambition, they found ever Reaſons for extending their Conqueſts.

AFTER having ſpoke of the other Mountains of the *Alps*, he ſays of that of St. *Godard*, that it ſtretched its ſnowy Head into the Clouds, and preſented him with a Sight of Winter, in the very Strength and Middle of Summer. *San Gotardo ſopra di tutte che porta le Nevi in Cielo, è chà me hora ho fatto veder l'Inverno di mezza State.* This is one of thoſe Thoughts, that pleaſeth without raiſing our Admiration; and hath ſomething fine, yet not ſurprizing. Obſerve, Madam, if you pleaſe, that he does not make Uſe of the Word *Feeling*, but *Seeing*. For there is Pleaſure in ſeeing Winter, without feeling its Rigour. And it's a ſort of Enchantment, the Preſentation of Snow and Ice on one Hand, and Freſhneſs of the Spring on the other. *Taſſo*, in his Deſcription of the Mountain, where was placed *Armida*'s Palace, repreſents it cover'd with Greens and Snows: He ſays, it was a Head with a white Chin, and green Hairs: And that we might remark with Wonder, that Ice and Snow maintain'd an inviolable League with the Lillies and Roſes.

*Di nevi, è di pruine*
*Sparſa ogni ſtrada, ivi hà poi fiori, èd herba*
*Proſſo al canuto mento, il verde crine*
*Frondeggia, el ghiaccio ſede à i gigli ſerva*
*Et à lè Roſe tenere* ———.

BUT what think you, Madam, of this Manner of ſpeaking upon the Subject of a ſick Perſon? *Non gli reſta altro de Vita che la lentezza con che fà il ſuo Officio la Morte: He had no more Life left, than the Dilatorineſs with which Death does its Office.* Had your Imagination ſupply'd you with this Thought, you would have expreſs'd it better, and ſaid, *What Remains he has of Life, he owes it to the Dilatorineſs of Death, who does not ſeem ſo much in haſte for him, as for other People.*

THIS Love-Compliment does not appear an ill one. *We are ſeparated by Rivers and Mountains*; *but what would become*

*of us if our Pens had not Tongues, and our Thoughts had not Wings, to converſe together in Spite of the Diſtance of Places? Eche ſe non haveſſero lingua le noſtre Penne, & ali i noſtri penſieri per converſare inſieme, anche in queſte diſtanza?* I wiſh, however, that the Author had halted at *Penſieri*, and had not added *per converſare inſieme*. For Wings to converſe with each other, ſeem to me ſtrange Things. If he had ſaid, that we might approach each other, notwithſtanding this great Diſtance, and entertain each other, how remote ſoever; don't you think, Madam, that his Expreſſion would have prov'd more correct, and that he would have better apply'd to Wings and Tongues their natural Uſe?

THIS to me ſeems better. Our common Friend muſt needs have preſs'd your Ladyſhip to write to me, and at laſt extorted this Letter, rather out of your Hands, than your Heart. *Ech' e gli alfin le rapiſſe piu d'alle mani che d'alla volunta la lettera ſcrita mi.*

I ESTEEM this Paſſage to the Marquis *Spinola* fine. *Per Nobilita di ſangue, e per Eminenza di merito porto ſeco in Ispagna, il Grandato V. E. anche prima de conſeguirlo.* The Greatneſs of your Birth, and that of your Virtue, made you Grandee of Spain, before you obtained that Dignity.

HE adds, *E veramente ſi puo ſtare in dubio quál ſia per ſentirne maggior piacere, o l'Italia che diede V. E. alla* Spagna, *o la* Spagna *che conferiſte in lei queſt honore, o la* Fiandra *che le ha ſomminiſtrata la materia principalmente da meriterlo.* Aud, indeed, it is a Queſtion who will moſt rejoyce, Italy, which preſented you to Spain, or Spain, who did you this Honour, or Flanders, that in a more particular Manner furniſh'd you with Occaſions to deſerve and attain it.

SPEAKING of the Advantages the *Spaniards* obtain'd over the Proteſtants in *Germany*, he ſays, They carry'd upon the Ends of their Pikes, and in the Mouths of their Muſkets, the Execution of the Emperor's Commands upon the Here-

ticks. *Sobre le lancie e le picche e in bocca de Moſchette ſi portava l'eſecutione del mandato Imperiale contra gli Heretici.* This, to me ſeems an odd Way of expreſſing oneſelf: *To carry the Execution of Commands in the Mouth* ..... It had been proper to carry Commands in the Mouth, becauſe the Mouth muſt be made Uſe of in commanding. But I think the other Expreſſion is not pardonable. Had he ſaid, *The Execution of the Emperor's Pleaſure*, the Senſe had been fine. Upon theſe Occaſions, Princes explain themſelves, and make known their Inclinations by the Mouth of Muſkets and Cannons. However, I am not well acquainted with the Genius of the *Italian* Tongue, to judge if there be not ſome ſecret Grace in this Manner of Speaking, which ſeems inexcuſable. I have a great Mind to obſerve as much upon what follows. *Ne volata la notitia ſu l'ali del grido publico. The Noiſe of it has flown every where upon the Wings of common Fame.* In *French* we ſhould call this, being a Poet in Proſe. And has ſome Affinity to what he ſays elſewhere: *Dimani m' imbarco ſu l'Adide, e ſpero in un giorno, e mezzo, di volar ſu le ali di quello rapidiſſimo fiume a* Verona: *I hope to fly to* Verona *upon the Wings of that rapid River.* The Poets have aſſign'd *Horns* to Rivers, to expreſs their Windings, and Diviſions into ſeveral Branches; but I cannot recollect that they ever gave them *Wings.* They thought it ſufficient to provide them with *Feet*, ſince they ſay that Waters *run*; and a *Tongue*, becauſe they *murmur*: But ſince they don't *fly*, to what Purpoſe ſhould they aſſign them *Wings.* As for the *Feet*, here's my Authority:

*In quella parte, apunto*
*De l'anno giovinetto*
*Ch'el Sol, con dulce e temperato raggio*
*Scioglie, in liquida fuga, a i pigri fiumi*
*Dai ceppi di Criſtallo, il pie d'argento.*

YOU ſee, Madam, that Rivers have Silver Feet, which are ty'd with Chryſtal Chains in cold Weather. As for the *Tongue*, this is my Proof.

*L'aque mute, non altro*
*In ſuo rauco Idioma*
*Con lingue di Criſtallo*
*Mormoravono ſolo.*

HE calls Snow, Ice, Winds, and Rains, the horrid Family of Winter. *L'horrida Famiglia dell' Inverno.* Indeed, they are the Children that are produced by Winter, and worthy of ſuch a Father: But I think it a little bold, what he ſays elſewhere, that he had ſeen, upon his Return from *Rome*, The Mountain *Cenis* all cover'd with Snow, retaining yet his Winter Hair, which belonged to him in Quality of the *Father* of the *Alpenine Family*. *Con chioma tutta anchora d'inverno come apunto conveniva al Padre dell' Alpina Famiglia.* Here are two Things worthy of Remark, that the Mountains change their Head-dreſs according to the Seaſons, as Men do their Habits; and that amongſt them the leaſt are the Off-ſpring of the higheſt. This Manner of Speaking, ſo ſtrange and whimſical in Appearance, is familiar among *Italian Poets*. It may be met with in Chevalier *Marin*, in his *Proſerpine*, where, ſpeaking of the God *Virtumnus*, he ſays:

*Gui de le Roſe piante, in guardia e data*
*La frondoſa famiglia.*

And in *Taſſo*, the 16th Canto of *Jeruſalem*:

*E tutta la frondoſa ampia famiglia.*

WHAT will you ſay, Madam, of this *Hyperbole*, with Reſpect to a Preacher? *Quanto volte m'e riſonata all'orechie la canova trompa de ſuoi Sermoni? all'ora piu brevi che ſono piu*

 *lunghi.*

*lunghi. How can you imagine, that Sermons, how beautiful ſoever, can never be more ſhort, than when they are more long?* An Antient has pronounc'd, upon ſome *Grecian* Harangues, that the longeſt were ever the beſt: But he never went about to ſay, that they were the ſhorteſt. The *Hyperbole* is a *Figure* that deſpiſes Truth, but does not defy Reaſon: Or rather, according to a celebrated *Rhetorician*, that endeavours to arrive at Truth, by the Mediation of a Lye, but not by a manifeſt Contradiction.

WHAT he adds is extremely beautiful; *his* Sermons are never more replete with Sweetneſs, than when he threatens and terrifies moſt. *Piene di dolcezza, più allora, che più vibran fulmini diſpavento.*

HE admoniſheth the Chevalier *de Marin* with a good Grace, upon the Subject of his *Adonis*, who was kill'd at a Hunting by a Boar. *Take Care to purify your Poem from all Sort of Obſcenity, that it may eſcape all Cenſure from* Italy, *and that Adonis may not be obliged to die a ſecond Time, and more cruelly than he did the firſt, in your Fables.*

*Che'l gli non habbia de morir più infelicemente, a la fin, la ſeconda volta con queſte ferite, che non feceta prima, con quello altre, che favoloſamente da voi ſaranno cantate.*

AND upon Occaſion of that Poet's having made a long Apology againſt his Calumniators, he addreſſes himſelf in this Manner: *You have, in this Particular, made your Virtue ſtoop too low, and have done too much Honour to the Envy of your Enemies. The moſt rigorous Chaſtiſement for Faults of this Nature, is Contempt. To little Purpoſe do we ſhoot Arrows at the Skies; they do not reach ſo high.*

*Troppo avete abaſſata la voſtra Virtu, & troppo onorato il livore de voſtri Malevoli: All' Invidia il maggior caſtigo, è il diſprezzo, è mai ſaétta, non fieri il Cielo.*

ALL this to me ſeems Great and Magnificent, and what follows likewiſe: *Chi giunto alla voſtra eminenza non deve far caſo*

*caſo alcuno di quatro o ſei ombre vane che non concorrono a communi applauſi di tutto il Teatro.*

*Whole Theatres give you their Applauſe, and you are piqu'd at two or three vain and whimſical Fellows, who do not clap with the reſt.*

HERE follows a Compariſon upon a Subject very common, which, however, has ſomething new. *Come chi a ſuperato mille ſcogli é tempeſte in mare, non puo dire d'aver navigato felicemente, ſe prima non giunge al porto; coſi fra l'onde, e le procelle de caſi humani, alcun non ſi vante del vivere, ſin' all' eſtre del morire.*

*As he who has eſcap'd a thouſand Rocks and Tempeſts at Sea, cannot be ſaid to have made a happy Voyage, 'till he has recover'd the Port: So, amidſt the Waves and Storms of humane Accidents, no Man's Life can be pronounced happy, before he has reach'd the Harbour of Death.*

HE makes this Compliment to the Cardinal *Infante*: *As the Promotion of your Highneſs to the Hat, has fill'd the* Sacred College *with extreme Joy; ſo thoſe that are admitted, like me, into that Society, ſhould deſire nothing with greater Ardor, than to be able to ſerve a* Prince *that has render'd the whole Community ſo illuſtrious.*

*La promotione di voſtra* Altezza *al* Cardinalato *colmo d'enero il* Sacro Collegio: *Onde chi entra in quell' ordine non puo deſiderar coſa piu che di ſervire un* Principe *che l'ha tanto illuſtrato.*

HE begins a Letter in this Manner, and pleaſantly enough. *Prima d'ogni altra coſa per amor de dio V. E. mi la ſei doler del caldo.* He adds, *O che caldo crudele! O che caldo di fuoco! Un caldo in ſommo, c'ha tranſportato il Cielo di* Spagna *in* Francia, *e* Seviglia *à* Tours.

*I beg, in the firſt Place, for the Love of God, that your Excellency will permit me to complain of the Heat; O cruel Heat! Heat of Flames! a Heat, in ſhort, that has tranſported the Climate of* Spain *into* France, *and* Sevil *to* Tours. It is, in Truth, the *Climate* that brings the *Heat*, and not the *Heat* that tranſ-

ports

ports the *Climate* from one Place to another. Mr. *Balzac*, or *Voiture*, would have contented themſelves with ſaying, *This extreme Heat makes us feel* Spain *in* France, *and* Sevil *at* Tours.

THIS is agreeable. *Paſſera queſta furia al fine che ben ſa V. E. quanto le paſſioni qu' à etiandio de gli elementi medeſimi, ſon fuggitive.*

*This Fury will ſoon be over: And it is not only the Paſſions of Men that change in* France, *but the Elements themſelves.*

I HAVE here given you, Madam, a pretty faithful Account of your Book: I took Notice, however, of one bright Expreſſion more, which ſhall ſerve me for a finiſhing Stroke to this Volume. *Nell' aver Io continovato a ſcriver tanto a lungo, mi va pur' accorgando, che ſcrivo ingannato dal Guſto, pareva mi non di ſcrivere, ma di parlare a V. S. Illuſtriſſima.*

THE Pleaſure was ſo great of entertaining your Excellency, that I writ a long Letter before I was appriz'd of what I was doing; and I rather fancy'd that I was ſpeaking than writing to you. I ſhould be infinitely pleas'd with a like vigorous Imagination: For, indeed, I ſuffer a World of Pain in living ſo remote from you; and the fine Words you employ to conſole me, make me much more ſenſible of what I loſe by your Abſence, and how great the Miſfortune is of being oblig'd, at the Diſtance of forty or fifty Leagues, to tell you that I am, *&c.*

# Balzac's *Account of a devout Hypocrite.*

*MADAM,*

I BEG Leave to give you ſome Account of that old Lady whom you take for a Saint. She is, in the firſt Place, the Off-ſpring of her Mother's Sins. It is ſo long ſince, ſhe cannot remember it: But People, who liv'd in thoſe Days, aſſure us, that the firſt Time ſhe went abroad, ſhe left behind her both her Gloves and her Maidenhead. Afterwards, when ſhe grew up, and handſome, ſhe became the Object of Admiration, and Love of all *France*; and ſold a hundred Times over at Court what ſhe had loſt at School. She afterwards obtain'd ſo much Experience, as to diſtinguiſh betwixt the Joys of a Jew and a Chriſtian, and ſo ſpent the Flower of her Age in Vice. She now plays another Part, and would be thought to reform; but ſo far is ſhe from ſo pious a Practice, that ſhe ſolicits others to tranſgreſs; and no Charity eſcapes her, that does not take Refuge among the *Carmelites*: She cannot endure that any Woman ſhould ſave her Honour; and is as much concern'd at ſuch an Accident, as if ſhe had been actually robb'd of a juſt Perquiſite. This is, however, that Saint whom you canonize, and adore, and from whom you expect ſo many Miracles; but I know the very Bottom of her Soul, and write what you ought to think of her.

# *Against Women and Marriage:*

## *By the ſame Hand.*

SIR,

RESERVE your Advice for thoſe who are not reſolved, and perſuade others to marry: I love Solitude and Company, but ſhould be ſorry that either the one or the other were perpetual; and had my Father been of my Mind, I ſhould be in the ſame Place I was before my Birth. The Miſtreſs you deſire to recommend to me is handſome, but ſhe will not continue ſo long; She is no Fool; but has, it may be, more Art and Dexterity than belong to a virtuous Damſel. She is rich; but my Liberty is infinitely more precious; and nothing leſs than an expreſs Command of God, who propos'd Death on one Hand, and Marriage on the other, ſhould oblige me to change my Deſign. The Ladies, generally, of theſe Times, learn no new Thing upon their Wedding-Day; and as they render People unhappy wherefoever they come, like a Fever, War, and Poverty, I am determined to think of Matrimony as long as I live. I have no Sort of Curioſity for counting my Wife's Hairs, for fear ſhe has diſpos'd of ſome as Favours to her Gallants: Nor care I to be in Pain leaſt her Viſitors ſhould be Men in Womens Cloaths. I can't endure the Thoughts of her and her Lover drinking a Health to their Cuckold; nor of being the Subject of their Raillery. It would be ſtill worſe, did ſhe prove chaſt, and a Vixon, and I had an Enemy Day and Night to engage with. I ſhould prefer Vice it ſelf, were it gentle and tractable, before termagant Virtue. But were it poſſible I would not lie under the Neceſſity of chooſing the very leaſt Evils: There are none that I don't eſteem Great, and my Neighbour's Example makes me tremble. He has begot ſo many dumb, blind, and lame Animals,

that he may furniſh out an Hoſpital with them. I will not be obliged to love Monſters, merely becauſe they were of my making; and I ſhall reſt ſatisfy'd with having no Children, who will wiſh me dead, if wicked; will expect it, if diſcreet; and who will think of it ſometimes with Pleaſure, how good and virtuous ſoever. Were others, ſay you, of my Mind, the Sea, would not be cover'd with Ships, and the Earth would become a terrible Deſart. It is true, but ſince the World is not to laſt forever, it had better expire by the Mediation of Virtue, than any other Way whatſoever; nor could it have a Period more charming and glorious.

## *Women are generally intereſſed.*

*SIR*,

INDEED you are in the Right; there is not great Pleaſure in buying Pleaſure at ſo dear a Rate. When a Man has given his Heart to a *Phillis*, ſhe is in the Wrong to demand his Purſe. This is reverſing the Order of Nature. In Matter of Service done, the Servant ought to be paid, and not the Miſtreſs. I often told you, that it was not for the Sake of your fine Eyes, that fair One gave ſo much Encouragement. You will take my Word another Time, and not put yourſelf to the Hazard of being ſhamefully refus'd. Comfort yourſelf however, you are not the firſt that has been ſo diſgrac'd. The Majority of Womankind has ever liked better to ſee Money paid, than Compliments; and there would be more Truth in ſaying *Point d'argent point de Phillis*, than *Point d'argent point de Swiſſe*. This wicked Cuſtom has long prevail'd. In order to prove this, and conſole

you at the ſame Time, I'll tell you a Story: You either do, or ought to remember *Demoſthenes* of *Athens*, in whoſe Time flouriſh'd a certain famous *Courtizan* call'd *Lais*, at *Corinth*; and the *Beauty* of the one was not leſs celebrated than the *Rhetorick* of the other. No Heart was Proof againſt the Charms of *Lais*, nor the Eloquence of *Demoſthenes*. They had this in common, that they work'd for the Publick, but in a different Manner. I don't remember how the Orator was rewarded; but as for *Lais*, ſhe took Care of her own Gratifications. She was not one of thoſe, whoſe Fleſh was ſet up at Auction, and at laſt became the Purchaſe of the higheſt Bidder. Her Favours were regularly taxed, but at ſo high a Price, that it gave Room to this Proverb, *Everybody was not allow'd to go to Corinth.* *Demoſthenes* hearing of *Lais*'s Beauty by the Mouth of Fame, imagin'd the Proverb had no Reſpect to him, and that a *Courtizane* ſo famous, would ſoon reſign to the Charms of his harmonious Perſuaſives. In the Strength of this Belief, he writes to *Lais*, who look'd for nothing more than Practice. She anſwers him. The *Philoſopher* is all in *Flames*, quits *Athens*, and flies to *Corinth*. I don't remember upon what Vehicle; but, in all Likelihood, ſo vigorous a Lover took Poſt, if Poſts there were in thoſe Days. No ſooner arriv'd, but ſhaves, curls, and powders, puts on clean Linnen, and fancying himſelf more beautiful than *Adonis*, he makes his Viſit to her whom he eſteem'd more fair than *Venus*. He finds her more charming than he imagin'd. He makes the moſt ardent Addreſs; opens his Budget of *Common Place*, and ſpreads all his Faculties and Refinements of Wit and Invention; makes her a thouſand Complements, and tells her a thouſand pretty Things. But all this was no Muſick in the Ears of *Lais*; ſhe heard no Chink of Gold. When the Buſineſs came to the Upſhot, ſhe demanded *ten thouſand Drachms*; which in our Money is, by my Faith, I know not how much, but, I ſuppoſe, a conſiderable Sum. This Propoſition did ſo nonplus poor *Demoſthenes*, that it ſtruck him, and his Eloquence, quite dumb for ſome Time: At laſt he recover'd (like you) his Spirits, and from his Love-fit; and retiring gently, pronounc'd, with great

great Gravity and Reſpect, *God forbid that I ſhould purchaſe Repentance at ſo dear a Rate.* There have ſince been mighty Diſputes, and Philoſophical Debates, upon the Word *Repentance*; but the moſt learned have interpreted it to be the *Neapolitan Diſeaſe*, which then went under the Name of the *Corinthian*. However that Matter ſtood, our Lover return'd in the greateſt Agony and Confuſion, and declaim'd with all his Might againſt the Vices of the Sex. Now, Sir, to ſpeak the Truth, are you not in ſome Sort ſatisfy'd? And does not *Demoſthenes*'s Adventure a little conſole you for yours. It is no new Thing, you ſee, for Ladies to ſell their Favours. Gentlemen, that are fine Talkers, and who brag that there is no Peticoat which they cannot, by the Charms of Rhetorick, turn topſey-turvey in the Space of three Days; preſume too much, and frequently divert Ladies in a quite different Manner from what they intended. Ten Guineas make frequently a deeper Impreſſion upon a hard Heart than ten Thouſand fine Speeches. Complements, Merit, and a good Grace, are Coins that do not paſs now-a-days with Ladies for ready Money.

## *A Lady reproaches her Gallant with his ill Management of an Opportunity.*

SIR,

WERE I fond of Love's Pleaſures, I ſhould have Reaſon to lament a Diſappointment: But ſo far am I from complaining, that I find myſelf obliged to you for your Infirmities. The Joys you were not in a Condition to impart, furniſh'd me with others of Imagination, more laſting

than thoſe you would have given, I believe, had you been faſhion'd like other Men. I ſend to ſee what is become of you, and if you had Strength enough to get Home on Foot. It is not without Reaſon that I enquire. I never ſaw a Man in a more dangerous Way than yourſelf when I left you. I adviſe you to go about ſettling your Affairs with more Warmth and Vigour than you had lately about you. It's impoſſible for you to live long. I pity you. And how much ſoever you affronted me, I do not, for all that, forbear giving you good Advice. Avoid Mr..... if you are wiſe: He is the Cauſe of your Misfortune. As for my Part, I dare truſt my Glaſs, I do not apprehend that anybody can accuſe me, or reproach me with any Juſtice.

## *The Anſwer.* *By* C. Buſſi.

I HAVE done a thouſand wicked Things in my Life; for I am a Man, and as yet young: But never did I tranſgreſs ſo highly as the other Night. There is no Room for Excuſe; and you can inflict no Pennance greater than the Merit of my Crime. I committed Murder, Treaſon, Sacrilege: For all theſe Sins, be pleas'd to find out proper Puniſhments. If you require my Death, I will bring you my Sword. If you condemn me to a Whipping, I will preſent myſelf to you as naked as I was born. Remember only, Madam, that I wanted the Power, not the Will. My Caſe was that of a brave Soldier, who is found without Arms upon the Point of giving Battle. I ſhould be mightily puzzled, were I to account for this Accident. I was, I preſume, in their Condition, who loſe their Appetite, by waiting too long for their Dinner. The Strength of Imagination extinguiſhed (it may be) the Strength of Nature. See what it is to inſpire a Man with too much Love. A moderate Beauty, which had not confounded the Order of Nature, would have been better ſatisfy'd. Adieu, Madam, I have nothing more to add, but that it is poſſible you will pardon what is paſs'd, if

you

you give me Room to acquit myſelf better another Time. I deſire, for this Purpoſe, only till to-morrow, at the ſame Time as Yeſterday.

## *MONTREVIL.*

### He will love on without Hopes.

*MADAM,*

SINCE I ſaw you, I can neither pray to God, nor ſleep. I am ſenſible of a terrible Diſorder, both in my Conſcience, and my Health; and could I obey the Directions, either of my Phyſician, or ſpiritual Guide, I ſhould never ſee you more. They have a World of Reaſon, and I none. Your Severity ought to furniſh me with good Arguments never to think of you more: And had I any Senſe, the Aſſurance your have given me of never admitting any favourable Inclinations for me, ſhould diſcourage me from perſevering in thoſe Aſſiduities, for which I can never expect the leaſt kind Return.

*But no, for to ſuppreſs a growing Flame,*
*You tell me of the Loſs of Time in vain:*
*The Pleaſure of your Service is too great,*
*For any Scorn or Rigour to defeat.*
*When firſt I lov'd, I lov'd for Joys to come;*
*But your bright Eyes have left for Hope no Room,*
*And ſhow, Deſpair and Love are both my Doom.*

*Monſ.*

## *Monſ.* Balzac, *to Monſ.* Voiture.

*Sir*,

ALTHO' the Half of *France* divides us, yet are you as preſent to my Mind as the neareſt Objects to my Sight, and you have Part in all my Thoughts. To little Purpoſe do Rivers, Fields, and Forreſts oppoſe themſelves to my Satisfaction. They cannot hinder my thinking of you, and reliſhing the good Things you told me. Your Company, which at firſt was wonderful agreeable, is now become neceſſary: And it is much againſt my Will, that I ſuffer you to remain ſo long in the Power of your Miſtreſs; and that ſhe enjoys my Eſtate and Property, without coming to any Account. All thoſe Moments which ſhe obliges you to give her, are ſo many Uſurpations upon my Prerogative. What you whiſper in her Ear, are Secrets that you conceal from me; and whilſt ſhe enjoys your Converſation in my Abſence, ſhe enriches herſelf at my Loſs and Expence. There is, however, no Poſſibility of hating a beautiful Rival, becauſe you are both happy; or that I ſhould convert the Satisfaction you take in each other into my own Affliction. Provided, upon my Return to *Paris*, I do not find that Abſence has defac'd me, and that Love has left ſome Room for Friendſhip, I ſhall ſtill enjoy alone all the intervening Moments, whilſt I expect thoſe of a Rendezvous; and you will come ſometimes to my Aſſiſtance, and conſole me for the Misfortunes of the Times, and the Injuſtice of Men. I ſuffer all with Courage, where I now reſide; and if my Joy is but little, my Diſpleaſure, however, is not great. Fortune, who is ever buſy in the Ruin of Cities and Kingdoms, has no Leiſure to come and infeſt a ſmall Village. I here meet with Country Nymphs, who know little more than Yes, or No; and who are too ig-

norant to be deluded by Wit and Art. But diſſembling, Sir, at leaſt, is as little known to them as Eloquence; and because I am their Maſter, they would allow me to ſhew them, were I ſo inclin'd, that there is no great Diſtance between Power and Tyranny. Inſtead of Sentences, or bright Expreſſions of your Ladies, there comes out of their Mouths a Breath ſweet and pure, that intermixes with their Kiſſes, and gives them a Taſte which you will never meet with at Court. The charming Perſon you ſerve, is excepted in this Compariſon; and I make too particular a Profeſſion of ſubmitting to your Judgment, not to imagine, that the Miſtreſs of your Choice, is ſuperior to my Chance-medley, who am,

*Sir, &c.*

## Balzac *to* Cardinal Richelieu.

*My* Lord,

I AM wonderfully tranſported with the Letter *your Eminency* did me the Honour to write to me: Nothing could poſſibly touch me more ſenſibly, than the Praiſes of that great Man, who diſperſes his Majeſty's Orders over the Face of the whole Earth. This Favour will be a ſufficient Recompence for all the Services I ſhall be able to return your *Eminency* as long as I live; and I ought to reſt ſatisfy'd with receiving from your Pen, what the greateſt Generals expect from your Mouth; and all that you yourſelf could hope for from your Immortal Actions, had there been another Cardinal *Richelieu* to approve and commend them. But, my Lord, this is a Particular, that will ever be wanting to the Glory of your Eminency; and you will never meet with ſuch a Teſtimony of your Immortal Actions, as my good Fortune has given

me

me of my Studies. I cannot forbear repeating it; and my Joy is too great to be ſuppreſs'd in Silence. If it be certain, that I am eſteem'd by that excellent *Genius*, who from his very Youth has been ſummon'd to the Aſſiſtance and Council of Kings; I cannot poſſibly conceive that my Enemies ſhould remain ſo obſtinate as not to acquieſce in his Judgment. What ſooths moſt my Vanity, and my Hopes, upon this Occaſion is, that your *Eminency* is generally reverèd; and the profound Reſpect the World pays you, will not allow the leaſt Liberty of differing from you in Opinion.

*I am,*

*Your Eminency's moſt, &c.*

## Balzac *to Cardinal* Richelieu.

*My* LORD,

DID I not know myſelf, I might grow exceſſive vain with the Letter your Eminency did me the Honour to write to me; and believe myſelf much more conſiderable than I was before I receiv'd it. But it is no more than a meer Favour, and I will not flatter myſelf in my good Fortune, nor take from the Obligation I owe your Eminency, by fancying I deſerve ſo great a Benefit. Were Virtue allow'd to ſeek any Reward beyond herſelf, ſhe would not receive it at any other Hands, nor from any other Mouth but your Eminency's. As for my Part, my Lord, I eſteem myſelf happy in having the Eſteem of a Man who gives and enhances the Price of everything; and I pay ſo great a Deference to his Judgment, that I will no longer entertain an ill Opi-



nion

nion of myſelf, for fear of contradicting him, and not making known ſo much as I ought, the profound Veneration with which I am,

My LORD,

*Your Eminency's*, &c.

## *To the ſame, upon his Promotion to the Cardinalſhip.*

*My* LORD,

I HEAR that the Pope has made you Cardinal, and that your Eminency was as little affected with his Honour, as if it were a Thing indifferent. He who has rais'd himſelf above the Things of this World, looks upon all with the ſame Eye. However, my Lord, ſince the Publick Good is, in this Particular, equally concern'd with that of your *Eminency*, methinks you ought to appear in ſome Degree affected with it. Perſons of extraordinary Merit, are obliged to aſpire to great Dignities, as the Means of accompliſhing great Actions. Your Eminency cannot have too great Credit; and I conceive a Pleaſure incredible, in contemplating you upon a Heighth, from whence you may repleniſh the whole Earth with Light and Glory. If there be Room to expect this Happineſs, and to ſee the Hearts and Minds of Rebels perſwaded, it is you, my Lord, from whom we muſt expect it. All the World, in this View, demand your Labours; and I, who purſue the Idea of Eloquence, and who at Home find none that is not falſe, flatter myſelf that you will make it appear in *France* with as great Luſtre as it ap-

pear'd at *Rome*, at the Time when it accuſed Tyrants, and defended oppreſs'd Provinces. If my Reputation can reach the next Age, it ſhall know that this Divine Quality obliged me to covet the Honour of being known to you; and that having once heard you ſpeak, you gain'd me entirely, and I remain'd ever after with a ſincere and reſpectful Paſſion,

*My* LORD,

*Your Eminency's*

*Moſt*, &c.

Some

## *Some diſtinguiſhing Marks of Greatneſs.*

TRAJAN's *Panegyriſt* ſpeaking of that Prince's Goodneſs, in treating ſuch as approach'd him, not only with Familiarity but Careſſes, ſays,

THAT he who is in Poſſeſſion of the ſupremeſt Dignity, and can mount no higher, has but one Way left to diſtinguiſh himſelf, that is, by his Humility; becauſe Governors of the World need fear nothing leſs than the making of themſelves too cheap, by a Condeſcention of this Nature.

THE Author of the Characters of this Age, has almoſt the ſame Notion; but he diſplays it in a more ample Manner, and carries it a greater Length.

*ASSUM'D* and *falſe Greatneſs* is brutiſh and inacceſſible; as ſhe is conſcious of her Foible, ſo does ſhe conceal herſelf, at leaſt, ſhe never ſhows a full Face, and but juſt ſo much as is requiſite to impoſe upon the Spectators, and to hide her real Imperfections, which are truly mean and contemptible: But *true Greatneſs* is free, gentle, familiar, popular; is tractable, and eaſy of acceſs; loſes nothing by a cloſe Enquiry: The more ſhe is ſeen, the more admir'd: As her Goodneſs inclines her to bend to her Inferiors, ſo, without conſtraint, ſhe

reſumes her native Dignity: She abandons, neglects herſelf, diveſts herſelf of her native Privileges: She dare ſmile, play, and trifle; but always with ſome Sort of Dignity; ſo that ſhe may be approach'd with Liberty and Reſerve at the ſame time: Her Character is noble, eaſy; inſpireth Reſpect, and Confidence; and makes the Rulers of the World appear great, nay, very great, without making us ſenſible of our Littleneſs and Inſignificancy.

When great Men hope to impoſe a Belief of ſome good Qualities with which they are not really inveſted, it is not only dangerous, but fooliſh to undeceive them, or even to queſtion the Veracity of their Pretenſions; for if they once believe, that they cannot deceive the Eyes of thoſe that obſerve them, they relinquiſh immediately the Deſire of doing thoſe good Actions which are agreeable to their Affectation. And ſuppoſing that their Vanity be the Principle of their Purſuit after Glory, the Effects are the ſame, as if they proceeded from the moſt exalted Virtue.

In the Judgment of *Pliny* the Younger, that Perſon has the greateſt Honour, and pureſt Morals, who is ready to pardon all Miſtakes in other People, as if he himſelf offended daily; and at the ſame Time ſo rigorouſly abſtains from all Appearance of Evil, as if he forgave nobody.

Speaking in his Prince's Commendation, he thinks himſelf (ſays he) one of us. And this Conſideration renders him ſtill more glorious. For remembering always that he commands Men, he is leſs apt to forget that he is one of that Number.

To *Germanicus* he ſays, You were *Cæſar* when you were yet abſent, and knew nothing of your being ſo: But when inveſted with all Imperial Dignities, you receiv'd the Homage of your Subjects, then did you appear a private Perſon to yourſelf.

THE Author of the Revolution in *Portugal*, which is writ in the moſt polite Manner, takes Notice, that when the Dutcheſs of *Braganca* was receiv'd by the Prince, her Huſband, at *Liſbon*, juſt after his being proclaim'd King; that in this change of Fortune, ſhe ſuſtain'd her new Dignity with all poſſible Grace and Majeſty, and look'd as if ſhe had been born upon a Throne.

*LEWIS* the 13th of *France*, was one of thoſe Princes, who did not think that an affable Condeſcention did, in the leaſt, impair that Reſpect which was due to his Majeſty; he was, on the contrary, very ſenſible, that his Brother's haughty Demeanour created him a World of Enemies, and rebuk'd him for it in the handſomeſt Manner imaginable. Going one Day to St. *Germains*, when the Weather was very hot, and taking the Duke of *Orleance* along with him, he perceiv'd, that the Lords, who ſtood by the Coach uncover'd, were very uneaſy, under the exceſſive Heat; and took this Occaſion to ſay, *Pray, Gentlemen, put on your Hats, my Brother, I believe, will give you Leave.*

AND here I beg Leave to take Notice of a notable Inſtance of Humility in the late Queen of *Spain*, Daughter to the King of *Sardigna*, who was certainly equal, if not ſuperior to moſt of her Contemporaries, in an heroic Spirit, a quick Penetration, ſound Judgment, religious Virtue, an agreeable Perſon, and every Accompliſhment that can give Luſtre to a Crown. I went to *Madrid* from *Burgo*, the Place of my Confinement as Priſoner of War, in order to ſolicit Leave to paſs upon Parole, and to proſecute the Cure of a Lameneſs, that I had contracted by the Ignorant Treatment of ſome Surgeons at that Place. Having procur'd a Petition to be deliver'd to this Princeſs for this Purpoſe, ſhe ſent immediately one of her Phyſicians to viſit me not only to inquire into the Truth of the Fact, but to aſſiſt me the beſt he could; which he did, and would take no Fee. After that, I went in Company with two Gentlemen, who had obtain'd their Liberty in the ſame Manner,

ner, without any previous Ceremony, to enquire for the Princeſs *D'Urſini*, the Queen's Favourite, who did us the Honour immediately to admit us; and having underſtood that we came to thank her Majeſty for the great Favour ſhe had vouchſafed to ſhow us, ſhe told us the Queen was at Dinner, and in the mean time ſhe herſelf condeſcended to entertain us with agreeable Converſation, a Sight of her Cloſet, and the beſt Lodgings. In leſs than half an Hour ſhe introduc'd us into a fine *Salon*, whither the Queen came immediately unattended, and approaching us with an eaſy unaffected Air, and a graceful Smile; *Gentlemen*, ſays ſhe, *you have the Liberty you aſk, can I ſerve you in anything elſe.* I cannot pretend to repeat what I ſaid in Anſwer to ſo much Goodneſs; but I very well remember ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had an infinite Eſteem and Affection for our *Queen*; that ſhe hoped the *Spaniards* and *Engliſh* would be ſoon Friends, and then ſhe ſhould be more at Liberty to ſhow the Inclination ſhe had to oblige our Nation. She inquir'd how the Priſoners of War were treated by the Magiſtrates; and there being Room enough for Complaint, I did acquaint her, that ſome were actually then in Priſon for very trifling Matters. The M. of *Grimaldo* juſt then coming in, ſhe order'd their Releaſment immediately. We had the Honour to kiſs her Hand, and were all diſpatch'd the next Morning without a Farthing Expence, the Secretary attending us to the Gates of the Palace, to prevent our giving anything to the Clerks.

The Cuſtom, I believe, of that Court is worthy of Obſervation at leaſt, if not of Imitation in their Method of diſpatching Buſineſs. A certain Officer in waiting receiv'd all *Petitions*, which he laid upon the Queen's Table in the King's Abſence; ſhe had them read to her, and after a Week's Deliberation, a proper Anſwer was annex'd to every one. Theſe were ſent down to the Secretary's Office within the Court, which joins to a great Hall. To this Place all Suitors reſorted twice a Week; and one of the Clerks ſtanding at a Window in the Office which looks into the Hall, he call'd every Petitioner by Name, and gave Anſwer to his Pretenſions, as, that

his

his Buſineſs was done, or that he muſt apply to ſuch a Miniſter, or that he muſt deſiſt, &c. But this Method was owing to that Queen's Goodneſs and Invention.

How illuſtrious ſoever this *noble Princeſs* appear'd Abroad, and how extenſive ſoever was her Fame and Glory, yet was not her Merit, like that of ſome others, ſo much magnify'd and exaggerated, whoſe Qualities reſemble generally thoſe ingenious Perſpectives, which appear only beautiful by being remote, and at a certain Diſtance or Point of Sight. She was like the *Sun*, whoſe Rays grew weaker in Proportion to their Diſſipation and Extention from the Center of Light; the nearer we approach'd her, the more warm, the more brilliant, the more glorious we found her.

Some Ladies there are, who in ſo eminent a Manner excel the reſt of their Sex, by the Elevation of their Genius, a noble and generous Diſpoſition of Heart, that, without Flattery, they may be eſteem'd adorable. *Livia*, the Mother of *Tiberius*, was one of theſe, who, according to *Vel. Paterculus*, *Mater Eminentiſſima, & per Omnia Diis quam Hominibus ſimilior fœmina, cujus Potentiam nemo ſenſit niſi aut levatione periculi, aut Acceſſione Dignitatis.* An excellent Mother, and, in every Reſpect, more like the Deities than Mortals; of whoſe Exaltation and Power no Perſon was ever ſenſible, but when he found himſelf deliver'd from ſome eminent Danger, or ſurpriz'd with ſome new Honour or Mark of Favour. It is a well-natur'd and generous Diſpoſition, a juſt Eſtimate and Notion of all Things that render ſuch Perſons truly glorious; for Merit and Power, without thoſe Qualities, would ſooner attract Envy and Malice, than Friendſhip and a juſt Admiration. As Ladies of this Character ſhould never dye, ſo neither ſhould others ever have been born.

It's a pretty Compliment that *Coſtar* makes the Princeſs *Guemene*, upon her devoting herſelf to a religious Life.

YOUR *Highneſs* (ſays he) has begun very ſoon to diſpiſe the Things of this World, in order to fix your Mind upon thoſe of another. Upon this Occaſion you make a Preſent to God of the moſt beautiful Object he ever created; and gives him the Dominion of a Heart, that was never before in Subjection. I wiſh you could make a Preſent to him, at the ſame Time, of all thoſe Hearts you have ſubdu'd: By this Means would your Highneſs conſtitute a Court of Saints, and ſoon convert the whole Kingdom.

AN excellent Orator has given us a fine Image of *Henrietta-Anna* of *England*, Dutcheſs of *Orleans*. Here follows ſome admirable Stroaks of his *Art* and *Invention*.

SHE underſtood ſo well the Beauty of ingenious Performances, that every body thought he had attain'd Perfection, after having found the Way of pleaſing that Princeſs.

A GREAT many People, from an Apprehenſion of being too eaſy, render themſelves inflexible to Reaſon; nay, fortify themſelves againſt her. This Princeſs kept ever as great a Diſtance from Preſumption, as Weakneſs: She was equally to be admir'd for her Penetration and Diſtinction of the beſt Councils, and her ready Diſpoſition to obey them.

SHE made her own Imperfections her Study: She was pleas'd with ſincere Reprehenſions, a moſt certain Sign of a well poiz'd Judgment and noble Spirit, over which her Infirmities had no Dominion. Having a ſecret Aſſurance of being able, with the Recruits of her own Reaſon, to ſurmount all Imbecilities of Nature, ſhe did not fear their being expos'd to the niceſt Scrutiny.

UNDER a ſmiling Countenance, under that Air of Youth which ſeem'd to promiſe only Sentiments of Gaiety and Pleaſure, ſhe conceal'd a ſolid and ſerious Senſe of Things, with which

which everybody that treated with her was both pleas'd and ſurpriz'd.

SHE made her Preſents not only with *Joy*, but with an *Elevation of Spirit*; which expreſs'd, at the ſame Time, a *Contempt* for the *Gift*, and an *Eſteem* for the *Receiver*.

SECURE to her Friends, from a great Penetration and Equity of Mind: She protected them from all vain Suſpicions, and gave them Room only to fear their own Failings.

IN treating with any Perſon, ſhe ſeemed to forget her Rank, to the End ſhe might ſuſtain herſelf by her Reaſon. Nobody could ſcarce perceive that he was converſing with ſo great a *Princeſs*; he only felt a ſecret Inclination of beſtowing infinitely greater Honours upon her, than thoſe of which ſhe diveſted herſelf in ſo obliging a Manner.

NEVER did anything equal the Steadineſs of her Soul; nor that ſedate Courage, which, without the leaſt Effort of exerting itſelf, was ever found, by its natural Situation, to be ſuperior to the moſt ſurprizing and frightful Accidents.

*What that Orator adds, is infinitely delicate.*

SHE behav'd herſelf in the ſame gentle and compos'd Manner towards *Death*, as ſhe had done towards all the *World*. Her great Heart diſcover'd no peeviſh or angry Tranſports at its Approach; nor did ſhe brave or defy it with a preſumptuous Pride: Content to meet it without *Emotion*, and receive the Stroak without any Mark of troubled or diſtracted Thoughts. A melancholy Conſolation this! ſince in Spite of her Reſolution we have loſt her! Herein conſiſts the Vanity of human Things. After having, by the utmoſt Efforts of *Courage*, ſurmounted, as it were, *Death itſelf*, this Enemy extinguiſheth even that *Courage* with the which ſhe ſeemed to ſet it at Defiance.

*Bleſt Virtue! whoſe Almighty Pow'r*
*Does to our fallen Race reſtore,*
*All that in Paradiſe we loſt, and more.*
*Sure Chart, by which this frail, and tott'ring Bark we ſteer,*
*Thro' Life's tempeſtuous Ocean here,*
*Thro' all the rolling Waves of Fear,*
*And dang'rous Rocks of black Deſpair.*
*Safe in thy Conduct, unconcern'd we move,*
*Secure from all the threat'ning Storms that blow,*
*From all th' Attacks of Chance below,*
*And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.*
*Beſt Miſtreſs of our Souls! whoſe Charms and Beauties laſt,*
*And are by very Age increas'd,*
*By which all other Glories are defac'd.*
*Grant me, O Virtue! thy moſt ſolid, laſting Joy:*
*Grant me the Pleaſures of the Mind;*
*Pleaſures, which only in Purſuit of thee we find;*
*Which Fortune cannot mar, nor Chance, nor Death, deſtroy.*

## *A Portraiture of the C. of* S——d.

THE Turn of her Face was oval, her Forehead high, her Eyes large, and ſweet, her Lips Vermillion, her Teeth white, and finely rang'd; in ſhort, all her Features had the trueſt Symmetry and Proportion, and were all animated with an agreeableneſs inexpreſſible. The Brilliancy of her Charms



Charms became more conſpicuous by the Shade of her Hair and Eye-Brows; her Stature was moderate, her Shape exact and eaſy; nothing ſurpaſs'd the Beauty of her Perſon, but that of her Mind. She had a great Penetration, ſolid Judgment, Wit inoffenſive. She conſider'd her Relations like herſelf, and the Unhappy, like her Relations. Religion, in every Inſtance, was her Practice, ſeldom her Diſcourſe. She govern'd her Family as the ſuperior Orbs do the Inferior, by a ſilent and regular Influence. She reſerv'd, in order to be generous, and was generous without reſerve. In her Friendſhips ſteady; in her Diſcourſe and Behaviour unaffected; and the Graces ſeem'd to wait upon every Word and Action. Her Compaſſion was univerſal; and tho' no Failings eſcaped the Delicacy of her Diſcernment, yet ſhe cover'd with her Goodneſs, what the World generally expoſes with Triumph and Pleaſure. In a Word, ſhe was an Angel upon Earth, and is now a Saint in Heaven.

*Underneath this Stone does lye,*
*As much Virtue as could dye:*
*Which, when alive, did Vigour give,*
*To as much Beauty as could live.*

A Loſs of this Kind is a publick Calamity, and muſt affect the moſt obdurate Heart with ſome Sentiment of Grief; How great then muſt their Affliction prove, who had the neareſt Relation to ſo excellent a Perſon? Upon ſo mournful an Occaſion to argue for a ſtoical Wiſdom and Conſtancy, is as ridiculous, as it would be to perſwade us to diveſt ourſelves of human Nature; or that the Actors upon a Theatre were really the Perſons they repreſent. As the beſt Arguments can never ſuppreſs the tender Sentiments of a Parent's Heart; ſo he that does not feel theſe Emotions, may more properly be call'd a Savage, than an Hero or Philoſopher.

A GREAT Prince, who was paſſionately fond of his Queen, was not aſham'd of expreſſing, both in his Conduct and his Words, the moſt agonizing Affliction for her Death. They had much ado to remove him out of the Chamber where ſhe dy'd; and after long Silence, was heard to ſay, *Is it poſſible that ſhe ſhould be dead, and that I muſt loſe her for ever? She who never gave me the leaſt Trouble beſides this of her Death.*

## *ALEXANDER.*

THE Sentiments of *Alexander*, referring to the new Conqueſts he deſign'd to make, after the Subjection of *Aſia*, are very *Heroic*, and contain much of the *Sublime*.

THINK you, ſays he to his Soldiers, that having by Arms render'd myſelf Maſter of two Parts of the Univerſe, that I can give over the vigorous Purſuit of that Glory to which I am ſolely devoted? No, no, in what Region ſoever I ingage, I ſhall eſteem myſelf upon the *Theatre* of the *World*, and will render the moſt obſcure Place conſpicuous by my Actions. I will make known to all People, Countries which Nature has plac'd at the greateſt Diſtance, and beyond the Reach of their Enquiries; ſo that if I muſt loſe my Life in theſe Enterprizes, my Deſtiny ſhall not fail of being glorious: Add to this, that I am of a Race leſs ambitious of a *long Life*, than a *laſting Fame*. Remember, I pray you, that we are arriv'd in a Country which is render'd famous by the Exploits of a meer *Woman*. What Cities has not *Semiramis* built? What People has

has ſhe not reduc'd to her Obedience? What magnificent Structures has ſhe not compleated? We have not yet attain'd to the Glory of a *Woman*, and we already ſink under the Purſuit.

*THE Ambitious are generally deceiv'd, and impoſe moſt of all upon themſelves, when they propoſe ſome certain End; for when they have once attain'd this Purpoſe, it only inflames their Minds, and ſerves as the Means to ſome new Purſuit.*

*HONOUR is a fine imaginary Notion, that draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men to real Miſchiefs, whilſt they hunt a Shadow.*

*Honour is but an Itch in youthful Blood,*
*Of doing Acts extravagantly good;*
*We call that Virtue which is only Heat,*
*That reigns in Youth, 'till Age finds out the Cheat.* How.

*WHEN great Men ſink under the Length and Preſſure of Diſappointments, it is plain they ſupported them by the Vigour of their Ambition, and not by the Greatneſs of their Minds; and that excepting an exceſſive Vanity, your Heroes are made juſt like other Men; but they have never fail'd of Flatteries living or dead.*

ONE of *Alexander*'s Hiſtorians obſerves, That if that *Conqueror* was obliged to his *Virtues*, he was ſtill more ſo to *Fortune*; ſince he alone, of all Mankind, had her under his Command. Again, that the Deſtinies had adjourn'd the Death of that *Hero*, 'till having ſubdu'd the *Eaſt*, and extended his Conqueſts to the *Ocean*, he had perform'd all that Man could do.

*QUUM plurimum Virtuti debuerit, plus debuiſſe Fortunæ, quam ſolus omnium Mortalium in poteſtate habuit. Expectavere eum Fata dum Oriente perdomito additoque Oceano, quicquid Mortalitas capiebat, impleret.* Qui. Cur.

THESE

THESE Thoughts are Sublime. Thoſe that come after are by no Means inferior; for ought I know, they may be eſteem'd exceſſive.

I DON'T know (ſays the ſame *Hiſtorian*, in the Perſon of *Perdiccas*, upon the Death of *Alexander*) whether or no Heaven, in its greateſt Rage, could have inflicted a greater Calamity than what we have ſuſtain'd in his Loſs: But when we conſider the Exploits of ſo great a Man, we muſt conclude that the Gods, to whom he was ally'd, had only lent him to the World, with a Purpoſe of recalling him as ſoon as he had accompliſh'd the Wonders to the which they firſt ordain'd him.

## *Providence, Fortune, Chance.*

CHancellor *Bacon* obſerves of *Fortune*, that ſhe ſells at a very dear Rate her Favours to haſty and impatient People, whereas ſhe makes Preſents very liberally to ſuch as expect with Patience.

*VOITURE* makes this Obſervation, That *Fortune* has made it her conſtant Practice, to reduce ſuch to the loweſt Condition, whom ſhe deſigns to exalt to the higheſt; and the better to manifeſt her Power, ſhe delights wonderfully to raiſe her Creatures from nothing.

WHATSOEVER we ſay of her, it muſt be confeſt that no Prudence was ever found equal to hers. She forms her Deſigns

at a vaſt Diſtance, and conducts them by Ways ſo conceal'd, that it is impoſſible, by our Foreſight, to prevent them; and, in Spite of our Conduct, ſhe compaſſes everything ſhe undertakes.

ACCORDING to M. *C. de Rebutin.* To little Purpoſe does *Fortune* exalt a Sort of People; ſhe does not teach them the Art of living; on the contrary, ſhe puffs up mean and unprincipled Hearts with vain glory, and perſwades them, that in the Commerce of the World, they muſt make as great a Diſtinction between themſelves and the reſt of Mankind, as there is in the Rank to which that *blind Deity* has rais'd them. Again,

FORTUNE makes the Crimes of her Favourites paſs for Trifles; as, on the other Hand, ſhe improves the leaſt Slip of the Unhappy into Crimes. *Merit* paſſes for nothing, when abandon'd by *Fortune*.

*THE Author of the Dialogues of the Dead makes this Remark.*

IT ſeems as if Fortune ordain'd different Succeſſes to the very ſame Things, purpoſely to make a Jeſt of human Reaſon, which, by this Means, is never able to form any certain Concluſion. And this comes up to the Thought of *Juvenal*, that two Villains perpetrating the ſame Crime, one is hang'd, and the other crown'd.

*For the ſame Fact we've often known,*
*One mount the Cart, another mount the Throne.*

*Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fata,*
*Ille crucem Sceleris tulit hic Diadema.*

WE take the Happy much more chearfully into our Protection, than the Virtuous. And *Bacon* very critically obſerves, that

that *Cæſar* would not have inſpir'd his *Pilot*, frighted at the ſudden Storm, with the ſame *Courage*, by ſaying, *Fear nothing, thou carryeſt* Cæſar *and his Valour*, as he did with ſaying, *Fear nothing, thou carryeſt* Cæſar *and his Fortune.*

*Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;*
*He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.*

*LE COSE anco inſuperabili ſono infacilita ſuperate dà chi è portato dalla Fortuna.* When we are favour'd by Fortune, ſays *Sagredo*, let Things appear never ſo difficult, they are eaſily vanquiſh'd by her Aſſiſtance.

*DA ogni angolo di Fortuna ſi puo giungere ad altiſſimi gradi pur che L'huomo ardiſca de crederſe digno e de promover Steſſo.*

FROM the loweſt, 'tis poſſible to raiſe one's ſelf to the higheſt Condition, provided a Man will dare to think himſelf worthy, and puſh his Fortune accordingly.

THE Life of a Court is a ſerious, melancholy, and hazardous Game; like that of Cheſs, where you muſt range your Pieces and Batteries, form a Deſign, purſue it, parry that of your Adverſary; make ſometimes a puſh, ſometimes play at random, and after all theſe Meaſures you become Checque or Mate, at laſt the greateſt Coxcombe, or the moſt lucky, wins the Game.

*An unſeen Hand makes all our Moves:*
*And ſome are great, and ſome are ſmall;*
*Some climb to good, ſome from good Fortune fall;*
*Some wiſe Men, and ſome Fools we call;*
*Figures, alas! of Speech, for Deſtiny plays us all.* Cowl.

*Fortuna ſævo læta Negotio.*
*Et ludum Inſolentem ludere pertimax.*

*Fortune, that with malicious Joy,*
*Does Man, her Slave, oppreſs;*
*Proud of her Office to deſtroy,*
*Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs.*

In other Words, ſhe delights in *tragical Imployments*, and never ceaſes to give ſome inſolent Turn or other to the Affairs of the World. This Manner of ſpeaking was well enough in a *Heathen Poet*; but how ſhe comes to maintain her Attributes of *Divinity* amongſt *Chriſtian Writers* in their moſt ſerious Diſcourſes, I cannot conceive. *Quintilian* is pleaſed to ſay, *Fruſtra mala omnia ad crimen Fortunæ, relegamus, nemo niſi culpa ſua dolet. In vain do we refer all ſiniſter Events to Fortune; nobody ſuffers long, but by his own Fault.* So that, in his Opinion, every Man, by the Force of Thought and Application, may not only form fine *Schemes*, but bring them to bear too, in Spite of all intervening Accidents; and, in Contradiction to what is aſſerted by *Ariſtotle*, we may demonſtrate *Politicks* as well as *Mathematicks*, and build certain Rules upon the Contingency of human Actions, which will as little agree with the *Stoical* as the *Chriſtian Doctrine*; the firſt maintains a Fatality and unchangeable Sequel of Events, which proceeds from a Neceſſity, emergent from, and inherent in the Things themſelves; which even the *ſupreme Powers* could not alter, they themſelves being ſubject to this Courſe of Cauſes. The ſecond, on the contrary, refers the Neceſſity of all natural Contingencies to the free Decree of *God* himſelf, who executes unavoidably what he freely ordains. For this Reaſon can there be no ſuch Thing as *Fortune* or *Chance* in the World, unleſs we mean by theſe Terms ſome *Events* beſides the Knowledge, Purpoſe, Expectation, and Power of *ſecond Agents*. And our daily Diſappointments, as well as thoſe of the greateſt *Politicians* of all Ages, furniſh us with abundant

Inſtances of this Kind; which, however looſe, irregular, and fickle they may ſeem to be, are directed to ſome certain Purpoſe, by the unerring Wiſdom of the Almighty. And this may be reaſonably inferr'd from the *Beauty* and *Œconomy* of the whole *Syſtem* of the *World*; and I no more queſtion that he has caſt all Accidents into a certain Method, that they proceed by the Rules and Limits of an antecedent Decree, than I hope to have an *explicit Notion* in this World of his *Attributes* or *infinite Perfections*. *Man* (ſays *Seneca*) *is a compounded Creature, and the beſt Part is his Mind; but God is all Mind, and all Reaſon; and yet are Mortals ſo blind, that the Actions of this incomprehenſible Power, ſo excellent for Beauty, Conſtancy, and Diſpoſition, are look'd upon by many Men, only as Fortuitions and the Works of Chance.* When we enter a Temple, or approach the Altar, we *compoſe our Looks and our Actions to all the Decencies of Humility and Reſpect; how much more does it concern us when we treat of Divine Matters, not to let one Syllable paſs our Lips or Pens, that may ſavour of Preſumption or Irreligion.*

THERE were ſome ſo ignorant in his Time, and ſome ſo bold and ridiculous in ours, as to make the Purpoſes and Reſolves of an infinite and wiſe Being, to depend upon the Actions of his own *Creatures*. They would make us believe, that he waits their *Good-will* and *Pleaſure*, attends their *Actions* with Patience, and then frames his *Decrees* and *Councils* accordingly; they forget, that if he is at all, he muſt neceſſarily be the *firſt Agent*; that he muſt will and intend all that he does, and this, too from all *Eternity*; the very Suppoſition of any *new immanent Act* being contradictory to the very Notion of a perfect and *divine Nature*. When the *Grecians* and *Romans*, or any of their Diſciples, attributed any extraordinary Event to *Fortune*, they were more excuſable than ſome of us; ſince they eſteem'd her a Goddeſs, veſted with an unlimitted Power of acting as ſhe pleas'd; and allow'd her ſome Reaſon for her Proceeding, altho' they could not comprehend it.

*FORTUNA*

FORTUNA (ſays *Cæſar* in his Treatiſe *de Bello Civili*) *plurimum poteſt cum in aliis rebus, tum præcipue in Bello, in parvis momentis magnas rerum mutationes efficit.* Fortune, *who can abundantly exert herſelf in other Things, yet eſpecially in War, by the Mediation of the moſt trifling Cauſes, can ſhe produce the moſt wonderful and ſurprizing Effects.* Upon the whole Matter, if the beſt methodiz'd Affairs are turn'd out of their Courſe, and baffled, the wiſeſt Projects defeated, the moſt flattering Hopes confounded; if, on the other Hand, the weakeſt Deſigns take Place, the moſt deſperate Cauſe proſpers, and the humbleſt Condition comes to be exalted, and all by the Mediation of an *over-ruling Power*, how great muſt his Conſolation be, who truſts in that *Providence* to which nothing can be *caſual:* He feels an inward *Joy* and Complacency of Spirit, like the Pleaſure of Health, when the whole Conſtitution is in Tune: He has a ſecret Whiſper of Applauſe within himſelf, and waits with Patience 'till it ſhall pleaſe God to draw out all the *Powers*, open all the Stops, and awaken the now ſleeping Capacities of the Soul; by which he ſhall be able to apprehend the Regularity of thoſe Accidents, which once ſeem'd ſo confus'd, and revel everlaſtingly in thoſe Pleaſures, which he a little anticipated upon Earth.

*O Pow'r ſupreme! how ſecret are thy Ways!*
*Yet Man, vain Man, would trace thy myſtick Maze;*
*In his poor little Skif of Knowledge try*
*The boundleſs Ocean of Infinity.*
*Do thou, my Soul, the deſtin'd Period wait,*
*When God ſhall ſolve the dark Decrees of Fate:*
*His own unequal Diſpenſations clear,*
*And make all wiſe and beautiful appear.* *Mr.* Tickell.

# *Some Characters.*

THE Picture of *Oliver Cromwell*, as it is drawn by a *French Gentleman*, in his Funeral Oration for *Henrietta-Maria, Queen of England*, is replete with ſolid and curious Thoughts.

A MAN (ſays that Orator) appear'd, who was endow'd with an incredible Depth of *Judgment*. In *Hypocriſy* as exquiſitely refin'd, as ſeen in *Politicks*. Capable of undertaking and conducting every *Deſign* with the greateſt *Secrecy*. Who truſted nothing to *Fortune*, which he could poſſibly put out of her Power by *Counſel* or *Foreſight*; but withal, ſo vigilant, and ſo prepar'd for every Turn, that he never ſuffer'd the leaſt Opportunity to eſcape him, with the which ſhe preſented him. In a Word, he was one of thoſe reſtleſs and daring Spirits, which ſeem'd created on purpoſe to turn the World up-ſide-down.

*ADD to this five or ſix maſterly Strokes of a great Genius and able Miniſter, who, in a Narrative of his* Engliſh *Embaſſy, gave ſome Account of this great Man.*

He was *good-natur'd* and *cruel*, as it beſt ſuited his *Intereſts*. He had not the leaſt *Faith* in *Religion*, *Honour* in his *Words*, or *Fidelity* in his *Friendſhip*, any farther than the Appearance of

of thoſe *Virtues* could any Ways contribute to the aggrandizing of himſelf. He underſtood better than any Man the Art of putting in *Practice* the *Grimaces*, and *hypocritical Cant* of all *Sectaries*; and which Way to conceal; under an humble and popular Demeanour, an *unbounded Ambition*. In ſhort, he poſſeſs'd, in the moſt eminent Degree, the *Qualities* of a great *Politician*, and nothing was wanting to his *Fortune*, but the attaining it by more juſtifiable Meaſures, a greater Extent of Days, and having Children worthy of ſucceeding him.

*ACCORDING to* Nani, Oliver Cromwell *was a Hero in Good and Evil.*

*HUOMO grande nei Vitii e nelle Virtu, che nel' arbitrio di licentioſa Fortuna viſſe con mirabile continenza, Sobrio, Caſto, Modeſto, Vigilante, Indefeſſo, ma da eſtrema Ambitione agitato, appena pote Satiarſi col Sangue del Rè, e col Oppreſſione del Regno.*

HE was a great Man, with Reſpect as well to his Virtues as Vices. Since having attained to a Power and Rank of acting as arbitrarily as he pleas'd; he lead, however, a Life of Continency, Sobriety, Modeſty, Vigilancy, and, in Buſineſs, was ever indefatigable: But was ſtill under the Dominion of a reſtleſs and boundleſs Ambition; and was ſcarce ſatiated with the Blood of his King, and Oppreſſion of his Country.

*OUR great Reformer of the* Engliſh *Poets, Mr.* Waller, *whoſe Company* Oliver *ſeemed to delight in, more from an Affectation of loving Men of Parts, than any Kindneſs as a Kinſman, gives this ſmall Account of him.*

I FREQUENTLY attended the *Uſurper*, and obſerv'd him to be very well read in *Greek* and *Roman* Story, for his *rude Cant* and *Spiritual Simplicity* were down right *Affectation*. I often took Notice, that when a Servant has come in, and told him ſuch and ſuch waited to ſpeak to him, he would inſtantly riſe, and ſtop them, talking at the Door, where I could over-hear

him ſay, *the Lord will reveal, the Lord will help*, and ſeveral ſuch Expreſſions; which, upon returning to me, he would excuſe, ſaying, Couſin *Waller*, *I muſt talk to theſe Men after their own Way*, and would then go on where he left off. This made me believe, that he ſecretly deſpis'd thoſe he ſeemed to court.

YET was the immortal Mr. *Waller* ſo great a Courtier, not knowing what Turn Affairs might take upon the Accident of the Protector's Death, as to complement his Memory with ſome Verſes, the beſt Lines are theſe.

*We muſt reſign*; *Heaven his great Soul does claim,*
*In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame:*
*His dying Groans, his laſt Breath ſhakes our Iſle*;
*And Trees uncut, fall for his Funeral Pile.*
*About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt*
*Into the Air*; *ſo* Romulus *was loſt.*
*New* Rome, *in ſuch a Tempeſt, miſs'd their King,*
*And from obeying, fell to worſhiping.*

## *The Portraiture of another famous Perſon of the ſame Stamp, drawn by* Sarazin, *is, in its Kind, a good Piece.* Walſtein *was General to* Ferdinand, *but ſuſpected and kill'd by his Order* 1634.

ALBERT *Walſtein* had a great and daring Spirit, but ever reſtleſs, his Perſon was tall and vigorous, his Face rather majeſtick than agreeable, he was naturally extremely

ſober, ſcarce ever ſlept, perpetually in Action, and indured Hunger and Cold with the greateſt Eaſe imaginable: Avoided all effeminate Delights, and by Temperance and Exerciſe ſurmounted the Inconveniencies of Gout and Age: He ſpoke little, and thought much: He was valiant and judicious, admirable in raiſing and ſubſiſting of Troops; ſevere in puniſhing, and prodigal in rewarding his Soldiers; ſteady in Misfortunes, civil in Buſineſs, and at other Times, hot and proud; jealous of his own and other Mens Glory, implacable in his Hatred, cruel in his Revenge, eaſily provok'd, a Lover of Magnificence and Novelty, extravagant in Appearance; but never doing any thing without ſome private View, and a Pretence of publick Good; he referr'd all to his own Fortune: He was a Deſpiſer of Religion, which he made ever ſubſervient to politick Ends; artificial in appearing diſintereſted, extremely curious and clear-ſighted in other Peoples Deſigns; dexterous in the Conduct and Concealment of his own; and became the more impenetrable himſelf by an Affectation of Openneſs and Candor, and by condemning in publick the Diſſimulation of other People.

# *TIBERIUS.*

*THIS Prince being offered the Empire by the Senate which he had before made ſure to himſelf, took an Occaſion (as is the Mode) to diſqualify himſelf, in Terms like theſe.*

IT is certain, *Reverend Fathers*, that the vaſt Genius, and extenſive Wiſdom of *Auguſtus*, were only equal to ſo great a Charge; having had the Honour and Advantage of being his Aſſociate, I am ſufficiently convinced of the Difficulties, Contingencies,

tingencies, and Dangers that inſeparably attend Rule and Sovereignty: And ſince *Rome* is ſo happily repleniſhed with Perſons of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Merit and Abilities, it would prove infinitely more advantageous, that Numbers, joining their Cares and Counſels, ſhould ſhare the Adminiſtration, than that the Burden ſhould lie upon any ſingle Perſon's Care and Capacity. *He proceeded afterwards to harangue them in more ambiguous Terms; and then inſinuated, that at their Requeſts he was content to undertake the Government of any one Part they ſhould think proper to aſſign him:* Upon this, *Aſinius Gallus* aſked him, which Part he would chuſe to accept? The Surprize of this Queſtion ſtruck him for ſome ſmall Time Speechleſs; but, recollecting his Spirits, he made Anſwer, with a ſubtle Indifference, That it ill became his Modeſty to chuſe, or refuſe any Part of that Dominion from all which he deſired to be excuſed. *Gallus* perceiving his inward Strugglings and Reſentment, readily reply'd, That he did not offer that Queſtion, as if he deſigned to divide that which was in itſelf inſeparable, but by his own Confeſſion to convince him, that the Common-wealth was but one Body, and conſequently to be actuated by one Soul. He afterwards ſtroaked the Tyrant with all the moſt fulſome Attributes of Merit and Accompliſhments, which the other ſeemed to diſapprove with the ſame artful Diſſimulation as he did the Empire; but at laſt he declared, that merely to prevent the Heat of Debates amongſt themſelves, and the Trouble of any farther Importunities; he was content to take the Weight of ſo mighty a Charge upon him, till they, in their great Wiſdoms, ſhould think proper to give ſome Repoſe to his old Age.

*Such artful Princes do but act a Part;*
*They ſhow their Wit, but never ſhow the Heart.*

We like well enough to divine other Peoples Opinions, but we hate to be ſifted ourſelves. Had not *Aſinius Gallus*, with the greateſt Art and Preſence of Mind, gave ſo delicate a Turn to the Queſtion he propoſed to *Tiberius*, he would, in all Probability, have paſſed his Time very ill under his Reign.

THE Maxims of this *Emperor* taught him to make a Science of the Cloſet, (ſays Mr. *Echard*) wherein was ſhut up a *falſe* and *myſterious Intereſt* of the *Prince*, ſeparate from the Intereſt of the *State*, and almoſt always contrary to the *Publick Good*. Here Judgment, Capacity, and the wiſe Secrets of State, were converted into *Slyneſs*, *Artifice*, and a *dangerous Diſſimulation*, where there could be no knowing of good and evil Actions of themſelves, but every Thing was taken according to the nice Intention of the Emperor, or judged by the *fineſs* of ſome malicious Speculation.

THIS Prince entertain'd an inveterate Hatred for the *Roman* Nobility to the very laſt; and altho' he treacherouſly murdered the Father, yet did he appoint his only ſurviving Son *Cajus Caligula* his Succeſſor, having read ſome bloody Characters in his Nature; and hoping that his Vices would in ſome Meaſure efface the Memory of his own Wickedneſs, and that he would extinguiſh the beſt Families in *Rome:* For he often ſaid, That *he had brought up a Serpent for the People of* Rome, *and a Phaeton for the reſt of the World.*

## Marſhal *FERTE.*

DURING the Minority of *Lewis* the XIIIth, his Army not being very numerous, the Queen Mother *Mary de Medicis* took Occaſion to ſay to the Marſhal *Fertè*; *The Enemy happens this Year to be ſtronger than We, but we have the better Cauſe, and God will take our Part.* *Corbieu* anſwer'd the Marquiſs, *Do not depend too much upon that, Madam, I found God ever on the Side of the ſtrongeſt Battallions.* But this General's



*Piety*

*Piety* may be ſeen in the following Story. Taking Poſſeſſion of the Government of *Lorrain*, the *Jews* of *Mentz* going, according to Cuſtom, to aſk his Protection: *Be gone*, ſays he, *you curſed Generation, let me ſee no more that abominable People which crucify'd my Maſter Jeſus Chriſt.* His *Secretary* having privately acquainted him that they had brought him a Thouſand *Louis D'ors*, which is the Preſent commonly made upon any Change of *Governor*. *No*, ſays he, with a more exalted Voice than before, *Let me hear no more of this Matter*; *and if they do not depart my Government in a Fortnight's Time, at fartheſt, I will revenge the innocent Blood which they ſpilt ſo unjuſtly.* The next Day they return'd with an Offer of Two thouſand, but they met with the ſame cold Reception. They afterwards made a Peace-Offering of Three thouſand; but neither Three nor Four could ſhake the Reſolution he had taken of revenging his Maſter's Blood: At laſt, bringing Five thouſand, and pleading that they were not guilty of their Fore-Fathers Crimes; and beſides, had they known him to be the true *Meſſias*, they ſhould not have crucify'd him. *It's true*, ſays he, *the poor People did not know what they did.* After which he gave them his Protection in Exchange for their Money.

## *TURENNE.*

HOW much more glorious was this Marſhal's Conduct, who commanding an Army in *Germany*, and having a Deputation ſent him by a Neuter Town, who deſired the Favour of him not to paſs that Way, and to make up any Loſs he might ſuſtain by taking a Compaſs with his Troops, begged he would pleaſe to accept a Preſent of One hundred thouſand Crowns: Made Anſwer, *I take very kindly the Offer*

*Offer your City makes me, but I cannot, with a good Conſcience, accept the Money, becauſe I never deſigned to direct my March that Way.*

*MONTECUCULI* being accuſed at *Vienna* for not having ſo well acquitted himſelf as he ought to have done againſt the 'foreſaid General, anſwer'd in his Juſtification, That *he had had to do with a Perſon who was more than Man.* This is a fine Encomium out of the Mouth of an Enemy.

*BALZAC* ſpeaking of the Attachment, and Submiſſion the *Roman* Soldiers paid their General, ſays, *They are no longer the Soldiers of his Army that march; they ſeem to be rather the Members of his Body that move along with him: They are,* if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, *ſome Parts foreign to himſelf, which are more united to him than thoſe that are natural.*

THE Thought of a famous Orator upon the Affection and Obedience that the Troops paid ever to *M. Turenne,* is much more natural and noble.

*ONE would imagine* (ſays he) *that he went to ingage his Enemies with his Houſhold only like another* Abraham; *that his Followers were both his Soldiers and Domeſticks; and that he was General and Father of the Family at the ſame Time.*

BUT this will ever happen, when the Commander in Chief is affable, courteous and brave, and is accuſtomed to conquer all before him. If Marſhal *Turenne* be ſo much to be admired for the Affection and Obedience of his Troops, whoſe greateſt Ambition was never to command above Ten thouſand Men; how much more worthy of Glory and Veneration, nay Wonder, was that *Prodigious Man,* who commanding an Army of ſeldom leſs than an Hundred thouſand, conſiſting of different Nations and Languages, had the Art of uniting them all in the ſame Degree of Affection to himſelf, and inſpiring them with the ſame Courage he felt in his own generous Heart? His Soldiers marched to Battle with the ſame Alacrity as to

the *Pomps* of *Triumph*, collecting from his Preſence a ſure Preſage of *Victory* which never once failed them.

*With Eaſe he acted a great General's Part,*
*Nature in him bore equal Sway with Art.*
*His radiant Looks the God of War confeſs'd,*
*And fir'd with Courage ev'ry vulgar Breaſt;*
*None Fear conceiv'd, but moſt a proud Diſdain*
*To conquer always with ſo little Pain.*
*Their eager Valour rival'd his Addreſs,*
*And for their Glory wiſh'd his Conduct leſs.*

# Cardinal *RICHLIEU.*

CArdinal *Richlieu*, who was in his Time the Idol of Poets and Orators, could never have been better pleaſed than with Mr. *Voiture*. The Letter he writ him after the retaking of *Corduba* from the *Spaniards*, is the juſteſt *Encomium* that was ever made upon that Miniſter.

OUR Enemies, ſays he, are within Fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and the Cardinal is in the midſt of her. He has Notice every Day of Intrigues, ſet on Foot for his Deſtruction. *France* and *Spain* may in ſome Meaſure be ſaid to manage a Conſpiracy againſt him: Yet how compos'd and ſerene a Look has this great Man maintain'd in the Throng of his Enemies. This great Man, I ſay; of him it was with the greateſt Aſſurance averr'd, that he would look amazed, and ſink under the leaſt ſiniſter Accident: Nay more, that he cauſed *Havre de Grace* to be fortified, to the End only that he might throw himſelf into her upon the firſt diſaſtrous Occaſion. Yet has he not retired one Step: He conſider'd the Danger of the State, not his own; and all the Change obſerv'd in him during that Time was, that inſtead of a Guard of Two hundred Perſons, which

which was his cuſtomary Attendance, he took the Air every Day in Company only with five or ſix Gentlemen.

It muſt be allow'd on all Hands, that Adverſity ſuſtain'd with ſo good a Grace, and ſo great a Reſolution, is much more glorious than the greateſt Proſperity, and moſt numerous Victories. To me he did not appear ſo Noble and Triumphant, when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as he did at that Time: And the Progreſs he uſed to make from his own Houſe to the *Arſenal* was, in my Opinion, more for his Honour, than that he made to the other Side of the Mountains; and whence he return'd victorious after having reduced *Pignerol* and *Suſa*.

He purſues the ſame Subject agreeably. The Cardinal knows, that the moſt noble and moſt ancient Methods of making Conqueſts was, That of the Hearts and Affections. That *Lawrels* are unfruitful Plants, which at beſt afford a Shade only, and are of no Value compared with the abundant Harveſt which crowns a glorious Peace. He is very ſenſible that the Applauſe that attends the extending the Limits of a Kingdom an hundred Leagues, is not equal to that of reducing the *Taxes*; and that there is leſs Greatneſs and true Glory in defeating an Hundred thouſand Men, than in ſettling a Million in Eaſe and Security. Beſides this great *Genius*, which has been hitherto ingaged in contriving Means to furniſh out the Charges of the War, in raiſing Money and Men, in taking Towns and winning of Battles, will, for the future, imploy itſelf in re-eſtabliſhing *Peace*, *Riches*, and abundance. That ſame *Head-piece* which was deliver'd of *Pallas* armed, will preſent her to us again adorn'd with her *Olives*, peaceable, gentle, learned, and attended with all thoſe Arts which generally make up her Train. He will make no other *Edicts* but ſuch as ſhall regulate *Luxury*, and re-eſtabliſh *Commerce*. Thoſe prodigious *Veſſels*, purpoſely contriv'd for the Tranſportation of *Troops* into the *Straights*, ſhall be now converted into *Convoys* for our *Merchants*, and we ſhall have *War* with none but the *Corſairs*.

AGRI-

# AGRICOLA.

THE *Character of this General, Father-in-Law of* Tacitus, *and compoſed by that Hiſtorian himſelf, is a conſtant Spring of fine Thoughts.*

*AGRICOLA* being made Choice of, to command as well as to puniſh a Legion that mutiny'd, choſe rather, by a rare Method of Moderation, to make it believ'd that he found the Soldiers in their Duty, than that he had reduced them to Obedience.

NEVER did *Agricola* diſcover any violent Paſſion for a great Name in his Military Exploits. He attributed all Succeſs to the General of the Army: So that his Readineſs in obeying, his Reſervedneſs in ſpeaking of himſelf, placed him above the Reach of Envy in his firſt noble Atchievements, and did not diveſt him altogether of his Share of Glory.

IN his Family, the Hours for Buſineſs, and thoſe for Diverſions were regulated. In Publick Aſſemblies, in diſtributing Juſtice, he was ſerious, diligent, ſevere and generally ſhew'd Mercy. Aſſoon as he quitted the Bench, he laid down the Perſonage and Air of Judge and Magiſtrate, and did not affect any Shew of Authority; but what is very rare, for all his Affability and Condeſcention, he was not the leſs fear'd; for all his Gravity and ſeverity, he was not leſs the Object of Affection.

PROSPERITY did not render him haughty, or vain; and when he retain'd the Vanquiſh'd within the Bounds of their Duty, he

he did not call it an Expedition, or a Conqueſt; he would not even ſuffer the Letters ſent to *Rome*, which carry'd the Succeſs of his Arms, to be cover'd with *Lawrel*; (a prevailing Mode of that Time) but by making his Reputation a ſort of *Myſtery*, he did in ſome Degree improve it; and gave Room to think, that the Man who did not value ſo great Things, promis'd to himſelf much greater another time.

He began ever a general Reformation by himſelf, and his Dependents; his Family was what he had a particular Regard to in this OEconomy; which is a Task no leſs laborious and difficult to the greater part of the Nobility, than to preſide over, and govern Provinces.

In publick Affairs he never made uſe of his Slaves, nor his freed Men. In his Choice of Officers he had no Indulgence for his ſecret Inclinations, nor to the Recommendations and Intreaties of Generals. He was ever eſteemed the moſt faithful, who had the greateſt Share of Merit.

He inclined to know every Thing, but he did not for that reaſon execute every Office and Employment; he pardoned ſmall Faults, and puniſhed the greateſt with Severity; but he did not always puniſh; and left Criminals frequently to the Chaſtiſement of Repentance. He choſe much rather to employ Perſons who could fill their Offices with Sufficiency; than have others to correct, who had fail'd, and were altogether unequal to the Buſineſs.

As he was naturally civil, and affable to ſuch as executed well their Commiſſions; ſo had he no great Complaiſance for thoſe of another Character, and treated 'em with ſufficient Contempt. But this Anger had no Conſequence; he retain'd no Reſentment in his Heart. Nobody fear'd his Silence, nor the Deſigns he formed in Private. He ſeem'd to believe that it was much better to give a quick and ſharp Reprehenſion, than to retain any ſecret Averſion.

# *MARIUS.*

THE Harangue that *Marius* makes in *Saluſt* is full of ſublime and delicate Thoughts. That great Man, to whom nothing was wanting but a noble Deſcent, having rais'd himſelf to the Conſulſhip by Merit, defends himſelf with a World of Fire and Spirit, againſt thoſe who reproach'd him with the meaneſs of his Extraction.

IF (ſays he) they have any Right to deſpiſe me, meaning the young Patricians, let them begin, with their Predeceſſors, who were like me, indebted to their *Valor* for their *Nobility*. They envy me the Glory of the *Conſulſhip*; let 'em do the ſame by my Integrity, my Labours, the Perils, and Hazards I have run, ſince it is by theſe that I have diſtinguiſh'd myſelf.

THESE *Gentlemen*, ſo haughty and corrupt, live as as if they deſpiſed your Honours, and demand them with as much Confidence as if they deſerv'd them by their *Virtues*. They are wonderfully miſtaken in pretending at the ſame time to two Things ſo contrary in their Natures; to the Pleaſures of *Idleneſs*, and the Rewards of *Valour*.

THEIR *Anceſtors* have left 'em all that was in their Power to leave them; Riches, Statues, a great Name; but as to *Virtue*, this they did not leave them; nor was it in their Power. It's the only Thing out of our Power either to give, or to receive.

He goes on; it is not in my Power to produce Statues, Triumphs, Conſulſhips, with which my Anceſtors were diſtinguiſh'd. I will, if you pleaſe, preſent you with the Sight of Spears, Colours, Accoutrements of Horſe, and other Military Donatives. Beſides theſe, I ſhall expoſe to you my Wounds in the middle of my Body; theſe are my *Statues*, this is my *Nobility*; not that which comes to me by Deſcent, like theirs; but what I have created to myſelf by the Fatigues, and Perils which I have happily eſcaped in a thouſand Rencounters.

My Words are not ſtudied; little do I eſteem the Ornaments of Language; Virtue ſhines bright enough of herſelf. But theſe *Gentlemen* ſtand in need of Artifice, and elaborate Speeches to cover ſhameful Actions. I never learned the *Greek Language*; but I have learned what is much more beneficial to the Common-wealth, to rout her Enemies, to defend her *Places*, and to fear nothing but an *ill Name*.

All theſe Strokes are noble and delicate.

*Let Fools their high Extraction boaſt,*
*And Greatneſs, which no Travail but their Mother's coſt.*
*Let them extol a ſwelling Name,*
*Which theirs by Will and Teſtament became;*
*At beſt but mere Inheritance,*
*As oft the Spoils, as Gift of Chance.*
*Let ſome, ill-plac'd Repute on* Scutcheons, *wear,*
*As fading, as the Colours which thoſe bear;*
*And prize a* Painted Field,
*Which Wealth, as ſoon as Fame, can yield.*
*I ſcorn, at ſuch low Rates, to purchaſe Worth,*
*Nor could I owe it only to my Birth.*

*My ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Pow'r*
*Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflow'r.*
*My Soul, which, like the Sun, Heav'n molded bright,*
*Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light:*
*Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,*
*And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.*

Old.

## LEWIS *de* Bourbon, *Prince of* Conde, *his Character by a fine Hand.*

WE ſee (ſays he) every Day Men of ſmall Merit, who by the help of *Chance*, or *Fortune*, perform notable Exploits, and acquire a conſiderable Reputation in the World. Others are to be found of a diſtinguiſhed, but limited *Merit*. Again, We meet with *brave Men*, but whoſe other Qualities by no means anſwer their *Courage*. Great Captains who, in another Sphere, diſcover a poor *Genius*. The World affords us *ambitious Souls*, and at the ſame time *mean Spirits*, good Heads, and corrupted Hearts. Subjects who poſſeſs great Qualifications, yet have not the good Fortune to pleaſe, and who, with the numerous Talents that Heaven has conferr'd upon them, have not that of reconciling to themſelves the Eſteem and Affection of the People. Others ſhine in every Motion and Action, who in their Retreat from Buſineſs, ſeem not only obſcured but extinguiſhed, and at beſt, are no more than the Shadows of what they were. When do we meet with a Concurrence of all theſe rare Qualities in the ſame Perſon?

Perſon? The moſt glorious, and extenſive Reputation founded upon infinite Merit? Great and noble Actions atchieved by Principles ſtill more noble? A Courage invincible in War, and an Intelligence preſiding without Controul over all Counſels? A vaſt Mind, penetrating, ſublime, ignorant of nothing, purpoſely created for abſolute Deciſion? A Soul ſtill more beautiful and generous; Virtues Military join'd to Civil; an exalted Genius aſſociated with Goodneſs; the quickneſs of Apprehenſion, with the Charms of an affable Condeſcenſion? Where do we ſee a Man equally agreeable and awful, equally belov'd and admired? A Man, the Honour of his Country, and a Terror to his Prince's Enemies? An Ornament to the Court, the Admiration of the Learned, the Love and Delight of all worthy People? A Man as Eminent in his Solitude, as at the Head of Armies; as glorious when collected within himſelf, and poſſeſſing the Empire of his Mind, as when ingaged in Battle, or adorn'd with the Enſigns of Victories and Triumphs? Where is all this to be met with, and in ſo ſovereign a Degree? This, however, you have ſeen, but I queſtion whether you will ever more be bleſt with ſuch an Object. Ages do not ſuffice to the Production of ſo *compleat a Heroe.*

# *Some general Reflections relating to Diſgrace and Misfortune.*

THE *Count de Buſſi Rabutin*, a Perſon of a haughty Temper, but a moſt *Polite Writer*, after having ſuffered a tedious Baniſhment from his *King*'s Preſence, ſollicited frequently his Reſtitution to Favour, and Return to Court: But in all his Addreſſes he never diſcover'd a greater Ardor for his own Intereſt, than he did an Eſteem and Affection for his *Prince*.

UPON the Occaſion of a Diſappointment, he expreſſes himſelf in this Manner to his Friend.

ALL theſe Refuſals of the *King* do not diſcourage me. That great *Heroe* whom I ſaw ſo good, and ſo kind to all the World, was not ſo to me, who lov'd him with all my Heart, and eſteem'd him infinitely. I confeſs there have been Moments, in which, finding my Admiration of his Virtues ſo ill returned, I ſhould have been much delighted in the Diſcovery of ſome Imperfections in him; that by this Means I might, in ſome Degree, be juſtify'd, for not having made my *Fortune* in his Service: But I could diſcover nothing by my moſt ſcrupulous Inquiries, but the moſt ſurprizing and wonderful Qualities. So that I reſumed my former Zeal and Paſſion for his Perſon; perſuading myſelf that he could not be ſo perfect

perfect as he was, and not to be ſenſible at laſt that I had ſome ſmall Proportion of Merit.

AMONGST a hundred Placeats that *C. de Buſſi* preſented to his *King* to redeem his Liberty, methinks this is not the worſt, upon occaſion of that Prince's Birth-Day.

I ESTEEM it ſo glorious a Thing to ſerve your *Majeſty*, and ſo ſhameful a Thing not to do it in ſuch a Juncture, particularly to a *Gentleman* who has had the Honour of being in your Armies all his Life; that how ill ſoever the Succeſs has been hitherto of my moſt humble Supplications, this has not diſcouraged me. Nay, I hope, that your Majeſty, who is the Image of *God*, will ſuffer yourſelf, like him, to be mov'd by *Perſeverance*; and that conſidering my ten Years Sufferings, you will pleaſe here to finiſh my Correction. It is poſſible, that in this Requeſt I court my own Death; but no matter, I begin to be more in love with that in your *Service*, than with *Life*, whilſt in your Majeſty's *Diſfavour*.

MAY *Your Majeſty* (ſays he) live for ever, and live for ever happy; but may you live particularly this Day the Life of *Heroick Princes*; for after their Manner of ſpeaking, *to live, was to do Good*; that is, give ſome Marks of their excellent and beneficent Diſpoſition. Witneſs that great *Emperor*, who inſtead of ſaying, *We have this Day conferred no Favours*, told his Courtiers, *we have loſt this whole Day*; *we have not lived.* He was called, Sir, the *Delight of his Court, and of all Mankind.* This was too glorious a Title; it appertains only to your Majeſty; ſnatch it, great Sir, from that *Emperor*; to the End, that ſpeaking hereafter of your Majeſty, the happy, and unhappy, Friends and Enemies, *France* and foreign Nations, the preſent Age, and thoſe to come, may, with one Voice declare, *He was born the fifth of September, and the ſame Day, by a generous Act of Oblivion, he rendred himſelf worthy of Eternal Memory.*

He muſt be a Man of Senſe who can reſiſt the Stroaks of Fortune, without being ſtunn'd, and ſinking under them; and is able, at the ſame Time, to give a dext'rous Turn to what ever ill Accident befalls him.

I Have as much Reſolution and Ambition as ever I had, *ſays this Author in ſome Memoirs which were never printed*; but I am not ſo great a Fool as to teize and torment myſelf about inevitable Miſchiefs, and which no Man's Prudence could prevent. When a Man of Honour has done all in his Power to advance himſelf, he ought to be above all ill Succeſs: And it is in this Sentiment that I am as little concern'd at my not being *Marſhal of France*, as not being *King*.

*The ſame Perſon ſays, however, in another Place*, I apply the beſt Conſolations I can meet with againſt thoſe Cares that infeſt me; but that ſame Mind which furniſheth me with the Means of Reſiſtance, invents every Moment new Occaſions of Concern and Sadneſs, inſomuch that I am ever to begin where I left off.

*In another Place he obſerves*, We create inſtantly new *Monſters* to engage with; and generally theſe *Monſters* get the better.

*On the Occaſion of his Confinement, he ſays*, In truth, the moſt exalted and deſperate Thoughts of *Priſoners* are incomprehenſible: When they conceive the leaſt Hopes, they wonder how they could ever have deſponded; and when they feel the Impreſſions of Fear, they wonder how they could ever have admitted the leaſt Hope. The ſame Things which at ſome certain Seaſons ſerved to conſole them, render them deſperate in others.

An *ancient Philoſopher*, who could diſtinguiſh Things very well by proper Names, calls *Hope* the Dream of a Man awake: And the *French Sapho* ſays, That *Hope* ſeems to be a young

giddy-headed Creature, that gives Credit to every Thing that pleaſes her; whoſe Imagination is much ſtronger than her Judgment; and who is infinitely delighted with *Shadows* and *Chimera's*; who takes Truth for Falſhood, and Falſhood for Truth; and who extracts out of the moſt airy Appearances a Thouſand Pleaſures which have no Being.

ANOTHER *Polite Writer ſays*, That *Hope*, altho' ſhe be the moſt agreeable of all the *Paſſions*, yet in a little Time ſhe becomes chagrin, and reſtleſs, and may well be compared to *Milk*, which is ſweet and pleaſant at firſt, but ſoon grows ſour upon our Hands.

*Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery!*
*Where for one* Prize, *a hundred* Blanks *there be:*
*Fond Archer,* Hope! *who tak'ſt thy Aim ſo far,*
*That ſtill, or ſhort, or wide, thy Arrows are.*
*Thin* empty Cloud! *which th' Eye deceives*
*With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives:*
*A Cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,*
*But muſt drop preſently in Tears.*
Brother *of* Fear! *more gaily clad!*
*The merrier Fool o'th' two, but quite as mad!* Cowl.

MONS. *St. Evremont* remarks very modeſtly and judiciouſly, That when any Misfortunes befel him, he did not find himſelf naturally much affected by them, nor did he mix with ſo happy a Temperament the Deſign of being conſtant; for Conſtancy, in his Opinion, was only an uninterrupted Attention to the Evil: It has the Appearance of one of the moſt celebrated *Virtues* to thoſe who have nothing to ſuffer; but the Mind grows ſour with reſiſting, and inſtead of getting rid of the firſt Vexation, ſhe conjures up a ſecond. Did we not oppoſe our Grievances by Reflection, we ſhould only feel the Pain they that Moment inflict; but by ſtrugling with our Chains, we make Wounds that we were never deſign'd by thoſe

that perſecute us. For this Reaſon, whenſoever anything diſaſtrous befel him, he referr'd all to *Nature*, and kept his *Wiſdom* in ſtore for thoſe Times, in which he had nothing to indure. Then, by the Reflection of his *Indolence*, he form'd a *Pleaſure* out of the *Torment* he did not feel, and found the Secret of making the moſt ordinary Condition of Life happy.

How abſtruſe ſoever the Thought may appear, yet may the Unhappy with Eaſe find it ſufficiently perſpicuous; and I believe, as many will find Solace in a happy Conſtitution, as the moſt Philoſophical Precepts. However, if Strangers, or pretended Friends have nothing elſe to give, let them forbear all officious Admonitions to the Wretched, and ſuch as are wiſer than themſelves.

AMONGST the Productions of the greateſt Wits, I obſerve few that ſurpaſs thoſe of a famons Member of the *French* Academy, who was ever eſteem'd an eaſy Genius; and, who under an apparent Simplicity, and negligent Air, had the Art of adorning the moſt beautiful Thoughts. Speaking of the Court, he ſays,

*Lors que ſur cette mer on vogue à pleines Voiles,*
*Qu'on croit avoir pour ſoy, les vent es & les Etoiles;*
*Il eſt bien mal aiſé de regler ſes deſirs;*
*Le plus ſage s'endort ſur la foi des Zephirs.*

*Whilſt on this Sea with full-ſpread Sails we ride,*
*And think the Winds and Stars all on our Side,*
*Vainly ſecure we ſcud along the Deep,*
*The Zephyrs lull the wiſeſt Heads to Sleep;*
*But O! 'midſt Storms and boiſt'rous Waves they wake,*
*And all repent their eaſy Faith too late.*

HE finiſheth this Elegy with a Conception, which altho' it appears a little bold, does not, however, fail of being true.

Oronte eſt a preſent un objet de clémence,
S'il a crû les conſeils d'une aveugle puiſſance ;
Il eſt aſſez puni pour ſon ſort rigoreux,
Et c'eſt être innocent que d'être malheureux.

*If in blind* Fortune *he did once confide,*
Orontes *we ſhould pity, not deride* ;
*He who the Stings of thouſand Woes does bear,*
*That Man to me will innocent appear.*

In all Diſgraces, according to *Boetius*, the moſt ſenſible Misfortune is that of having been once happy. *In omni adverſitate Fortunæ, infeliciſſimum genus eſt infortunii fuiſſe felicem.*

*Seneca*, however, ſeems to aſſert juſt the contrary, *Nihil mihi videtur infelicius eo cui nihil advenit adverſi.* Sen. de Prov. Nothing appears to me ſo wretched as he, who never experienc'd any Adverſity. This has its Senſe ; and there is nothing more certain, than that thoſe who have enjoy'd an uninterrupted Felicity, are infinitely more ſenſible of a Change of Fortune than other People : As Foreigners, who have been long under the kind Influence of a warm Climate, can but ill diſpenſe with a cold one.

These differing Thoughts ſhew plainly that Things have *Two Faces* ; and that there is a particular *Point* of *Sight*, in which they muſt be view'd and conſider'd.

## *The two following* ORATIONS; *the one of* Mr. Pavillon, *the other of* Mr. Boileau, *upon their Admiſſion into the* ACADEMY *at* PARIS, *are eſteem'd good Pieces of the Kind.*

### *Mr.* PAVILLON.

GENTLEMEN,

AS Your Favours allow of no Price, ſo does my Gratitude of no Bounds. In order to defend the Judgment you have pronounced in my Favour, I am almoſt reſolv'd to agree with you about that Merit which you have imagin'd me poſſeſſed of, and to ſacrifice to the Intereſt of your Glory, that Modeſty, ſo commendable in great Men, ſo neceſſary in others, and to which only, it may be, I am indebted for that Place which this Day you have aſſign'd me. How excuſable would humane Vanity prove did ſhe never awake, and beſtir herſelf but upon ſuch like Occaſions! And how hardly would Philoſophy diſabuſe, and reſcue us from the ſweet Illuſions of Self-Love, had ſhe at all Times ſo juſt Occaſion to ſooth and amuſe us. I am aware, Gentlemen, that by

by receiving me amongſt you, you have not rendered me worthy of ſo rare a Society; and that 'tis God's Prerogative alone to make a Change in the Subjects of his Election, and to add to the Grace of his Vocation, that which renders them capable of thoſe Functions to which his Providence calls them: But I am well aſſured, at the ſame Time, that the Publick, juſtly prejudic'd in Favour of your Deciſions, bore away by the Force of your Example, and from a Faith in your Oracles, cannot refuſe their Eſteem to ſuch as you honour with your Election. If then, any Perſon preſent at this Ceremony be ſurprized to ſee *Saul* among the Prophets, I deſire him to reſpect in my Perſon the Authority of your Suffrages; and to ſuffer me to tell him, that being inveſted with the Honour of your Choice, it is much more eaſy for me to paſs in the World for ſuch a one as you have ſuppoſed me to be, than to bring in Queſtion the Diſcernment of a Company which never was guilty of a Miſtake before this Time. In a Word, Gentlemen, whether having at all Times done Juſtice, you conceiv'd that you were at Liberty, for once, to confer a Favour; or, whether after having given ſo many Marks of the Delicacy of your Taſte in former Elections, you thought proper, upon this Occaſion, only to make known the Liberty of your Votes: Suffer me this Day, the fineſt of all my Life, to think of nothing but what may excite my Courage, and redouble my Joy; that without pretending to penetrate into your Reaſons, I may conſider only what Sort of Judges have elected me; to what Men they have preferr'd me; and what Reputation he bore to whom you have appointed me a Succeſſor. This is not the Place in which we may be allow'd to take any advantageous Notice of the noble Extraction of the Illuſtrious Member that is dead. The Chance here of Birth does neither render a Man the more noble, or more inglorious. For this Reaſon alſo, in the funeral Pomp of deceas'd Perſons, the Images, and Enſigns of their Anceſtors are not carry'd in Proceſſion. Their Works and Labours are only expoſed to publick View and Attention. In all other Places, let the Encomium of the Deceas'd be diſplay'd under the Name and Title of the ancient Lords of *Malins*; and let him, who in the Beginning of the laſt Age

was a great Master of the *French* Ordnance, be added to the glorious Train of his Fore-fathers: We are obliged here to take Notice of that only which made him the Object of Admiration in his Life-time, and that which ought to make him revive after his Decease. How wonderful was his Address in obliging equally the most Impatient to dispence with his Railleries, and the most Modest, with his Encomiums; in being able to speak Truths in the midst of a Court, without hurting his Fortune; and to divert those very Persons whom he reproach'd with their Failings! Lovely Censurer! whose ingenious Verses, purg'd from all the Gall and Bitterness of Satyr, have attain'd that admirable Art of reprehending the whole World without giving Offence to any single Person. How great was his Dexterity in managing the most delicate Subjects? How fruitful was his Genius, as if design'd to supply the Barrenness of other Writers! All became Gold in his Hands! and the most common Subjects receiv'd Beauties from him, of which they seem'd utterly incapable. In a Word, you have seen in this worthy Brother Member, the Fruits of those Cares which the great Cardinal *Richelieu* took of his Education. He, who gave Birth to your illustrious and learned Society, raised, and cultivated his Youth; and since you respect Men on the Side of their Wit only, he might have boasted before his Admission into your Company, that you were all the Children of one Father.

After this incomparable Minister, under the auspicious Influence of his Master, had healed, by his Vigilance, the old Wounds in *France*, poison'd by long Seditions, after he had chang'd the Face of Affairs all over *Europe*; had disarm'd Heresy, succour'd our Allies, beaten our Enemies, extended our Frontiers, establish'd the lawful Heirs upon the Throne of their Ancestors, and made the House of *Austria* tremble successively in *Vienna* and *Madrid*: After so many glorious Successes, seeing that there remain'd nothing more for him to do for the Honour and Safety of his Country, I believe, that this great Man, prepossess'd, and inlighten'd by his Genius, knew, at last, (if we may be allow'd so to speak)



he

he was born only to prepare the Way for him who was to come after him. I believe that in this View, as if Deſtiny itſelf had reveal'd to him the Secrets of Futurity; (ſure of the Hero, who was ſoon to make his Appearance) of all the Actions of his Life, for which he moſt applauded himſelf, was that of having founded this celebrated Academy, where were to be found in Progreſs of Time, Poets, Orators, and Hiſtorians, worthy of handing down to Poſterity the Wonders which were to follow his Miniſtry.

YET this vaſt Undertaking was near ſinking with its Founder, if that learned Chancellor, placed, as it were, nearer to Events, had not known better than he, the Neceſſity for protecting your Aſſemblies, and of muſtering together the wandering and deſolate Muſes, for the which he foreſaw there would be ſo great Occaſion. In effect, Gentlemen, what Difference is there betwixt what our Fathers have ſeen, and what we ſee this Day? Our Fathers have ſeen *France* begin Alliances in all the Courts of *Europe*, to oppoſe only the ſingle Forces of *Spain*; and we ſee *France* ſcarce reckoning that ancient Enemy amongſt the Powers which Jealouſy arms againſt her. They beheld the flaming Valour of the *French* paſſing impetuouſly their Frontiers, in order to make uncertain Conqueſts upon foreign Countries: We behold the ſame Valour, but better conducted, never drawing a Sword, but at the ſame Time uniting inſeparably to the Crown whole Provinces. They ſaw betray'd Councils, and ſquander'd Treaſures rendring our Deſigns abortive: We ſee Order and Secreſy render our Projects proſperous and ſucceſsful. Laſtly, they ſaw the Shame of Treaties tarniſh the Glory of their Arms; and we ſee our Victories ever crown'd by the Glory of our Treaties. We all know to whom we are indebted for this wonderful Change; but let not the glorious Condition in which he has placed us, render us ungrateful, we ſhould again prove the ſame unhappy People, had we again the ſame Governors: And on the other Hand, any Nation would have become what we are, if it were ſo happy, as to have a Prince like ours. When Fortune from time to time has depriv'd

us of great Men, has ſhe interrupted the Courſe of our Victories? Has ſhe retarded our Enterprizes? Or rather, has ſhe not prov'd by this Means, That the Deſtiny of *France* depends upon the Head that governs her? Theſe ſame Virtues which we admire, which the moſt diſtant People revere, and which our Neighbours cannot look upon without Dread, or without Envy, it is your Buſineſs, Gentlemen, to crown with Glory; and when you ſummon me to partake with you in ſo noble and arduous an Imployment, altho' convinc'd of my Inſufficiency, ſpirited this very Moment by your Preſence, and tranſported with the Honour you do me, I do not deſpair of treading one Day in your Steps, when your great Abilites, your Example, and your Inſtructions ſhall have ſupply'd me with ſufficient Strength to follow you.

## *Monſ.* BOILEAU'S *ORATION upon the ſame Occaſion.*

*GENTLEMEN,*

THE Honour conferr'd upon me this Day is, in my Regard, ſomething ſo great, ſo extraordinary, ſo little expected, and ſo great Variety of Reaſons did ſeem to concur to my utter Excluſion; that the very ſame Time I return you my humble Thanks, I do not well know what Opinion I ought to entertain about it. Is it poſſible? Is it certainly true, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy of being admitted into this Illuſtrious Society, whoſe famous Eſtabliſhment does little leſs Honour to the Memory of Cardinal *Richelieu* than ſo many wonderful Things that have been executed under his Miniſtry? What would ſo great a Man think?

And

And what Opinion would that wise Chancellor entertain, who possess'd after him the Dignity of your Protection, and after whom you thought you could not possibly choose any other Protector besides the King himself? What would they imagine, I say, if they beheld me this Day admitted into this celebrated Body, an Object of their Cares, and of their Esteem? And where, by the Laws that they have establish'd, by the Maxims they maintain'd, nobody ought to be receiv'd who was not meritorious without Reproach, ingenious above the common Level, and, in a Word, who did not bear a Resemblance to yourselves? But to whom, again, is it, that you have appointed me a Successor in the Place you have assign'd me? Is it not a Man equally considerable for his great Imployments, and profound Capacity in Affairs; who held one of the first Places in the Council, and who in so many important Occasions has been honour'd with the most inward Confidence of his Prince? To a Magistrate no less wise than penetrating, vigilant, laborious, and with whom the more I examine, the less Proportion do I find in myself?

I Am appriz'd, Gentlemen, and nobody is ignorant of it, that in the Choice you make of Men proper to fill up Vacancies in your learned Assembly; that you have no Regard either to Rank or Dignity: That Politeness, Learning, the Knowledge of the *Belles Letters*, open amongst you the Door to Men of an unblemish'd Character; and that you think, you do not unworthily replace a Minister of the highest Elevation, by substituting a celebrated Poet, a Writer illustrious by his Performances, and who has frequently no other Dignity, but that which his Merit gives him upon *Parnassus*. But what can I offer you even in Quality of a Man of Letters, worthy of the Favour with which you honour me? Is it a weak Collection of Poems, which a happy Temerity, and some Sort of dexterous Imitation of the Antients have render'd valuable, rather than any Beauty of Thought, or Riches of Expression? Is it a Translation, so unequal to those Masterly Performances, which you publish Daily, and in which you make revive so gloriously the *Thucydides*, the *Xenophons*, the *Tacitus's*, and

all thoſe celebrated Heroes of learned Antiquity? No, Gentlemen, you are too well acquainted with the juſt Value of Things to pay ſo exceſſive a Price for ſuch moderate Performances as mine, and to offer me voluntarily upon ſo ſlender a Foundation, an Honour, which the Conſcioufneſs of my little Merit did not allow me by any Means to ſollicit, or look after.

WHAT Reaſon then could prove ſufficient to inſpire you with any Indulgence for me upon this Occaſion? I begin to have ſome glimmering Notion of it; and I dare promiſe my ſelf, that I ſhall not make you Sufferers by the Publication. The Goodneſs, the greateſt Prince of the World diſcover'd in vouchſafing that I ſhould imploy myſelf with one of your moſt illuſtrious Writers, in collecting into one Body the infinite Number of his immortal Actions; this Permiſſion, I ſay, of his, has, in your Opinion, ſupply'd all other deficient Qualities: This it is that has determin'd you without Reſerve in my Favour. Yes, Gentlemen, whatever juſt Reaſon ought to have for ever excluded me from your Academy, you did not think it conſiſtent with your Equity, that a Man, deſtined to treat of ſuch high Matters, ſhould be deprived of the Advantage of your Leſſons, nor inſtructed in any other School but your own: And by this Action, you have made it conſpicuous, That in all Things relating to your Auguſt Protector, whatever Conſideration might in other Reſpects retain you, your Zeal ſuffers you to contemplate only the Intereſt of his Glory.

SUFFER me, however, to undeceive you, if you are perſuaded that this great Prince, by granting me this Favour, did believe that in me he had found a Writer, capable of ſuſtaining in any Degree, by the Beauty of his Stile, and Magnificence of his Words, the Greatneſs of his Exploits; it is to you, Gentlemen, to Pens like yours, that it appertains to make ſuch maſterly and finiſh'd Pieces. He never entertain'd of me a Thought ſo advantageous: But as all that has been done in his Reign, has a great Mixture of Miracle, and Prodigy, he

did not think it amiſs, that amongſt ſo many celebrated Writers, who with Emulation offer themſelves to paint his Actions in all their Splendor, and with all the Ornaments of the moſt ſublime Eloquence; a Man without Diſguiſe, and accuſed rather of too great Sincerity than Flattery, ſhould contribute ſome Proportion of his Labour and Counſels, to place in a true Light, and with all the natural Simplicity of Stile, the Truth of thoſe Atchievements, which carrying ſo little Probability in themſelves, have much more Occaſion for being faithfully recorded, than ſtrongly expreſs'd.

REALLY, Gentlemen, when Orators, and Poets, or even Hiſtorians themſelves, as enterprizing ſometimes as Poets and Orators, ſhall come to diſplay upon ſo happy a Subject, all the bold Strokes of their Art, all the Force of their Expreſſions; when they ſhall ſay of *Lewis the Great*, with better Reaſon than it was ſaid of a famous Captain of Antiquity, That he alone had perform'd more glorious Actions than others had read of; that he had taken more Towns by his Arms, than other Princes had by their very Wiſhes: When they ſhall aſcertain, that there is not a Potentate upon Earth, how ambitious ſoever, that in the ſecret Vows he makes to Heaven, does preſume to aſk ſo long a Train of Proſperity, ſo large a Share of Glory, as Heaven has liberally conferr'd upon this Monarch: When they ſhall aſſert, That his Conduct is the Miſtreſs of Events, that Fortune dares not oppoſe his Deſigns: When they ſhall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching, with Gigantick Steps, over Floods and Mountains; thundering down Ramparts, ſplitting Rocks, levelling all that ſtands in his Way; Theſe Expreſſions will, no Queſtion, appear great, rich, noble, well fitted to the Subject: But whilſt Men admire, they will not conceive themſelves obliged at the ſame Time to believe; and Truth under theſe pompous Ornaments may eaſily be rejected, or be miſtaken.

BUT when ſome Writers, without Artifice, ſhall content themſelves with a faithful Relation of Things, and with all the Simplicity of Witneſſes, who depoſe, rather than even of

Hiſtorians who recite, ſhall handſomly expoſe to View all that has paſſed in *France*, ſince the famous *Pyrenæan* Treaty, all that the King has done to re-eſtabliſh in his Dominions Order, Law, and Diſcipline: When they ſhall number exactly all the Provinces which in ſucceeding Wars he has added to this Kingdom; all the Cities he has conquer'd; all the Advantages he has acquired; all the Victories he has obtain'd over his Enemies; *Spain*, *Holland*, *Germany*, whole *Europe* too feeble againſt him alone: A War ever pregnant with Proſperity; a Peace ſtill more glorious: When, I ſay, Pens ſincere, and more careful of delivering Truths, than raiſing Admiration, ſhall particularize all theſe Facts, diſpos'd in their Order of Event, and attended with their true Circumſtances, who is it that will be able to diſpute them? I do not mean of our Neighbours, our Allies, but of our very Enemies? And ſuppoſe they ſhould: Their Power diminiſh'd, their States confin'd within more narrow Limits, their Complaints, their Jealouſies, their Rage, nay their very Invectives; are not all theſe ſufficient to convince them, and to proclaim the Truth to the whole World? Can they deny that this very Year, in which I ſpeak, this Prince, being deſirous to conſtrain them to accept the Peace he offer'd for the Good of *Chriſtendom*, did in an Inſtant, (and when his Enemies publiſh'd aloud, That he was drain'd both of Money, and Forces) produce, as it were, out of the Bowels of the Earth, in the *Low-Countries*, two Armies of Forty thouſand Men each, and made them ſubſiſt there abundantly, in ſpite of the Scarcity of Forrage, and the Dryneſs of the Seaſon? Can they diſown, that whilſt with one of theſe Armies he order'd *Luxemburg* to be beſieged, he himſelf, with the other, keeping all the Cities of *Haynault* and *Brabant*, as it were block'd up; by this Piece of Conduct ſo marvellous, or rather by a Sort of Enchantment not unlike that of the Head ſo famous in Fable, whoſe Aſpect turn'd Men into Stones, he rendered the *Spaniards* immovable Spectators of the taking of a Place ſo important, and where they had ſtored their laſt Reſource? That by an Effect no leſs admirable of an Inchantment ſo prodigious, that obſtinate Enemy of his Glory, that induſtrious

Artizan

Artizan of Leagues, and Wrangles, which has for ſo long Time labour'd to rouze all *Europe* againſt him, found itſelf in an utter Incapacity, if I may ſo ſpeak of ſtirring, bound Hand and Foot, and reduced to the poor Revenge of ſcattering Libels, and venting a Mixture of Complaints and Railings: Our Enemies, I ſay again, can they deny all theſe Things? Will they not allow that at the ſame Time theſe Wonders were tranſacting in the *Low-Countries*, our Fleet in the *Mediterranean*, after having forced the *Algerines* to ſue for Peace, made *Genoa* feel, by Way of Example, for ever terrible, the juſt Puniſhment of her repeated Inſolence, and Perfidiouſneſs, and buried under the Ruins of her Houſes and Palaces, that proud City much eaſier to be deſtroy'd than humbled? No ſurely, our Enemies will not dare to give the Lye to ſuch palpable Truths, eſpecially when they ſhall ſee them recorded in that ſimple and natural Air, and in that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which, in default of other Things, I do not abſolutely deſpair of being able, in ſome Degree, to furniſh Hiſtory.

But as this very Simplicity, how great an Enemy ſoever to Pride and Oſtentation, has, however, its Art, its Method, its peculiar Graces: Where can I better furniſh myſelf with this Art, and this agreeable Manner, than at the Spring-head of all Delicacy, in this Academy, which for ſo long a Space has kept Poſſeſſion of all the Treaſures, all the Riches of our Language?

This it is then, Gentlemen, which I hope to find amongſt you. This it is that I come to ſtudy, I come to learn. Happy if by my Aſſiduity in forming myſelf upon your Model; by my Addreſs in provoking you to ſpeak upon theſe Matters, I may engage you to conceal no Part of your learned Secrets. Still more happy, if by my Reſpects, and my ſincere Submiſſions, I may perfectly convince you of that extreme Gratitude, which I ſhall entertain as long as I live for the ſurprizing Honour you have done me.

# *The* EFFECTS *of* SELF-LOVE.

VALERIUS PATERCULUS has a curious Remark upon the jealous Concern that Men generally entertain for their own Superiority.

NATURALITER (ſays he) *audita viſis laudamus libentius præſentia invidiâ, præterita veneratione proſequimur; & his non obrui, illis inſtrui credimus.*

We are by Nature more inclined to praiſe ſuch Things as we only here ſpoke of, than ſuch as we ſee before our Eyes: Things preſent excite our Envy; Things paſt attract our Veneration: We are not jealous that the laſt caſt any Umbrage upon us, but we are apt to imagine, that the firſt do, at the ſame Time, both inſtruct and reproach us. For this Reaſon do we ſee ſome Ladies, who having but very ſlender Pretenſions to the Claim of any Sort of Merit themſelves, inſtantly fired and alarmed at the Sight of ſome famed and brilliant Beauty; nay, if they do but hear one of this Character commended in Company, they will be ſo modeſt as not to contradict a publick Applauſe; but they will artfully divert the Diſcourſe to ſome third Perſon exquiſitely handſome, and endeavour, by expoſing her Picture to View, to deface that of their imaginary Rival. But what is ſtill more whimſical, that very

very Perſon, who has ſometime or other been the Subject of their Ridicule, ſhall, at this Juncture, prove the Subject of their moſt laviſh Encomiums. It will be ever a Mark of conſummate Prudence, never to give Way to the Movements of ſuch manifeſt and unreaſonable Jealouſies. As the diſcreet Part of the Sex will forbear all impertinent and exceſſive Encomiums upon others; ſo will their Modeſty render them eaſy under their own Proportion of bright Qualities: They will be content with being reckon'd in the Number of the Stars, and will not out of Spite, and Envy, bring in the Sun at every Turn to darken the whole Company.

It is poſſible there was never a greater Inſtance of this Frailty, than our Queen *Elizabeth*, who, though in other Reſpects ſhe was the moſt glorious, and accompliſh'd Princeſs that ever reigned; yet in this, did ſhe, upon every Occaſion, make her Weakneſs as conſpicuous, as ſhe did upon all others, the fineſt and moſt majeſtick Qualities: It is certain, that Potentates of all Sorts, ſeldom fail of flattering Adorers; yet did ſhe not ſeem ſatisfy'd with ordinary Devotion, but to extort Sacrifices of Hearts, and Incenſe of Praiſe, where they did not come freely. When ſhe put the Queſtion to the *Condè de Feria*, how he liked her Maids, it was only with Deſign to draw a ſolemn Compliment upon herſelf; of which the Miniſter acquitted himſelf in a very gallant and ingenious Manner, with anſwering, *That it was hard to judge of the Splendor of the Stars in the Preſence of the Sun.* The Queen, another Time, being mightily delighted with *Villa Mediana*'s Dexterity at the *Barriers*, condeſcended not only to aſk the Name, but to importune him into a Confeſſion of his Miſtreſs; which he at that Seaſon civilly excuſed, with a Promiſe to reveal her another Time. The next Day he ſent a Pacquet; in which ſhe found a ſmall Looking-glaſs only, but an ample Gratification of her Vanity. As ſhe frequently entertain'd *Mary* Queen of *Scot*'s Secretary in private, and would condeſcend to touch her Virginals before him, ſo would ſhe make uſe of thoſe ſoft Moments to enquire which was the moſt agreeable Perſon, ſhe, or Queen *Mary*? Which Queſtion he artfully

evaded, by ſaying, *That eath was Love's Queen in her own Dominions.*

WHILST that charming Princeſs continu'd remote, and by that Means did not make too near a Compariſon of her Beauty, and excellent Parts, with thoſe of Queen *Elizabeth*, they were both eaſy enough in that Particular; but when the unhappy Situation of Queen *Mary*'s Affairs oblig'd her to take Refuge in *England*, and the other perceiv'd that her Perſon perſuaded more than her Cauſe, and that ſhe had ſubdu'd the Heart of her greateſt Subject; then did ſhe begin to fire with Jealouſy: And if ſhe be not injur'd by the Reports of thoſe Times, ſhe became more exaſperated at her Competition with her for Beauty, than for a Crown, and was with greater Facility induced to give Way to thoſe Stratagems, that were fram'd for her Deſtruction.

Eliza *one*, Mary *the other nam'd*,
*Both equally for different Glories fam'd.*
Eliza *with ſtrong Beauty fill'd the Sight,*
*And too much Awe chaſtiz'd the bold Delight:*
*Like a broad Sea, which to th' enlarged View*
*Gives Pleaſure, but gives Fear, and Rev'rence too.*
Mary's *ſweet Looks, clear, and free Joys did move,*
*And no leſs ſtrong, tho' much more gentle Love:*
Eliza *look'd like ſome exalted Tow'r;*
Mary, *ſome Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r:*
*All Beauties ſtrove in little and in great;*
*But the contracted Brows ſhot fierceſt Heat.*
*From Fair* Eliza's *Eyes quick Lightning came;*
*From* Mary's, *the Sun's mild, yet active Flame.*
Eliza *did, with a majeſtick State,*
*Bear high th' Advantage of her Worth and Fate:*
*Such humble Sweetneſs did ſoft* Mary *ſhow,*
*That none who reach ſo high, e'er ſtoop ſo low.*

*Eliza joy'd in every Lover's Pain,*
*But ſtill was better pleas'd alone to reign:*
*But* Mary, *ſympathiz'd with honeſt Grief,*
*And wiſh'd herſelf and Beauty leſs for its Relief.*

In a more humble Inſtance, it is this ridiculous Paſſion that makes Mrs. *Friſkit*, at Forty, trot ſo aſſiduouſly about Town in Queſt of ſome antiquated Dame to attend her to the Play or Opera: How happy is ſhe to find Lady *WRINKLE* at Home? How warm in her Expreſſions of Friendſhip and Kindneſs? How artful in making her ridiculous by ſubmitting to dreſs her, which ſhe does in all the moſt youthful Colours, purpoſely to divert the Spectators with an unnatural Scene of Winter and Summer? How well pleas'd, in the mean time, is my Lady to ſee, by a Glance in the Glaſs, her Paint out-ſhine Mrs. *Friſkit's* Complexion, ſhe tow'rs and plumes herſelf upon the Advantage of her Height, and ſo both ſpeed away fully ſatisfy'd of having a Foil in each other?

In the ſame Manner, and for the ſame Reaſon, does Mr. *Old Face*, a Gentleman in moſt Reſpects well accompliſh'd, make uſe of as much Pomatum, and Powder for Hair and Teeth, as moſt *Ladies*; nor does any of the Fair Sex tread the Ground upon the *Tip-toe* prettier than he; nay, his Vanity is ſo predominant, that, with the Aſpect of a *Miniſter*, he cannot help ſetting up for a *Cupid*; and though a great *Œconomiſt*, he keeps a Chariot for no other Reaſon but that of recommending himſelf by expoſing *Ugly People*. He is conſtant to his Times of viſiting the Chocolate-houſe, where he is ſure to meet with one of his *Socios*: His moſt prevalent Paſſion is for *long Jaws* ending in a *ſharp Chin*, that advance ſomething beyond the Upper; every Gentleman with this ſingle Qualification ſeems to have a Title to his Favour and Intimacy: and for this Reaſon, a new Perſon has this Summer been allow'd to aſſiſt in the ordinary Proceſſion to

*Hide-Park.* Upon the firſt Meeting, theſe Gentlemen ſmile at each other, by which they ſeem to imply a Knowledge of each others Meaning, though it is moſt certain they do not; for were they appriz'd of the true Motive of this mutual Complaiſance, their Enmity would prove much more ſincere than their Friendſhip. The Glaſs with which all have the Aſſurance to entertain themſelves in publick, does not caſt the Reflexion of each others Imagination, and ſo they depart in Joy and Peace.

*Both wondrous pleas'd with their own Mien, and Shape,*
*Proceed in Triumph to expoſe the Ape:*
*The Lady's Smiles each does with Joy embrace,*
*As Tributes due to a diſtinguiſh'd Face.*

## *SELF-LOVE.*

SELF-LOVE, is the Love of ones ſelf, and of all other Things for our own Sakes; it renders Mankind Self-Idolaters, and Tyrants over the reſt of Mankind, if Fortune puts the Power into our Hands: Abroad it is ever in Action, and never reſts upon foreign Subjects; but, like Bees upon Flowers, in order to extract what is moſt commodious for it ſelf. Nothing is ſo impetuous as its Deſires, nothing ſo concealed as its Deſigns, nothing ſo dexterous as its Conduct; its Fawnings are inexpreſſible; its Transformations more ſtrange and numerous than thoſe in the Metamorphoſis, and its Refinements than Chymiſtry: The dark Abyſs of its Counſels are not to be penetrated, nor its Depth to be fathomed; there it lies out of the Reach of the moſt piercing Sight, and makes a thouſand Traverſes backward and forward. There

does this Paſſion lurk frequently inviſible to itſelf; there ſhe conceals herſelf, and there, without being conſcious of the Matter, does ſhe breed up a vaſt Number of Affections, and Averſions: She forms ſome ſo monſtrous, that when they come to light, ſhe does not know them, or can ſhe find in her Heart to own them. Out of this Darkneſs are produced the ridiculous Perſuaſions ſhe entertains about herſelf: Hence ariſe her Errors, Ignorances, Abſurdities, with regard to others: Hence it comes that ſhe thinks her Sentiments dead, whilſt they are only laid aſleep; but this Obſcurity which conceals her from herſelf, does not hinder her from ſeeing perfectly all without her, in which ſhe bears ſome Reſemblance to our Eyes. She purſues, with infinite Fatigue and Labour, thoſe things that are no ways advantageous to her, and which really are detrimental; but ſhe is poſitive, and never deſiſts; ſhe is even whimſical, and exerts herſelf moſt in trifling and frivolous Matters, and finds her greateſt Pleaſure in the moſt inſipid: She is in all States, and all Conditions of Life, ſhe lives every where, upon every thing, and upon nothing: She ingages in their Intereſt and Deſigns who are at War with her, and what is wonderful, ſhe hates herſelf for Company; ſhe plots and labours in her own Deſtruction: In ſhort, ſhe is ambitious only of a *Being*; and provided ſhe may *exiſt*, ſhe is very well ſatisfy'd to be her own *Enemy*. It is not then to be wonder'd at, if ſhe aſſociates herſelf ſometimes to the ſevereſt Auſterity; and if ſhe boldly goes into ſuch Company, in order to deſtroy herſelf, becauſe at the ſame Time that ſhe ruins herſelf in one Place, ſhe re-eſtabliſhes herſelf in another. When you think ſhe quits her Pleaſure, ſhe does only ſuſpend, or change it; and when even ſhe is overcome, and we fancy that we have got rid of her, we find her anon triumphing in her own Defeat. Here you have ſeen the Picture of Self-Love. The Sea is a ſenſible Image of this Paſſion, and in the Flux and Reflux of its Waves may be ſeen a faithful Expreſſion of the tumultuous Revolution of her Thoughts and Motions. Self-Love is the moſt artful, and the moſt powerful of all Flatterers, *Primum Vivens & ultimum moriens*. The firſt Born and the laſt dying Paſſion.

NOTHING can ſo well inform us of other Peoples irregular Appetites, as a juſt Reflection upon our own. If we pleaſe to look into our own Hearts, we ſhall there find the Seeds of all thoſe vicious Sentiments which we caſt in other Peoples Teeth. Although theſe may not ſpring into Action, we may ſtill by Attention apprehend their Life and Motion. There is no Sort of Malice that Self-Love does not offer to the Wit for its Uſe upon proper Occaſions, and few there are who have ſufficient Virtue to reſiſt the Temptation.

SELF-LOVE is deceiv'd even by Self-Love itſelf, by making appear, in Points of its own Intereſt, ſo great an Indifferency for that of other Peoples, as to forfeit that Advantage which commonly is found in the Commerce of Retribution.

THE Paſſion we entertain for our dear ſelves, is generally the ſole Rule of all our Friendſhips: She makes us diſpenſe with all Duties when any Opportunity of Intereſt offers itſelf; nay, ſhe is able to deface all Sentiments of Enmity or Revenge, when the Objects become once capable of being ſubſervient to our own Fortune or Glory. Self-Love conſtitutes all moral Virtues and Vices, as it is well or ill underſtood.

PRUDENCE, which conducts all humane Affairs, is nothing more than a circumſpect and well inform'd Self-Love; its Oppoſite is Inconſiderateneſs and Blindneſs.

THIS Paſſion makes us eſteem the Poſſeſſions and Pleaſures of Life, a Property of our own and all Misfortunes, as ſo many injurious Acts of Nature: Hence proceed all thoſe Complaints we hear againſt humane Life.

SELF-LOVE is able to outwit the moſt dexterous Man upon Earth.

THE great Zeal, or Indifference that reſpective Philoſophers manifeſted for Life, was only a Taſte of their Self-Love; which

which was no more to be diſputed with them than the Taſte of their Palate, or Choice of Colours.

NOTHING ſhould ſo much mortify that Complacency we take in ourſelves, as ſeeing with what Contempt we reject at one Time thoſe very Things which with Fondneſs we embrace at another: Nay, we are ſometimes as little ſatisfy'd with ourſelves as with other People.

IT is rather from a Principle of Eſteem for our own Sentiments that we extol other Peoples good Qualities, than from any Perſuaſion or Love of their Merit, or Excellence in any Kind. It is for this Reaſon, at an Opera, you will hear ſome Gentlemen clap a fam'd Song louder than any of the Company, and talk as Magiſterially out of the Houſe, of fine Compoſitions, and this and that Performer, as if they were as good Judges as Mr. *Hyems*, who have not all the while an Ear good enough to diſtinguiſh betwixt the moſt ſolemn *Sonata* and *Roger de Coverley*.

## *SATYR, BUFFOONRY.*

AS Men that walk in a populous City, muſt expect a great many Juſtles and Inconveniencies as they go along, ſo they who mix with much Company, muſt be provided againſt a thouſand Impertinences, Abſurdites, and unguarded Reflections. The Reputation of Wit is ſometimes very accidental, and acquired by Sayings and Repartees ſtruck out in a Heat: But when any Perſon is ſo caſually dignify'd, he is ſure to give the moſt extravagant Looſe to his Tongue, and to make the moſt deſerving, the Subjects of his little Sting, and

buzzing Satyr: He does not conſider that this Sort of Wit is a diſtracted Judgment, and that in ſetting up for a Judge, he plays the Fool egregiouſly; that by affecting an unnatural Superiority, he ſhews the Ape more than the Man; he takes Notice of ſome ſimmering Pleaſure in the Faces of the Company, and that ſerves at once for his Encouragement and Reward: As this Species of Jeſters is like Flies, more troubleſome than miſchievous, ſo will a wiſe Man paſs by their little Hoſtilities, like ſo many Chance-medleys.

WHAT is moſt to be dreaded, are thoſe Arrows that fly in the Dark, ſhot out of the Bow of Malice, or thoſe that, in common Converſation, are pointed with Satyrical Wit; theſe are able to pierce the Armour of the greateſt Innocence, and although they cannot kill, yet do they leave ſuch Scars as can never be intirely defac'd: Though what is generally call'd ingenious Repartees, are no more than the By-blows of a roving Fancy, yet are they embrac'd by the Audience as the lawful Iſſue of great Penetration, and wiſe Reflections, they make a deep Impreſſion upon the Imagination, nay, frequently ſurvive both the Speaker and the Hearer.

*As Strings alike wound up, ſo equal prove,*
*That one reſounding, makes the other move:*
*For a like Cauſe do Satyrs pleaſe ſo much,*
*We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd Touch;*
*And as the ſharp Infection ſpreads about,*
*The Hearers Malice helps the Speakers out.* D. Buck.

SOME Jeſters there are who have been ſo fortunate as to ingratiate themſelves with Perſons of the firſt Rank, and good Senſe too, by a Liberty of Speech, and frank Animadverſions upon any Infirmity that occurs to their Obſervation; but theſe, for the moſt part, are a Sort of People of mean Extraction, who having ſome Sort of Humour and Reputation of Wit above what could reaſonably be expected from them, have

have, by Habit, acquired a Privilege of playing the Buffoon, as they fall without Diſtinction upon everybody, ſo is their Pardon ſuppoſed to be given before the Offence is committed: It is preſumed, that they act within the Verge of their own Sphere; that they are commiſſion'd Jeſters to the Publick, and that they gratify every Man with a particular Revenge, by giving him an Opportunity of laughing at his Fellow in his Turn. I know ſome of theſe who have procured a great Intimacy with the Nobility, and great Advantages by ſuch a Procedure; but I think it a Practice no Gentleman ſhould ſtoop to; not only becauſe of the near Alliance there is betwixt ſuch and *Merry Andrews*, or *Jack Puddings*, but the Danger of either being call'd to Account for unwarrantable Indiſcretions, or of being chaſtiz'd for an unſeaſonable Inſolence; for there are a Thouſand who will halloo a ſaucy Puppy, that will not protect him for a Kick or a Cudgle.

WHAT Mr. *Southwell* ſays upon another Occaſion with little Variation may be ſaid of theſe.

*Such merry Fools are Knaves, and live by Tricks,*
*Wiſe Men may thrive without them, and be honeſt.*

Or, as Mr. *Farquair* obſerves.

*Such a Fool's a Favourite Plant of Nature,*
*A Weed that has to Twenty Summers ran,*
*Shoots up to Stalk, and vegetates to Man.*

How ridiculous a Figure Men of this Profeſſion make under an unexpected Correction, I leave thoſe to judge who have ſeen ſuch a Scene: The beſt they can expect is, to be protected by the Plea of a mock Title, as that my Lord Marquiſs, or the Count meant, no Harm I dare ſwear, he deſign'd no more than to make us merry, which the Buffoon confirms with a by God, no more I did; and ſo the Tragi-Comedy ends in a Shrug of the Shoulders, and a ſour quear Grimace for that Time.

WHAT

WHAT Mr. *Lee* ſays of the Mob, may be pronounced of theſe Inſects.

*Baſe mongril Souls! fleſh 'em but once with Fortune,*
*And they will worry all Deſert to Death:*
*But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,*
*They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails*
*Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.*

Liſidor *n'ouvre preſque jamais la bouche qu' aux de'pens d'autruy; parce qu'il mange toujours chez les autres, & médit de tout le Monde.*

*Liſidor* ſcarce ever opens his Mouth but at another's Expence; becauſe he eats ever at other Peoples Tables, and ſpeaks ill of all the World.

*Such Wits are treated like poor common Whores,*
*Cheriſh'd at firſt, but ſoon turn'd out of Doors:*
*They'r to themſelves, and others, dang'rous Tools,*
*But moſt pernic'ous to their friendly Fools.*

# *The Advantages of a fine Perſon, adorn'd with good Breeding; after the Manner of* Montagne.

CONVERSATION ſeems not only ordain'd to be the Cement of Society, but the greateſt Conſolation to reaſonable Creatures; and yet has Company grown ſo dangerous, and diſcourſe ſo deprav'd, that it's become the Spring of many Misfortunes; and what contributed once to the civilizing of Mankind, and cultivating of their Minds, has turn'd it at laſt into a Wilderneſs of Wild Beaſts, where all purſue a lawleſs Appetite of tearing and devouring one another. The Reaſon of this ſeems to be, that every individual is too highly prejudic'd in his own Favour, and thinks, that whilſt he himſelf is under the Influence of an unerring Judgment; others are bore down by a Torrent of natural Infirmities, and perverſe Inclinations, forgetting all the while, that what may appear to him at firſt Sight very ridiculous, may be owing to ſome Reaſons, as ſolid, and convincing, as they are conceal'd.

BUT let Mens Words and Actions appear never ſo ridiculous, and the Opinion they entertain about them never ſo unjuſt,

juſt and miſtaken, yet, ſince theſe contribute generally as much to the Quiet and Eaſe of their Lives, as does the Ignorance of their appointed Time for dying: It is the Part of good Nature to leave them in Poſſeſſion of ſo ſweet and innocent a Deluſion. The Truth of the Matter is, that thoſe Things which frequently become the Objects of the ſmarteſt Cenſures, have little or no Relation either to Morality, or Religion; and for that, as well as other Reaſons, a well bred Perſon will not only ſuppreſs all ſupercilious Criticiſms, but will appear rather by his complaiſant Manner to approve them. What my Lord *Bacon* aſſerts to be a neceſſary Qualification at Court, will, upon due Reflection, be found ſo in all Societies; and he who is *un poco di Matto*, a little of the Fool, or ſeems a Fool for Company, will render himſelf much more precious and agreeable than he who by frank Animadverſions affects a Superiority.

*WHATSOEVER* (ſays an ingenious *French* Gentleman) *appears round us, ſeems to affect us with Obſcurity; that which mounts over our Heads, to oppreſs us: Superlative Merit, when at a great Diſtance, does not diſcover our Littleneſs, but near Hand, it does both meaſure and expoſe it.* Since Men therefore entertain ſo jealous a Concern for their own ſuperior Merit, it will become him, who ſurpaſſes others, either in natural, or acquir'd Abilities, never to appear in Company with all his Luſtre, to dazzle their Eyes, or confound their Underſtanding: He ſeems obliged to ſome Terms of Condeſcenſion, by the Prerogative of an aſcendant Genius, becauſe he can, with Facility, deſcend to their Apprehenſions, who cannot mount up to his; and it will be found ever true, that although no Man cares to confeſs an inferior Underſtanding, yet has he a ſecret Feeling, and Admonition of a Difference, and will never forgive that Perſon who any ways endeavours to expoſe his Ignorance, or his Foible, by the Light of his own Sufficiency: He may, for the preſent, cover his Reſentment, but the Flame will at laſt burſt out, and fire the whole Community of weak People with equal Indignation. As this is a numerous Society, ſo, like Factions in a State, they are more united among themſelves; can out-vote the wiſeſt Heads, declare

clare them uſeleſs, and ſubvert their Dominion: A loud Laugh, at the next Meeting, is ſufficient to baffle the ſtrongeſt Arguments, and to put a Fool's Face upon the beſt Conceptions.

In ſhort, Obſequiouſneſs, or Subordination, is ever neceſſary; and it is as ridiculous, by the Force of great Learning, affected Language, inceſſant Vollies of Wit, or an arrogant Air, to gain the Affections of any mixed Society, as it would be to catch a Herd of Deer by the Beat of Drum; they will ſtare, and gaze, with a Mixture of Surprize and Fear, and then leave you to your own Muſick and good Company.

The Oracles of *Apollo* never deſerv'd that Title better than when they gratify'd all their Enquirers. The ſubtle Managers of that Myſtery, were all acquainted with the prevalent Paſſions of thoſe who came for Information, and left always Room for Vanity, Superſtition, and Ignorance, to pleaſe themſelves. They did not fail to pronounce Succeſs to thoſe Conquerors who could throw down their Temples, nor to proclaim them the wiſeſt Philoſophers, who had it in their Power to diſcover the Cheat.

As there is nothing more diſtaſteful than vulgar Flatterers, who proſtitute their Favours to all Perſons without Diſtinction, ſo nothing prevails more upon the Affections, than an artful and maſterly ſoothing of that good Quality which is the moſt predominant in thoſe we converſe with; although the beſt tempered Flattery be a Sort of falſe Coin, yet there are very few upon whom it will not paſs: Thoſe generally who fancy themſelves above all Impoſitions of this Nature, renounce only the Manner, or the Perſon that offers it; if it carries the Impreſſion of ſome excelling Genius, Self-Love will open its Arms and receive it. Mr. *St. Servien*, a very extraordinary Perſon, and who was very delicate in the Point of receiving Encomiums, ſays, ſomewhere, to a Friend, *Were I of their Humour who love to extort Praiſe, I ſhould find abundant Matter of Satisfaction in the fine Words you are pleas'd to confer*

*upon me; but, indeed, I take greater Pleaſure in deſerving ſuch without Payment, than in ſeeing them beſtow'd upon me, when I know I do not deſerve them.* By this Sort of Moderation, he ſeems to take with one Hand what he rejects with the other, and his Friend anſwers him ingeniouſly in this Manner; *Sir, as you are not vain enough to delight in Praiſes that do not in Juſtice appertain to you, ſo neither can I ſuppoſe you to have the Weakneſs of Children, who bluſh when they are in the leaſt commended. I am perſuaded you could not forbear laughing at that Woman who ſhould refuſe ſitting for her Picture, becauſe too beautiful; or at a great Prince, who ſhould not ſuffer his Hiſtory to be writ, becauſe his Life would appear too rich in glorious Atchievements: I am really concern'd at the Diſlike you diſcover to juſt Attributes of Praiſe; and that the Habit will not reconcile you to their Uſe, becauſe I foreſee, that if you do not allow of ſome Change in this Particular, you muſt unavoidably experience great Mortification. As for my part, I do not know which Way to eſcape your Diſpleaſure: Love is in its own Nature a great Praiſer; and the Biſhop of* Liſieux *once told me, That God himſelf approv'd of being praiſed (in the Way he commands) only becauſe he deſired our Affections, and that this was the beſt Mark of our Sincerity.* Let a Man be arm'd with never ſo great Modeſty, it is almoſt impoſſible not to entertain ſome extraordinary Complacency towards a Perſon who ſtrokes and cajoles him in ſo refined a Manner; and indeed, when we are convinced, that the Incenſe of Praiſe is paid only to Virtue, and that the Perſon that offers it is one of her ſincere Adorers, there does not ſeem to be any great Neceſſity for refuſing it. Were Converſation to be manag'd and carry'd on at all Times, with Men of ſtrict Honour, and Virtue only, there would be no Neceſſity for Art, Conſtraint, or Diſſimulation, nor a great many other Qualifications that enter at this time of Day into the Compoſition of a fine Gentleman. But ſince Agreeableneſs conſiſts in a great many ſuperficial Things, it ſeems indiſpenſably neceſſary to be acquainted with them, and to know which Way to put them in practice. It is certain, that a fine and beautiful Figure, or a Mind furniſh'd with Learning, are not ſufficient of themſelves to procure any other Regard, than a

tranſitory Glance of the Eye, or a negligent Attendance of the Ear: A delicate and courtly Behaviour, a graceful Air and Motion muſt adorn the firſt, as good Humour and Diſcretion the latter, to fix the Attention, and gain the Inclinations and Applauſe of the World. We ſee that the beſt Painters endeavour to make their Figures bold and ſinewy; but, at the ſame Time, give them a certain ſupple Diſpoſition: In the ſame Manner does the Mien and Deportment of a well bred Gentleman, diſcover not only a certain Greatneſs, and Superiority, but an affable Dipoſition and Condeſcenſion. Some are ſo happily prepar'd by Nature, that the leaſt Commerce with the polite Part of the World inſpires them with a true Notion of Decorum, and renders the Practice very eaſy; but it muſt be an habitual Exerciſe of Dancing, Fencing, and Riding, as well as uſeful Admonitions, Obſervations, and Frequency of good Company that muſt looſen a Sort of native Stiffneſs in the Body, and Obſtinacy in the Minds of others; and ſometimes Nature is too perverſe, and ill Habits too ſtrong to be relax'd ever into a genteel Pliancy.

GOOD *Breeding*, and what the *French* call better, in my Opinion, *la bien Seance*, takes in a great many Qualities, each of which deſerves very well ſome Notice; but thoſe who are ſo happy as to have a *refin'd Taſte*, will collect more from Obſervation than it's poſſible, by writing, to repreſent to the Imagination; and will, with Pleaſure, diſtinguiſh thoſe who, like themſelves, have an irreſiſtible Manner of inſinuating themſelves into the *good Graces* of all who approach, or have any familiar Commerce with them. I believe, moſt will agree with me, that *Eugenius* ſitting ſtill, and ſpeaking nothing but with his Looks, is infinitely more ingaging than the handſome *Lord Formoſo* coming into a Room toſſing his Head, and with languiſhing Regards, and an imaginary fine Addreſs, courting the Devotion of all about him: The firſt, in a modeſt Mien and Attention, diſcovers infinitely more good Senſe than the other with all his fantaſtick Airs and ſuperficial Diſcourſe. The Reaſon of this, I ſuppoſe, is, That as the *Soul* has its *Beauties*, as well as the *Body*, ſo has ſhe Power of diſplaying herſelf in

the Eye, and every Muſcle of the Face; as on the contrary, when ſhe's deform'd with an *ill Judgment*, ill Taſte, or Affectation, ſhe cannot help expoſing herſelf in every Motion and Action of Life.

WHATSOEVER is apt to produce *Love* and *Eſteem*, muſt of Neceſſity contribute to a good and *ingaging Air*, as the contrary will produce its natural Effects. For this Reaſon, will all fine Qualities appear more to Advantage in a beautiful Peſon, than in another that is plain and homely: But on the other Side, when we are convinc'd of the intrinſick Value, and Virtue of any leſs happy in their Figures, we become ſoon Converts, are reconciled to their Merit, and begin to fancy them agreeable. Theſe ſeem to reſemble ſome Sorts of delicious Fruits, which although they do not allure the Eye by beautiful Colours, yet they become ſoon amiable for the Sake of their Fragrancy and fine Flavour.

As *Virtue* is an *interior Beauty*, ſo is *Beauty* an *exterior Virtue*; yet we ſee, that it may, in great Meaſure, be either deform'd, or loſe a great Part of its Brillaincy, by Affectation, and an ill Taſte: But this does not appear only in the Manners, but in Dreſs; and, it too frequently happens, that when the Inſide is the leaſt diſorder'd, or diſtracted, the Outſide is obliged to wear its Livery. Hence comes it, that you ſee *Lord Freak* generally equipp'd with a Rat-tail'd twiſted Wig, a Coat of an odd Cut, and whimſically adorn'd, his Breeches ſtrapp'd under the Knee, a heavy Cane in his Hand, a ſevere Aſpect, and altogether portending ſomewhat of Defiance, and ill Nature to Mankind.

ANOTHER Species of *ill Judges* may be daily ſeen, who come dancing into publick Places with their Wigs truſs'd in a Bag as high upon their Heads as the Ladies Cockernannys; they are lapped ever in ſhort Doublets, wear, like *Spaniards*, rather Thigh-caſes than Breeches, and ſeem equally ready and diſpoſed to fence, or fly through a Hoop. In this Furniture will they advance with the ſame Aſſurance into a *Drawing*, as a

*Coffee-*

*Coffee-Room*, and accoſt the *Ladies* with as great Intimacy, and familiar Nonſenſe, as if they never had, or could refuſe them anything. Theſe paſs under the Title and Denomination of *Smart Gentlemen*, becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, they give ſome Sort of Pain to their Obſervers. As theſe may be preſum'd to be ſome *young Officers*, who have really been concern'd in no great Actions either of *Love* or *War*; ſo do they affect to be great *Heroes* in both; and would the *Ladies*, like their *Souldiers*, obey a loud Word, and paſs without more ado, like them, thro' their Exerciſe, they might, no Queſtion, be deem'd very ſignificant Perſons.

The Counter-part of theſe are ſuch, as having the Advantage of a *good Perſon* only, being meanly born, and notably, in other Reſpects undeſerving, attract, however, every body's Regard by *Embroidery*, and *Brocade*: They habit themſelves as glorioufly as ſo many *Alexanders*, and fancy themſelves *Epheſtions* at leaſt. But how ſhort lived is this *Pleaſure!* A *Meteor* of this Sort is no ſooner known than deſpiſed, and the Brightneſs ſerves only to illuſtrate the Inſignificancy of the Object. Rich Ornaments ſit very ſeldom well but upon Perſons of the firſt *Rank*, or great Command, who may well undergo any the moſt curious Enquiries, and who have *Fortunes* proportion'd to the Expence; nay, even theſe would treſpaſs againſt the Rules of *Decorum*, were their Perſons not fitted for theſe ſhining Imbelliſhments: And it diſcovers infinitely more a fine Taſte of Agreeableneſs, to abate ſomething of a juſt Prerogative, than to exert it to the utmoſt we can pretend to. It is reported of our great, handſome, and genteel *Duke* of *Buckingham*, whoſe Perſon was the Wonder of his Age; that altho' ſometimes in Quality of *Ambaſſador*, he would dreſs with the utmoſt Splendor and Magnificence; yet, upon ſome publick Occaſions, when there ſeem'd to be ſome Emulation who ſhould make the fineſt Appearance; he would chuſe to dreſs in *Black Velvet*, imbelliſh'd with *Point*, or *Jewels* handſomely diſpoſed, and with that Plainneſs and Propriety, he ſurpaſs'd infinitely the richeſt Silks, and whimſical Mixture of Colours, in which the *French* ſeem ſo much to delight.

THE Advantages of a handſome Perſon when well inform'd, are no Queſtion very great; and he that is ſo qualify'd has little more to do, than to purſue the Advice of *Iuan de Vega Ponerſe de buen Aire a la Puerta de la Fortuna.* Place himſelf with a good Air at the Door of Fortune. No Perſon was ever a greater Inſtance, of the Succeſs that attends the united Power of Beauty and Addreſs, than the great Man, we juſt now mention'd.

ONE of Conſtantine's Panegyriſts, in Order to ſet off the fine Mien and Majeſtick Beauty of that Emperour, ſays, *That the moſt Learned are of Opinion, that Nature prepares for Heroick Souls, Bodies ſuited and fitted to their Dignity, and by the Aſpect and noble Preſence of any Perſon, we may form a Judgment of that divine Spirit that animates the whole. This will not agree with what another* obſerves *Ingenium Galbæ malè habitat:* But no Body will Queſtion, I believe, that the Artful ſetting of a *Diamond*, adds infinitely to its *Luſtre*, if not to its Value.

SOME Families are naturally ſo Handſome, and have ſo peculiar an Air of Greatneſs, that they command Admiration and Affection at the firſt Sight: Such was that of *Lorrain*; inſomuch that the *Marſhalleſs de Rais* uſed to ſay, *Ils avoient ſi bonne Mine ces Princes Lorrains, qu' aupres d'eux les autres Princes paroiſſoient Bourgeois.* Theſe Princes of *Lorrain*, have ſo fine a Preſence, that other Princes in their Company look like ſo many *Aldermen.* Such too, was the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, whoſe Perſon all the *French* idoliz'd. No Heart was Proof againſt his Face, he perſuaded before he open'd his Mouth; and it was impoſſible in his Preſence to be his Enemy: Inſomuch that a Courtier of thoſe Times, ſaid that *the Hugonots themſelves were in the League when they beheld the Duke of Guiſe.* And let no Man imagine, that theſe exterior Accompliſhments ſo qualify'd, exert their Influence upon inconſiderate, weak, and young People only. On the contrary, they make an univerſal and eaſy Conqueſt upon all Hearts and Minds, that are not fortify'd by Malice, Envy, or ill Nature: And make

their

their Way, as well into the Favour and Cabinets of wiſe Princes, as thoſe of diſcreet Ladies.

*BAPTISTA Nani* in his Character of Cardinal *Mazarin*, ſeems to attribute this Miniſter's Riſe, as well to the Atractives, and Luſtre of his Perſon, as his eminent Parts and Abilities. *Multo la Natura, non poco l'Arte, tutto li contribui la Fortuna: che ſuppli con la dignità a cio che manco ne natali. Egli haveva bella è grata preſenza, faccia licta & amabile; occhi vivaci, gratia è decoro ugualmente ſe parlava, O taceva: piu che fino è capace in ſimular l'intentioni, è diſſimulare li affetti la Fortuna lo ſoſtenne ad ogni paſſo; e ſe pur alcuna volta le poſe altimor, & al pericolo; non fu che per animarlo, e per trarnerlo con maggiore triunfo. Hiſt. Ven.* Nature had been very bountiful to him; Art did not a little aſſiſt him, but Fortune contributed all in her Power, to ſupply all Defects of Extraction with thoſe Honours to which ſhe had rais'd him. He had a handſome and agreeable Figure, a Face cheerful and amiable, Eyes quick and lively, his Dexterity in diſſembling his Inclinations, and diſguiſing his Intentions, was ſuperior to moſt Peoples. Fortune ſupported him in all Occaſions; and if ſometimes ſhe expoſed him to Fear, and Danger, it was only with the Deſign of fortifying his Courage, and bringing him off with *Glory:* But there is a *noble Gracefulneſs*, and *Agreeableneſs* of Perſon, diſtinct from regular *Beauty*, that has the ſame Effect; and which is not only a mighty Ornament to any Court at Home, but gives Credit and Reputation to its own Country in that of Foreign Nations, and contributes frequently more to the Diſpatch of weighty Affairs than the moſt *Pedagogue Figures*, *Scholaſtick Heads*, and *Politick Grimaces*. Some Miniſters affect ſo formal and magiſterial a Manner of explaining themſelves, that inſtead of perſuading, they ſeem to provoke, and challenge a Contradiction; whilſt others, by a complaiſant Manner, and ſeeming Reſignation of themſelves, as well as Arguments to the Pleaſure of any *Potentate*, do firſt gain his Affections, and afterwards their own Pretenſions: And it has been very often verify'd by Experience, that *Princes* have reſign'd to the *Man*, what they have deny'd to his *Reaſons*. Our

Hiſtory

Hiſtory abounds with Perſons of this Character: I wiſh I could ſay that our preſent Age did ſo too. Our greateſt Conſolation is, that there appears a Generation of young Gentlemen in Town, who give the greateſt Hopes of a reviving *Engliſh* Genius. Amongſt theſe too, ſome few ſeem to outſhine the reſt, and ſtand confeſs'd for that Royalty to which they are related. To me they ſeem to have in their Perſons a happy Mixture of a *Mars*, and an *Adonis*, and to have ſo fine a Taſte of every thing that is agreeable, that all may be both proud, and pleas'd to form themſelves upon their Models: It would be injurious, as well as ſuperfluous, to paint them in a more particular Manner. I ſhall only add, That as it is impoſſible, but that every body, who caſts an Eye upon ſuch hopeful *Youths*, muſt cheriſh a kind Concern for their Proſperity; ſo muſt they the ſincereſt Wiſhes, that they may not ſuffer themſelves to be tarniſh'd, much leſs infected with the *poiſonous Principles* of the Times, nor ſuffer all their rare *Qualities* to be bore down the Stream, and ſwallow'd in the *Gulph* of *Atheiſm* and *Irreligion*.

*AGREE-*

# AGREEABLE LADIES.

SOME of the Fair Sex are ſo tranſcendently and exquiſitely Handſome, that we cannot refuſe them our Hearts, though never ſo ſcornful and diſobliging: And on the other Hand, ſome have ſo pretty and obliging a Manner, that they captivate without the Help of regular Beauty: And I believe it will be found by Experience, that theſe obtain a more laſting and abſolute Dominion. The firſt make Conqueſt like *Heroines* born; they ſeem, ſo many *She Alexanders*, who think the World deſtined to Obey, and they to Reign: They are determin'd, that nothing ſhall ſtand in their Way; they carry on their Conqueſts with Rapidity, and exerciſe their Power with Tyranny: By this Means do they ſowe the Seeds of Rebellion in the Hearts of their Subjects, who take the firſt Opportunity to renounce all Allegiance, and to ſhake off all Arbitrary Power: The latter proceed like *Romans*, with Patience, Art, and Diſcipline; do govern well their Subjects, and treat them with ſo great Complaiſance and Humanity, that they grow enamour'd with a gentle Captivity.

THE *Graces* have at all Times been repreſented by the *Ancients* very delicate; to make us underſtand, that what pleaſes, conſiſts in Variety, as well as Things in their own Na-

ture imperceptible: A Wink of the Eye, a Smile in ſome Faces, will do greater Execution than an Aſſembly of the moſt regular Features in others. Moſt People feel in their Hearts the ſecret Influence of *Agreeableneſs*; but ſhe is a *Lady* of ſo many *Airs*, that I never found anybody Maſter great enough to draw her Picture: She diſcovers in every Turn of her Head ſome new Charm, that ſtrikes the Fancy, but eſcapes the Pencil; and they who pretend to define her, do, for the moſt part, give a Sketch only of their own Inſufficiency. One ſays, ſhe is a Symmetry, with whoſe Rules we are not acquainted; a ſecret Relation of the Features together, and of the Features with the Air and Complexion of the Perſon; that is to ſay, ſhe is a *Je ne ſay quoy*. It is certain, that the Face is the chief Reſidence of the *Graces*, becauſe the ſweet Diſpoſition of the Mind diſplays itſelf more there than ſhe can in any the genteeleſt Movements of the Body; yet muſt it be allow'd, on the other Hand, that an awkward Manner is ſufficient to ſpoil the prettieſt Aſpect, and to render it ridiculous: How many *Ladies* may be obſerv'd at a Ball, who ſitting, do both invite, and fix a curious Eye with an agreeable and ſmiling Countenance; but no ſooner begin to move, than they hobble themſelves into Diſgrace. It ſeems then, that a *good Air* and *Breeding* go ever into the Compoſition of *Agreeableneſs*; and that without thoſe, this muſt be lame, and imperfect.

As it will be very difficult to attain ſo high a *Prerogative* as that of pleaſing every Taſte; ſo the great Secret ſeems to lie in managing ſo well either a natural, or acquired Excellency, as to procure a general Eſteem and Affection. She who poſſeſſeth a Competent Share of Beauty, and an engaging Manner, need not inſiſt upon the juſt Claim ſhe has to Wit and Senſe. If moſt People are pleaſed to hear her talk, and pays her the greateſt Attention, it will not ſignify much, whether it be owing to the Muſick of her Voice, the Pleaſure of gazing upon her, or the pretty Things ſhe ſays, that they admire her; provided, at the ſame Time, they do not think her guilty of *Inchantment*, or *Magick*.

THE greateſt Misfortune that attends *Ladies*, who are by Nature ſome way or other happily diſtinguiſh'd, is, that of ſeeming too conſcious of any Perfection, of bringing it too frequently in Play, and of exerting it to an extream Degree.

LADY *Stella* is one of this Number, who, with an indifferent Sett of Features, and Olive Complexion, is famous, however, for having large and brilliant Eyes; ſo ſenſible is ſhe of their Light, and Heat, that ſhe will ſuffer nobody within reach of her, to be inſenſible of their Influence. She will, indeed, purpoſely overlook ſome who ſeem too apt to take Fire, and prides herſelf in ſubduing others more cold and indifferent: No ſooner does ſhe obſerve one of this Temperament, than ſhe ſhines out with all her Glory. Firſt, ſhe alarms, and ſcorches; and afterwards, with more contracted Rays, and aſſiduous Languiſhments, will ſhe endeavour to melt his very Heart in his Breaſt. The grave *Lyſidor* paſſed the other Day this fiery Trial; and conceiving, poor Man, that ſhe could not take it in her Head, to beſtow ſo many fine Looks upon him, without having ſome Deſign; he took the firſt Opportunity to acquaint her with the Conqueſt her Eyes had made, and to aſk her, if the ſincereſt Paſſion, and the beſt Services could deſerve any merciful Conſideration. To which ſhe anſwer'd inſtantly, *Lord, Sir, you ſurprize me, I neither know you, nor what you mean. Madam*, ſays *Lyſidor*, *I meant only to anſwer with my Tongue the Queſtions you aſk'd with your Eyes. O inſolent!* cries ſhe with a Frown. *O barbarous!* cries he, with a Smile. And ſo the Amour ended. Upon another Occaſion, ſhe was regaled with this Sonnet.

Cloe, *in vain thoſe Looks you dart,*
*Which your Conceit diſcover;*
*Like you, I can ſecure my Heart,*
*And ſeem the fondeſt Lover.*

*A Complaiſance in Looks, and Sighs,*
*I pay with as much Eaſe,*
*As you can fancy the Diſguiſe*
*To be what moſt does pleaſe.*

TASSUS ſpeaking of a young Beauty, ſays, *Non copri ſue belleze è non l'epoſe.* She did not conceal, nor yet expoſe her Charms. She who manages in this Manner, ſeems to bear ſome Reſemblance to a Roſe new blown, which is more fragrant and beautiful, for being a little cloſed, and contracted. There is a dumb Rhetorick in Agreeableneſs, more perſuaſive than all the Wit in the World: But this is not to be taught; no infallible Rules can be form'd, by which any particular Lady can become agreeable; ſhe cannot be inſtructed either to talk, or to be ſilent; to laugh, or to cry with a good Grace; but ſhe may be inſtructed not to be impertinent, or moroſe; not to be an eternal Mimick, or a Magdalene.

A PRETTY Damſel, the other Day, was acting the Part of ſome ridiculous Ladies before her Mother, who, inſtead of applauding the Performance, look'd very grave, and reprimanded her, with ſaying, *What would I give that you could imitate Mrs.---- who, by her ingaging Manner, perſuades more Hearts to ſigh than to laugh.* She does not alarm the Company by any Aſſurance or Conceit of her Perfections, that glitter like Lightning, and aſſoon vaniſh; the more ſhe is conſider'd, the more is ſhe admired, and her Company is ever deſired. She ſees what becomes her by the ſilent Applauſe and Satisfaction of thoſe preſent, the Sollicitations of the Abſent; and ſhe preſerves the Eſteem of all, by ſeeming not to underſtand her own Merit, and referring all to the well natur'd Diſpoſition of her Admirers: As ſhe makes nobody the Subject of her Ridicule, ſo neither does ſhe ridicule herſelf by an affected Imitation of others.

*Here Native Graces with ſound Judgment grow,*
*And in one eaſy Stream united flow.*
*When ſhe but looks or ſpeaks, with Joy we hear,*
*She courts the Soul into the Eye, and Ear.*
*Beauty alone bears a reſiſtleſs Sway,*
*And makes Mankind, with Joy and Pride, obey:*
*But oh! when Senſe is with the Graces join'd,*
*The Woman's Sweetneſs with the Manly Mind;*
*When Nature with a partial Hand does mix*
*The moſt engaging Charms of either Sex;*
*What's her Command, but that we all adore*
*The nobleſt Work of her Almighty Pow'r?*

# *Men of Quality and Eſtate, &c. After the Manner of* Montagne.

ALTHO' the *Spaniards*, and *Portugueze* are very delicate, in their Notions of *Blood* and *Families*; yet no Nation inſiſts, or values itſelf more upon that Prerogative than the *Germans*. There are a great many *Soveraigns* in *Italy*, ſays *Balzac*, that would have enough to do to prove themſelves *Gentlemen*, by their Rules. All theſe Nations, ſo ſcrupulous in their Enquiries of this Nature, have one Cuſtom that cannot be too much commended; that of taking infinite Care in the Education of their Daughters: As they ſeldom give theſe any other Fortune, beſides ſome family Plate and Jewels; ſo do they make it up abundantly with the Riches of *Virtue* and *Merit*. This Mode of ſetting a juſt Price upon *noble Blood* prevail'd once in *England*, as much as any other Country in the World; and our Predeceſſors took as great Care, to tranſmit that to Poſterity, untainted by any baſe Mixture, as their Eſtates entire. But when that Vigour, and Heat of Blood, which at firſt ſpurr'd our Forefathers on to glorious Actions, began to cool; and incited their Deſcendants, to undertake no other Exploits, but thoſe of *Lewdneſs* and *Debauchery*; and to attack *Women* at Home, rather than *Men* abroad; their Eſtates became gradually Sacrifices, to a criminal and looſe Conduct; their Vice, Indolence, and Neglect, awaken'd and encourag'd a rapacious and knaviſh Principle

Principle in their *Dependants*, and *Domeſticks*; who found Ways and Means to ſupply their Maſters Extravagancies, and to get Poſſeſſion of their Eſtates, by making 'em *Debtors* for their own Money. When Heads of Families found themſelves reduc'd by ſuch Methods, to ſo low a Condition, as not to be able, in any Meaſure, to ſupport a Retinue and Equipage equal to their Dignity; they had no other Ambition left, but that of patching up a broken Fortune, with any *Mechanick*'s Daughter, or any Sort of *Female* that had but Money. One of theſe great Men, being reproach'd by a Friend, for his Deſign of marrying a Perſon of a very mean and contemptible Figure and Aſpect, as well as Extraction, Parts, and Education, made Anſwer, that *after ſhe had been in the Hands and Management of the Milliners, and Mantua-Makers of St.* James's, *ſhe would make a Dutcheſs good enough.* So that he had no Concern, about what ſhe was to prove at Home to himſelf; but what ſhe ſhould appear abroad to others. It would be Endleſs to enumerate all the Inconveniencies, that reſult to both Parties, by ſuch unequal and preposterous Matches: But two Things are pretty notorious; the ſame Band that unites them, ſerves to pull them aſunder; and what is begot by *Chance*, and with great Coldneſs, and Indifference, proves generally ſome ſtupid awkward Brutal, who is pretty ſure too, in his Turn, to leave his Impreſſion upon ſucceeding Generations.

*As chryſtal Streams, that in clean Channels flow,*
*The longer Courſe they run, the clearer grow;*
*So fares it with the Springs of noble Blood,*
*If not defil'd in Beds of lazy Mud.*
*But Fathers can't ingender Wit, or Grace,*
*If Mothers come a-croſs, and ſpoil the Race;*
*Much leſs can Females mend a ſpurious Breed,*
*And form great Heroes from an Aſſe's Seed.*

The Reaſon of that Reſpect and Veneration that has been paid, in moſt Ages, to great Names, and noble Families, is founded upon a Suppoſition, that as ſome brave and tranſcendant Genius, did once, by his virtuous and heroick Atchievements, attain an honourable Title, and ample Fortune: So were his Deſcendants of nothing more jealous than their Honours; and took the greateſt Care, by worthy and equal Matches, to propagate a Generation, as it were, of *Demigods*. And, indeed, conſidering the great Care ſome take in raiſing a fine Breed of other Creatures, and what Succeſs and Advantages attend ſuch Precautions; it is ſcarce poſſible to conceive, that they are negligent, at the ſame Time, of their own Poſterity. Is not the Glory, nay Intereſt, greater in having a young Breed of Heroes, and Heroines, capable of running a long Courſe of brave and noble Actions, than in being Maſters of fine Studs. Even theſe are not to be compaſſed without the greateſt Induſtry; their Pedigrees are faithfully recorded, and this it is that renders them hopeful and valuable before they come to be try'd. No Expence is grudg'd upon fine Limbs, a proper Size, and good Mettle; but no body hopes to make a Courſer of a croſs ſhaped heavy Jade by Dint of Training. Upon the whole Matter, altho' it be not impoſſible but my Lord, and Miſs *Juniper*; Lady *Betty*, and Mr. *Anchovy*, may produce between them ſomething rare and uncommon; yet is it much more reaſonable to purſue the Rules of Experience, than to expect that Nature ſhould work Miracles: For, beſides the Phlegm that is interwove generally in the Conſtitution of *Plebeans*, they have the Misfortune of ſeeing their Spirits broke by the very Means by which they pretend to raiſe them. No ſooner is *Miſs* become a *Counteſs*, but my Lord ſends her into the Garret to keep Company with her Equals, where languiſhing of the *Pip*, it is a great Favour if her *Grand Signior* ſummons her once in nine Months to her conjugal Office. On the other Side, Lady *Betty* nauſeats her greaſy Spouſe; who daring, in Contempt of her Authority and high Quality, to reſume his Pipe, is confin'd by Thunder and Lightning to his Ware houſe, where, if he

does

does not ſoon break his own Heart, ſhe, at laſt, vouchſafes to break his Head, in order to reſtore him upon his ſincere and humble Repentance, to a dutiful and reſpectful Familiarity.

It is true, indeed, as Things have happened, that all Virtue, Courage, and Merit have not been confin'd within the narrow Sphere of Nobility. As theſe Qualities may be found elſewhere, ſo can they not be purchas'd at too high a Price; but there is a vaſt Difference between ſacrificing a Title, and all Hopes of Poſterity, to a worthleſs Creature, for the Sake of a little Pelf, and the making a fine Woman a Counteſs, from a due Eſtimate of her good Senſe, and all other rare Endowments: Beſides, as no Method of improving, or raiſing a Fortune has been ever eſteem'd leſs Glorious than by Marriage, ſo has no Perſon leſs Occaſion for this, than a Nobleman, he is born with Privileges ſo high, and valuable, has ſo many Opportunities of rendring himſelf uſeful to his King and Country, that with the Help of a little Aſſiduity and Application to publick Affairs, obſerving, at the ſame Time, ſome Rules of Œconomy; he can ſcarce fail of making, or improving his Fortune in the Ways of Virtue, Honour and Religion. Religion, I ſay, which maugre all new Politicks, muſt, and will be, at all Times, the ſureſt Baſis of all Families, as well as all Governments.

Since, I believe, it will be generally allow'd, that the Proſperity of this Nation, and our moſt valuable Poſſeſſion, which is Liberty, depends a good deal upon that Spirit which uſed to animate our Nobility; it concerns every body, in ſome Degree, to cheriſh and keep it alive, but nobody more than themſelves: And I believe nothing will be found to conduce more to this Purpoſe, than the avoiding all Commerce with worthleſs Companions, who, tho' ignorant of all other Arts, yet do generally excel in thoſe of inſinuating themſelves into the good Graces of him they pretend to beſiege for ſome Purpoſes of Intereſt. *Sycophants* are as ſagacious as Flies, which are ever hovering about the ſweeteſt Meats, and beſt

Liquors, and ſo numerous, that it is convenient a *Novitiat* in the World ſhould be attended, in ſome Sort, like the *Great Mogul*, purpoſely to fan away, and keep aloof thoſe Inſects. But if this be impracticable, every noble *Telemacus* may be furniſh'd, however, with an *Amintor*, whoſe Experience and Knowledge of the World will guard him againſt a thouſand Inconveniencies, to which his own Inadvertency and Heat of Blood might expoſe him. If young Gentlemen had Leiſure, and the Will to conſider, that the greateſt Philoſophers, and wiſeſt Princes, have at all Times thought it their greateſt Happineſs to have ſome friendly Monitors near them, to warn them of any Indiſcretion, and to check the Courſe of any unruly Paſſion, they would not be ſo fond of an Independency, nor careſs a Sort of Vermin, merely for ſcraping and cringing, or for offering to be Voluntiers in any Service of Lewdneſs and Debauchery.

But amongſt ſo many Temptations that lead Men of Quality and Fortune into very debaſing and pernicious Errors, none will be found to have ſo ſtrong and bewitching an Influence as that of Gaming. This fatal Mode has for ſo many Years obtain'd, that it paſſes almoſt for a neceſſary Qualification, and with that Aſſiduity is it purſu'd, that a Stranger to the Town might very well take the Houſes, where this Exerciſe goes forward, for ſplendid *Academies*, in which young *Gentlemen* were to crown all their Studies by ſome notable Improvements. A young *Lord* no ſooner comes into one of theſe Places, but he is ſurrounded by ſome aſſiduous *Gentlemen*, who either congratulate his Good, or condole his laſt Night's ill Fortune: His Lordſhip calls for ſome Chocolate; and a proper Perſon calls for Cards: A Table is ſet in the next Room, and is filled with Punters. My Lord, for Haſte, ſcalds his Throat, but, out of meer Reſpect, a Vacancy at the Table was left for his Lordſhip. Amongſt the young People, two ancient Gentlemen, like a Pair of Owls amongſt ſmall Birds, are worthy of Obſervation, who having ſpent about Fifty Years, and Twenty thouſand Pounds each, in attaining the myſterious Knowledge of the Farce at Baſſet, pay here their

their conſtant Attendance, and peering through their Glaſſes, ſeem to be reading ſome important Lecture to their young Pupils; whilſt, alas! theſe aged Shufflers, and Cutters, are only poring upon the Diſtinction of a Six, or a Seven, and ſerve, at the ſame Time, for the Devil's *Decoy-Ducks*, that lead, with their Reverend Aſpects, a young *Fry* into the Practice of a moſt deſtructive and pernicious Folly.

The Variety of Perſons which give up their whole Time, Body and Soul, to Cards and Dice, is ſo great, that it would be endleſs to paint 'em in their proper Colours. But I believe the better, that is to ſay, the greater Half, is made up of mere *Loungers*, or *Saunterers*, who, like Children in *Flying Chariots*, are well enough amuſed with a Circulation of ſmall *Ups* and *Downs*, and ſeldom hope better Things. Theſe, I preſume, cannot be eſteem'd very improving Company; and it will ever prove as little glorious for *Gentlemen* to mix with them, as it would be for them to take the Air in one of the 'forementionn'd *Machines*.

An Example, indeed, of one in an Age, may be found, into whoſe Lap Fortune has thrown vaſt Treaſures without the Help of a ſingle Thought of his own. This Man we find immediately equipp'd with a Coach, a Miſtreſs, laced Cloaths, and a mock Title: He makes a Tour to *Paris*, and *Bruſſels*, and begad he deſpiſes all the Lords in Chriſtendom; he has ſeen the World; he knows the Power and Value of Money; but in the Revolution of a few Years, we ſee this proud, knowing, all-ſufficient Gentleman, languiſh in a fatal Conſumption: An habitual Extravagance on one Side, an Infatuation in the Conduct of his Affairs, and conſtant ill Succeſs attending a never to be extinguiſh'd Paſſion on the other, reduce my fine Gentleman to a ſmall Remainder; which tho' it might, in former Times, have been eſteem'd an Eſtate, he contemplates now with Horror and Chagreen, and in Deſpair throws both that and himſelf to the Devil.

THERE is a Species of ſporting Gentlemen, Thoughtful, and Penſive, who are generally indiſpos'd: Theſe, like prudent Ladies of Pleaſure, may by Importunity be brought to entertain you an Hour or two, but truly they had rather let it alone; theſe do not care for how little you play at firſt, nor for how much at laſt; theſe generally have the Gift of ſecond Sight, are attended ever with ſome little *Demons*; there is no getting the better of this Sort but by *Prayer* and *Faſting*, this Recipe was never but once made Uſe of, and had its Effect.

SOME will be apt to think, the Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe; and that the Danger of play, and the Remedy againſt it, are meer Inventions; I muſt leave theſe faithleſs Gentlemen to their laſt Guinea, and laſt Prayers.

THE Truth of the Matter is; this Spirit of Gaming, no ſooner enters, but it ſeizes all the Faculties of the Soul, and imploys them all in its Service: The Judgment has no other Light but the *Ignis Fatuus*, of Winning; the Imagination is ever full of Fairy Treaſures; the Memory is wholly exercis'd about Loſſes; the Invention about retrieving them; the Gameſter has neither Love, or Averſion, Hope, or Fear, Joy, or Anguiſh, but what ariſe from the ſole Reflection of Winning, or Looſing. Play, in ſome Reſpects, is like a Beautiful *Shrew*, who is mightily careſs'd, and of whom the Huſband grows frequently the fonder for giving him no Reſt, and for treating him ill both Day and Night. What a wretched State is that, which will not admit of one eaſy compos'd Thought, or Reflection; indeed, there are ſome engag'd in this Way, I can't ſay Method of Living, who are moſt heartily to be pity'd; for thoſe, I mean, are ſecretly aſham'd at, nay, abominate the very Thing they are a doing; and ſuch may as eaſily be diſtinguiſh'd by their Looks, and Behaviour from old ſhameleſs *Profeſſors*, as a virtuous young Woman from an old Sinner. It may here be objected that a Man of any Parts, Induſtry, and Notion of Virtue, would prefer any other Imployment

ployment to this; and it is as eaſily anſwer'd they do, but that they have try'd all Methods ineffectually, and been hunted into this Herd by a thouſand Misfortunes. If Men of Quality, and Fortune, inſtead of ſacrificing two or three hundred Guineas in a Morning, to ſome who will not thank them for the Preſent; would ſpare now and then a Thought, upon *diſtreſſed Merit*, and aſſign it ſome proper Imployment; I dare ſwear this would prove a Work, as Meritorious, as the Redemption of *Chriſtians*, out of the Hands of *Turks*, and *Moors*.

As there is no Liberty we aſſert ſo ſtrenuouſly, as that of being undone by our own favourite *Vices*, and *Follies*; and all Laws are both laugh'd at, and evaded: I have thought ſometimes, that ſince Vice has the moſt Reaſon to be out of Countenance, and has, whilſt young, ſome Sparks of Modeſty remaining in its Conſtitution; that it might be reclaim'd better by Ridicule, than grave Precepts: For this Reaſon I could wiſh ſome *publick ſpirited* and *brave Men*, would form a Company of *Reformation*; they ſhould diſtinguiſh themſelves, in all Places of Reſort, by the wearing of *Spectacles*; and ſhould never ſee any young Perſon playing the *Fool*; but they ſhould approach him, and admoniſh him, by a *Conſtellation of Spectacles* and *dumb Show*: It is impoſſible to know the Force, of any Project till it is try'd; in the mean Time, it is worth every young Gentleman's while, to conſider, before he ſits down to Play, that there ſeldom meets ſuch a Flock of *Triflers*, that is not over-look'd by ſome *wiſe Spectators*, who from that *one Action*, form a contemptible Notion of them, which is never to be defac'd.

When Gentlemen are amuſing themſelves at Cards or Dice; that is to ſay, are labouring in as friendly a Manner, as they lately did in *Exchange-Alley*, to Ruin each other: I wiſh they could ſpare ſo much Time as to look over their Shoulders, and conſider who thoſe are generally, that wait at their Backs, for ſome Scraps of their good Fortune. A Sight like this ſhould methinks make them ſtart from their Chairs,

Chairs, as if they ſaw ſo many *Apparitions*; and throw away their Play-things, with as great Preciptancy, as if infected with the Plague: No *Ghoſts* ſurely can be more terrible, than Men of Quality, ſurviving both their Eſtates and Reputations. Yet are theſe generally gaz'd upon, as ſo many *walking Monuments* of their own *Folly*; every Man thinking his own Prudence, ſufficient to guard him againſt ſo ſad a *Cataſtrophe*, and from being in his Turn ſo Melancholy a *Spectacle*.

WHOSOEVER obſerves the Conduct, of moſt young People about Town, will have abundant Reaſon, to conclude that they conſult nothing, ſo much as the Habit of forgetting themſelves: It is moſt certain, that they can propoſe little more in moſt of thoſe Actions, they call Amuſements: Nay, ſome are of ſo idle and indolent a Nature, that they eſteem it an Attribute of honourable Diſtinction, *the not knowing what to do with themſelves*. How many of theſe do we meet with in publick Places, lolling in Chairs, with their Legs ſtretch'd out; whiſtling upon the Head of a Cane, and not able to beſtir themſelves, till ſome wiſer Heads are found ſo Compaſſionate, as to inſpire them with an active Thought: They are a worſe Sort of blind Men, who think themſelves infinitely oblig'd to any officious Hand, that will pleaſe to conduct them into any Retreat, and find out any Expedient to ſuſpend all Attention, or the Pain of thinking; or if the Homelineſs of the Compariſon may be excus'd, they reſemble your *Weſt-Indian* Birds call'd *Boobies*, which frequently happens to be of very great Uſe, to Ship-wreck'd Seamen, and others, in great diſtreſs for Proviſion; becauſe whereever they light, there they continue as long as poſſible; and ſuffer themſelves to be taken by any that will vouchſafe to lay their Hands upon them.

BUT it would take Volumes, to animadvert upon every Folly, Inconveniency, Miſchief, and deſtructive Event, attending the fatal Exerciſe of Play. As this will be a private Admoni-

Admonition, of which every Body that reads, may make the beſt Uſe, without bluſhing at the Reflection of his Guilt; ſo do I hope, it will have ſuch an Influence, upon reaſonable and ingenious Spirits, as to make them recollect themſelves; and endeavour in as eminent a Manner, for the Future, to diſtinguiſh themſelves by all the Ornaments of Science, Virtue, and noble Actions; as Providence has been pleas'd to diſtinguiſh them, by the Advantages of Honour, and Fortune.

# *Pleaſant* NARRATIVES.

MICHAEL *ANGELO*, one of the fineſt Sculptors of his Time, could not endure to hear how much the pretended *Virtuoſo's* magnify'd the Works of ancient Artiſts above the Modern. In order to confute them, he ſet about a Marble Statue with all the Application, and Aſſiduity imaginable; he exhauſted all his Ideas of Beauty, and, in a Word, made a Maſter-piece of Art. After he had finiſh'd his Statue, he broke off an Arm, which he hid in his Houſe; and with ſome certain Tinctures he ſo colour'd the reſt, that it had perfectly the Air of Antiquity. After this, being appriz'd where ſome Nobleman was to lay the Foundation of a Palace, he convey'd his Statue thither in the Night-time, and bury'd it in a convenient Depth. The Time being come for laying the Foundation, the Workmen found the Figure. There was a Concourſe of People ſoon enough: Some, who pretended to great Skill, admired extreamly this curious Piece of Antiquity, and as much deſpiſed all modern Pretenders to Sculpture. *Michael Angelo*, who was careful to be preſent, and to hear the unjuſt Exclamations of theſe great Judges, produc'd from under his Cloak the Arm of the Statue: The whole Company ſeeing that it fitted exactly, were confuted, and confounded, and gave *Angelo* the Glory that juſtly belong'd to him.

A PRINCE,

A PRINCE, who lov'd ingenious Anſwers, made off Hand, meeting one Day upon the Road a Man riding Poſt, ſtopp'd him, aſking, at the ſame Time, Whence he came, whither he was going? And about what Buſineſs? To which the other anſwer'd, From *Burgos*, to *Paris*, a Benefice. Thou ſhalt have one, ſays the Prince.

A LITTLE Courtier, traverſing the *Exchange Alley*, had his Pocket pick'd; and telling the Circumſtances to ſome of his Acquaintance, he ſaid, He did not ſo much value his Money and Bills, as he did ſome *Billets doux*, which he was afraid he ſhould never recover. Nay, anſwers one, (who knew him to be a vain Fellow) *The worſt on't is, it's ten to one but thoſe Rogues will know the Hand.* Making the Pickpockets his Rivals.

IN a Village of *Piccardy*, after a long Sickneſs, a Farmer's Wife fell into a Lethargy. Her Huſband was willing, good Man, to believe her out of Pain, and dead; ſo, according to the Cuſtom of that Country, ſhe was lapp'd in a Sheet, and carry'd out to be bury'd: But, as ill Luck would have it, the Bearers carry'd her ſo near a Hedge that the Thorns prick'd her, and awak'd her. Some Years after ſhe dy'd indeed: But as the Funeral paſſed along, the Huſband would ever now and then cry out, *Not too near the Hedge, not to near the Hedge, Neighbours.*

EVERYBODY is not made for Solitude. Being one Day in Converſation with a religious Perſon, much my Friend, and aſking him, If it was not with great Difficulty that thoſe of his Order were brought to conform to the Severity of its Rules, which was *Carthuſian?* He told me frankly, That Solitude was the Article that Novitiaſts could leaſt diſpence with; for, ſays he, in our Convent, if not above ten or a dozen loſe their Wits in the Space of a Twelve-month, we eſteem it a good Year.

THE *Spaniards* who do not take much Pleaſure in going Abroad, and ſeldom walk in the Streets; ſeeing ſome *French* Gentlemen at *Madrid* walking backwards and forwards, ſaid, *Gentlemen, I believe you are Strangers, and have loſt yourſelves; if you pleaſe we will ſhew you the Way Home.*

Two Ladies, known to be of very near the ſame Age, upon their Decline, had an equal Ambition to conceal it. One therefore uſed always upon *New-years Day* to go to the other, and ſay, *Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this Year.*

A GENTLEMAN taking mortal Pains to perſuade *Don Barthelmi de Martyros* to make ſome additional fine Buildings to his Palace: That Prelate excuſed himſelf, with ſaying, *Sir, your Propoſals is more wicked than that of the Devil to our Bleſſed Saviour; for he adviſed him to turn the Stones into Bread, which might have nouriſh'd the Poor; but you adviſe me on the contrary, to turn the Bread of the Poor into* * *Stones.*

A LAWYER and a Phyſician having a Diſpute about Precedency, they referr'd the Merits of the Cauſe to *Diogenes*; who gave Sentence in Favour of the Lawyer, in theſe Terms: *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

A GENTLEMAN who had ſome Intimacy with Cardinal *Mazarin*, paid him all Aſſiduities, in order to obtain ſome Benefit from him; but the Cardinal gave him nothing but Promiſes: Being quite out of Patience, he ventur'd to expoſtulate the Matter with his Eminency, who taking him into his Cloſet, ſhow'd him the Neceſſity, from the preſent Poſture of Affairs, of providing for ſome others; but promis'd, at the

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* I don't know whether Dr. *South* did not take the Hint from this Narrative, when, in his Preface to his Sermon upon the Conſecration of a Chapel, he ſays, "It is ſtrange to ſee any Eccleſiaſtical Pile, not by Eccleſiaſtical Coſt and "Influence riſing above Ground, eſpecially in an Age in which Mens Mouths are "open againſt the Church, but their Hands ſhut towards it; an Age in which, "reſpecting the Generality of Men, we might as ſoon expect *Stones to be made* "*Bread, as to be made Churches.*

the ſame Time, to make up all his Diſappointments: The Gentleman, not caring longer to depend upon Words, told the Cardinal, That he would acquit him of all Engagements, provided he would allow him now and then to give him a Tap upon the Shoulder, when in Company, and to whiſper a Word or two. It was agreed. By this Means did this new Sort of Favourite acquire, in two Years, vaſt Riches, without doing one Half-penny worth of Service to any Chriſtian.

*Brebeuf*, when young, was fond of nothing ſo much as *Horace*: One of his Friends, call'd *Gautier*, a Man of Wit, and Lieutenant General, admir'd, on the other Side, nothing ſo much as *Lucan*. This reſpective Paſſion of theirs, gave Occaſion to many Debates; but at laſt, both being tired with conſtant Diſputations, they came to an Agreement to read each other's favourite Author, and to give their Judgments afterwards. They did ſo: And it happen'd that *Gautier* grew ſo enamour'd with *Horace*, that he never after deſerted him; and Mr. *Brebeuf* became a ſecond *Lucan*; as may be ſeen in his fine Tranſlation of that Author.

Doctor *Fuller*, in his Hiſtory of the *Popiſh Plot*, gives an Inſtance of this Kind much more extraordinary.

There were two Brothers, *John* and *William Reynolds*; one a rigid Papiſt, the other as tenacious a Proteſtant: Both were inſpir'd with an equal Zeal of converting each other. For that Reaſon they had frequent elaborate and learned Diſputes: At laſt, their Controverſies had this Effect; the Papiſt became a Proteſtant, and the Proteſtant a Papiſt, which gave Occaſion to this beautiful Epigram, by Dr. *Alabaſter*.

*Bella inter geminos, plus quam civilia, Fratres*
*Traxerat ambiguus Religionis Apex:*
*Ille, reformatæ fidei pro partibus inſtat,*
*Iſte, reformandam denegat eſſe fidem:*
*Propoſitis cauſa rationibus, alter utrinque*
*Concurrêre pares, & ecciderê pares:*

*Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterque,*
*Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem:*
*Captivi Gemini nullos habuêre triumphos,*
*Sed Victor victi transfuga caſtra petit:*
*Quod genus hoc pugnæ eſt? ubi victus gaudet uterq;*
*Et tamen alteruter ſe ſuperâſſe dolet.*

SOME young People of *Pyrrhus*'s Army, having, in a Debauch, took the Liberty to make their King the Subject of their Mirth and Raillery: *Pyrrhus*, upon Information, order'd them to be brought into his Preſence, and aſk'd them, If it was true what had been reported of them? To which one notably reply'd, Yes, Sir, and we ſhould have ſaid much more if the Wine had not fail'd us. This Anſwer ſo ready, and ſo natural, ſatisfy'd the King much better than any Endeavour to juſtify themſelves by denying Matter of Fact.

*DESMAREZ* one Day laying it to Mr. *Boileau*'s Charge, That he had ſtole out of *Juvenal* and *Horace* all thoſe Treaſures of Wit that furniſh'd out his Satyrs. What ſignifies it, ſays an ingenious Perſon that was preſent, if he did: You will allow, at leaſt, that theſe Robberies are like thoſe of our famous *Partiſans*, they enable him to make a noble and handſome Expence, and all the World is the better for them.

Mr. *D'ALIGRE*, Chancellour of *France*, was of ſo cold a Conſtitution, and ſo hard to be mov'd, that no Phyſick could work upon him. His Phyſician, who knew that when the Humours are once afloat, they may the better be ſet a working, and of courſe be carry'd off, gave Orders ſecretly to his Servants, that they ſhould by all Means endeavour to put the Chancellour into a Paſſion; and that when they had done ſo, they ſhould immediately give him his Doſe. Well, his Valet neglected no Opportunity nor Dexterity to bring this about. Betimes in the Morning he went to his Maſter's Bed-

Bed-ſide, and drew the Curtains with Violence and Noiſe enough to waken him if he had been dead: But he, without the leaſt Concern, aſk'd his Man only what a-Clock it was? Upon this Diſappointment, the Valet bethought himſelf of warming a Shirt, of ſetting it on fire, and preſenting it in that Condition to his Maſter. Mr. *D' Aligre* ſtill cool, and unmov'd, bid him warm another. This having no Sort of Influence upon his Humours, what does the Fellow, but throws upon the Ground five or ſix *Venice* Glaſſes which Mr. *D' Aligre* valued extreamly, and ſhatters them all to Pieces; however, he ſaid no more, but that they were fine, and it was great Pity: At laſt, when the Valet's Patience was quite tired with endeavouring, unſucceſsfully, to provoke his Maſter's, in came a Lawyer, who had ſome very knotty Matter to propoſe and diſcuſs with the Chancellour: He was dreſs'd in *Taffeta*, and uſing a World of Action in explaining himſelf, the ruſtling of his Silk made ſo great a Noiſe, that Mr. *D' Aligre* grew peeviſh, and ſaid, with an angry Tone, Sir, it is impoſſible to hear you, unleſs you bid your Silks be ſilent, and hold their Whiſtling. The Valet took the Hint, gave his Maſter the Potion, and it had the promiſed Effect.

A VERY Peaſant happens ſometimes to be as unlucky an Antagoniſt as any Man.

THE Biſhop of *Maupeou* taking the Air one Holiday, on Foot, and ſeeing a World of People in the Fields; ſome dancing, ſome drinking, and ſinging, for Joy of a plentiful Vintage. *What a wicked and drunken Generation of People is here*, ſays the Biſhop to ſome Canons that attended him? *They like much better to ſpend their Time in Debauchery, than Inſtruction, and can with more Eaſe retain an idle Song, than the Articles of their Faith. Come here* (for Example) *great Looby*, ſays the Biſhop, to him that was neareſt, *Tell me how many Gods there are. Codsfiſh, my Lord*, anſwers the Peaſant very patly in his Diſh, *There is but One; and for all that he is very ill ſerv'd by you Gentlemen of the Cloth.* The Biſhop thought it conve-

convenient to catechiſe him no longer, for fear of a ſecond Impertinence.

THE Mayor of a Town in *Burgundy* hearing that the Prince was to paſs that Way, and taking himſelf to be a great Orator, was determin'd to harangue him according to the Rules of Art. At the Prince's Approach, the Burghers were put under Arms; and upon his Entry, the Mayor, at the Head of his robed Attendance, pulling out a Parchment as long, and as large as a Deed of Settlement, to help his Memory, began after this Manner:

"OF all the Towns that have the Honour of being within "the Compaſs of your moſt Serene Highneſs's Government, "the very leaſt would be overjoy'd to make you ſenſible that "none has ſo great a Zeal for your Service, or Affection for "your Perſon: We very well know, that the Way infallibly "to tickle the Ears of the greateſt Warriour of the preſent "Age, is, to receive him with the Thunderings of a numerous "Artillery; but for us, alas! it was impoſſible to fire one "Cannon for eighteen Reaſons: The firſt is, That there ne-"ver was any ſuch Thing as a Cannon in this Place ſince it "was a Town. The ſecond,—" *Hold, hold*, ſays the Prince, *I am ſo well ſatisfy'd with this Reaſon that I excuſe all the reſt.*

*PHILIP the Second*, King of *Spain*, gave the Hand to *Emanuel* Duke of *Savoy*, who attended him upon his Entrance into *Saragoſa*; and ſeeing the Duke's Horſe mightily upon his Mettle, *Dear Friend*, ſays the King, *you're mounted upon a very ſtirring Horſe.* *Sir*, anſwer'd the Duke, *he knows very well that he is not in his Place.*

A DAMSEL of *Bologna* having proceeded againſt a young Gentleman, and procur'd a Sentence of Damages for a Rape upon her Perſon: After the Trial, the pretended Raviſher proteſted his Innocence ſo heartily, that the Judge thought proper to make uſe of an ingenious Expedient to try whether or no the Accuſation, and the Sentence he had pronounc'd

were

were juſt, and righteous. He order'd therefore the Money to be brought into Court, and to be deliver'd to the Plaintiff; who receiv'd it with more Joy than became one who had loſt ſomething infinitely more valuable: But as ſhe was going off the Stage, the Judge bid the young Man try if he could get the Money from her: He firſt uſed fair Words; when that would not not do, he endeavour'd to pull the Bag from her by main Force; but ſhe plaid her Part ſo well, that ſhe kept Poſſeſſion in Spite of his Teeth. After this ſecond Trial was over, the Judge order'd the young Man the Reſtitution of his Money; there being no Room to believe, but that ſhe who had Strength enough to retain the Money, might have employ'd the ſame effectually, had ſhe pleas'd, in the Defence of her Honour.

A *Norman* Magiſtrate being oblig'd, by the Duty of his Place, to harrangue *Henry the Fourth*, ſtopp'd ſhort in the Middle of his Speech: *Gentlemen*, ſays the King to thoſe that ſtood by, *let us not be ſurpriz'd, nor blame him, it's natural, you know, for the* Normans *to fail in their Words.*

The Prince of *Condé*, when young, was of a very briſk, and chearful Temper, and liked well enough to divert himſelf ſometimes at other Peoples Expence. As he was upon his Progreſs through his Government, he was met by a Mayor of a Corporation, who came purpoſely to bid him welcome in a ſet Diſcourſe; but before he began, he made a moſt profound Reverence. The Prince took that Opportunity to leap over his Head. The Mayor having nothing ſo much at Heart as to be deliver'd of the Oration he had contriv'd with great Art, and Eloquence, took no Notice of the Capriol, but turning about with great Compoſure, took Care, the ſecond Time, not to ſtoop ſo low; but the young Prince, for all that, with great Agility, vaulted over his Head a ſecond Time, which did ſo confound the Magiſtrate that he proceeded no farther. The other Towns through which he was to paſs, took the Alarm immediately, and pretended to make no Speeches: Only one Mayor, more *adroit* than the reſt, ventur'd, at a

proper

proper Diſtance, to tell him, *That he knew the Way to tire him, and put him out of Humour, but that he thought it more convenient to offer him the Keys, and a Preſent at the ſame Time, which would ſpeak the Mind of the Inhabitants much better than any thing he could pretend to ſay.* The Prince ſaid, *He was a Man for his Turn.* The Mayor ſeeing him in good Humour, took the Liberty to aſk him ſome Privileges, and declar'd, at the ſame Time, That if he refuſed to grant them, he would not fail to harangue him the firſt Time he paſs'd that Way. The Prince could not forbear ſmiling, and gratify'd him in all his Pretenſions.

THE Duke *D'Oſſuna*, famous for a pleaſant Humour as well as a found Judgment, being Viceroy of *Naples*, viſited, upon a great Feſtival, the *Spaniſh* Gallies, in order to exerciſe his Power and Mercy in delivering ſome from that Slavery. He aſk'd a great many Queſtions, and enquired the particular Reaſons of every Man's Confinement and Slavery. All made ſome Excuſe or other; ſome endeavour'd to extenuate and palliate their Crimes, others to perſuade him that they were innocent. There was but one who confeſs'd frankly all the Crimes that he had committed, and allow'd, that he deſerv'd a ſeverer Puniſhment than that he had underwent. *Away with this Villain*, ſays the Duke, *immediately*, (ſetting him at Liberty) *for fear he ſhould corrupt all theſe honeſt People about him.* By this Means rewarding one Slave's Sincerity, and puniſhing the Hypocriſy of the reſt.

A GRANDEE of *Spain* had a great Mind to entertain ſome Man of Letters in his Houſe for the Pleaſure of Converſation. One of his Friends recommended, as he thought, a proper Perſon. The Duke aſk'd immediately, If he underſtood making of Verſes? The Scholar anſwer'd, He might judge, if he pleas'd, by his Performances; and preſented him, the next Day, with Volumes of all Sorts of *Spaniſh* Verſes. They took ſome Time a reading, to be ſure. When the Gentleman return'd in Expectation of Thanks for recommending ſo great a Poet, and deſired to know what the Grandee thought of him?

him? He anſwer'd very gravely, *Sir, as a Man muſt be very Ignorant, who can make no Verſes, ſo muſt he be a great Fool, that can make ſo many wretched Ones. I have deliver'd the Man his Books, and ſhall be glad to return you your learned Man.*

It is very unaccountable, why Men, that ſpeak in publick ſhould never, or very ſeldom, be able to proceed currently. Whether he be Lawyer, or Preacher, and hath taken never ſo much Pains in compoſing an Harangue; has repeated it never ſo often before his Friends and Domeſticks, in Order to rivit it in his Memory, and render the Pronunciation flowing and eaſy: Yet no ſooner does he come to the Place, where he is to deliver it, but he finds himſelf in a Sort of Maze: Fumes are conjur'd up, by Fear and Modeſty, into the Brain; which ſo diſturbs the Memory, that it is impoſſible for him to go on: He has a light Interval, or two, it may be; yet he no ſooner reſumes the Diſcourſe, but ſomething comes a-croſs again, and confounds all. It is not ſo ſtrange, that a Man ſhould not be able to pronounce a Speech, that is made for him, becauſe the Connection of *Ideas*, is not ſo natural. If out once, he is ſo for ever; he is no more Maſter of his Subject, than a Parrot; and of courſe, muſt prove a ſhort breath'd Orator.

Mr. *de Verdun* firſt Preſident of *Paris* did one Day pretend to deliver a Speech upon the Bench, that had been made for him by a very able Lawyer: But he had not proceeded far, before his Memory fail'd him. He made many Efforts, to recover the Thread of his Diſcourſe, but all in vain. At laſt, confus'd, hamper'd, and enrag'd, he cry'd aloud; *The Devil take the Lawyer, Why did he make it ſo long?* The Remedy for this Diſaſter, at preſent, is to plant the Speech in the Hat, when there is no Room in the Head.

Thoſe that pretend that it is natural to love Muſick, and eſpecially the Sound of Inſtruments, ſay, that the very Beaſts are ſenſible of it: I try'd one Day in the Country, if this was true, and placing myſelf at a Window, whilſt another ſounded a Trumpet, I obſerv'd what Influence the Muſick had upon a Cat, a Dog,

a Horſe, an Aſs, a Mule, ſome Cows, little Birds, a Cock and Hens, that were all aſſembled in a great Court under my Window. I did not remark that the Cat was at all mov'd, and if I have any ſkill in Phyſiognomy (ſays my Author) ſhe would have given all the Inſtruments in the World, for a ſingle Mouſe. The Horſe ſtopt ſhort at the Window, and ever now and then rais'd his Head from feeding, and paid his Attention; the Dog clapt himſelf upon hisArſe, like a Monkey, looking up ſtedfaſtly upon the Trumpet, and continu'd above an Hour in that Poſture, as if he underſtood ſomething of the Matter: The Aſs mumbled his Thiſtles ſedately, and ſeem'd not at all mov'd, but the Mule erected her great and large Ears and was very attentive: The Cows ſtopp'd a little; and after looking now and then, as if they knew us, march'd on without farther Notice: The little Birds in a Volery hard by, and upon the Trees and Hedges, almoſt kill'd themſelves with inceſſant Warblings: But the Cock took no Notice of any Thing but his Hens, and thoſe of nothing but ſcratching the Ground; and gave not the leaſt Sign of being pleas'd with our Muſick.

But I muſt take this Occaſion, to vindicate, againſt Mr. *Bohour*'s Obſervation, a Cat's Ear to Muſick: For I have ſeen one ſo tranſported at the blowing of a Flute, that ſhe would fly inſtantly to the Player, and rub herſelf againſt the Inſtrument with the greateſt Pleaſure; nay, expreſs her Delight by a particular Cry. All that can be ſaid is, that it fares with Animals of the ſame Species, as with rational Creatures, ſome have finer Organs than others.

In *Lucian* a certain Perſon call'd *Philonidas*, aſking *Menippus*, who was juſt arriv'd Poſt from Hell (I ſuppoſe he did not return with the ſameAgility) how thoſe great Men fared who lay in Tombs of the greateſt Magnificence, when firſt bury'd; was anſwer'd by that Philoſopher: Your Queſtion is wondrous trifling and ridiculous: Had you but ſeen *Mauſolus* with his *Mauſoleum*, you would have dy'd with Laughing; he's there thrown into a Hole, juſt like ſome other vulgar Perſon,

and

and gains nothing more by his ſumptuous Monument, than the being cruſh'd with its Weight: For when *Eacus* marks out the Ground, he allows but one Foot to each individual dead Perſon, and every one is oblig'd to draw up his Legs, and make that Spot as eaſy to himſelf as poſſible.

THE *Count de Buſſi Rabutin*, ſaid of Mr. *Boſſompier*'s Memoirs, that he never ſaw any more agreeable, nor better writ; but he could not be perſuaded, that the Marſhall had writ his Life by dint of Memory alone, as he himſelf declares: For how is it poſſible to believe, ſays he, that any Man ſhould be able to give a particular Account of Things, and Actions, as they happen'd every Day, for the Space of thirty Years before, by Force of Recollection only? So that Mr. *Boſſompiere*, by extolling his Memory, expoſes his Judgment to Ridicule. I will not pretend intirely to excuſe that Memorialiſt; but I ſhall recount Matter of Fact, from his Secratary *Malleville*, who aſſured me, that his Lord had a moſt prodigious Memory; and that he was one of thoſe who never forgot any Thing: Beſides, the *Baſtille* where he was long confin'd, was an extream proper Place for the recalling and reviving of former *Ideas*. When retir'd, and converſing only with our own Thoughts; it is not ſo difficult to muſter Things together, and make them paſs over again, as it were, in Review; eſpecially, when every Day, almoſt, was mark'd and diſtinguiſh'd by ſome ſingular Action. Priſon, ſaid a Gentleman, who had paſs'd ſome of his beſt Years in Confinement, ſerves inſtead of a local Memory. But without this vexatious Aſſiſtance, I have ſeen an old Officer call'd St. *Maurice*, who could not only recount the whole Hiſtory of his Life, but the whole Hiſtory of his Times, Day by Day, for Forty Years backwards, with a moſt ſurprizing Exactneſs: But is it not extraordinary, what is reported of Cardinal *de Retz*, That he had, in *Latin*, compoſed the Hiſtory of his Life, the Secrets of the Cabinet, and the moſt curious Tranſactions of the laſt Troubles, without having put it in Writing; and was able to recite any Part, occaſionally, by Heart to his Friends, when they deſir'd it.

THE *French* Court is generally crouded with People, and at all Times: Whereas other Courts in *Europe* are ſeldom ſo, excepting upon Feſtivals, or Publick Occaſions. It muſt be allow'd, that in the Court of *France*, there is generally a great Confuſion; it is a Sort of a *Chaos*, where the great, and the little, thoſe that have Buſineſs, and thoſe that have none, jumble and mix together. *Francis the Firſt* uſed to ſay, That when his Nobles arriv'd firſt at Court, they were receiv'd like little Kings; the next Day they were look'd upon as Princes; but that the third Day they paſs'd for no more than ſimple Gentlemen, all Diſtinction being quite loſt and extinguiſh'd in the general Hurry and Confuſion. It is pretended, that all this is brought about by a ſecret Spring of Politicks, to the End that Grandees might not appear too conſiderable, and powerful; and that for this Reaſon, *Henry the Fourth* was heard to cry out one Day aloud, and in Preſence of the Princes of the Blood, *We are all Gentlemen.*

PAYING a Viſit to a Friend of mine in the Country, I met there an *Italian* Gentleman, call'd *Monſignior Agoſtino Foſari*; who was, it ſeems, a Night-walker, or a Perſon, who, whilſt aſleep, does all the Actions of one awake. He did not ſeem to exceed the Age of Thirty; was lean, black, and of an extream melancholy Complexion; had a ſedate Underſtanding; a great Penetration, and a Capacity for the moſt abſtracted Sciences: His extraordinary Fits uſed generally to ſeize him in the *Wane* of the *Moon*; but with greater Violence in the *Autumn*, and the *Winter*, than in the *Spring* and *Summer*. I had a ſtrange Curioſity to be an Eye-witneſs of what was told me; and had prevail'd with his Valet *de Chambre* to give me Notice when his Maſter was likely to renew his Vagary. One Night, about the End of *October*, after Supper, the Company amuſed themſelves with little Plays, and *Signior Agoſtino* made one amongſt the reſt: He afterwards retired, and went to Bed about Eleven; his Valet came ſoon after, and told us, That his Maſter would that Night have a walking Fit, and deſir'd us, if we pleas'd, to come and obſerve him. I came to his Bed-ſide, with a Light in my Hand, and ſaw him lying upon

on his Back, with his Eyes open, but fix'd, and without the leaſt Motion; which was a ſure Sign, it ſeems, of his approaching Diſorder. I took him by the Hands, and found them very cold; I felt his Pulſe, and found it ſo ſlow, that his Blood ſeem'd to have no Circulation. We play'd at Trick-track till the Scene of Action open'd. At or about Midnight, *Signior Agoſtino* drew the Curtains briſkly, roſe, and dreſs'd himſelf well enough; I approach'd him with the Candle at his very Noſe, found him inſenſible, with his Eyes ſtill wide open and immoveable. Before he put on his Hat, he took his Belt, out of which the Sword had been remov'd for Fear of Accidents; for ſome of theſe Night-walkers will deal their Blows like Madmen, without Reſerve. In this Equipage did *Signior Agoſtino* walk ſeveral Times backwards and forwards in his Chamber; he came to the Fire-ſide, ſat down in an Elbow-Chair; and went ſome little Time after into a Cloſet where was his Valize; he fumbled in it along Time, turn'd every Thing topſy turvy, and after putting all again in order, he ſhut the Valize, and put the Key in his Pocket, whence he drew a Letter, and put it over the Chimney; he went to the Chamber-door, open'd it, and proceeded down Stairs: When he was come to the Bottom, one of the Company getting a great Fall, *Signior Agoſtino* ſeem'd frightned at the Noiſe, and mended his Pace: His Valet bid us walk ſoftly, and not to ſpeak, becauſe when any Noiſe was made near him, and intermix'd with his Dreams, he became furious, and ran with the greateſt Precipitancy, as if purſu'd: He travers'd the whole Court, which was very ſpacious, and proceeded directly to the Stable; he went in, ſtroak'd, and careſs'd his Horſe, bridled him, and was going to ſaddle him; but not finding the Saddle in the Place where it uſed to hang, he ſeem'd very uneaſy, like a Man diſappointed; he mounted, however, his Horſe, and gallop'd to the Houſe-door, which was ſhut: He diſmounted, and taking up a Cabbage-ſtalk, he knock'd furiouſly againſt the Door; after a great deal of Labour loſt, he remounted his Horſe, guided him to the Pond, which was at the other End of the Court, let him drink, went afterwards and ty'd him to his Manger, and then re-

turn'd

turn'd to the Houſe with great Agility: At the Noiſe ſome Servants made in the Kitchen, he was very attentive, came near the Door, and clap'd his Ear to the Key-hole; but paſſing all on a ſudden to the other Side, he enter'd a low Parlour, where was a Billard-Table; he walk'd backwards and forwards, and uſed the ſame Poſtures as if he had been playing effectually: He proceeded thence to a Pair of Virginals, upon which he could play pretty well, and made ſome jangling; at laſt, after two Hours Exerciſe he return'd up Stairs to his Chamber, and threw himſelf, in his Cloaths upon the Bed, where we found him next Morning at Nine in the ſame Poſture that we had left him; for upon theſe Occaſions he ſlept ever eight or ten Hours together. His Valet told us, there were but two Ways to recover him out of one of theſe Fits: One was to tickle him ſtrongly upon the Soles of his Feet; the other, to ſound a Horn, or Trumpet at his Ears.

THE moſt dextrous Lady (ſays Father *Bouhours*) that I ever knew in my Life, was one I was acquainted with in my younger Years at *Paris*; who, by the Force of Induſtry, and Education, had taught a Dog, a Cat, a Sparrow, and a Mouſe, to live together like Brothers and Siſters; whether their Hearts were ſincere or no, I cannot anſwer: Theſe four Animals lay in the ſame Bed, and eat in the ſame Diſh; the Dog, indeed, made bold to ſerve himſelf firſt, and very plentifully, but he did not forget the Cat, who had ſufficient good Manners to allot the Mouſe little fat Bits, very agreeable to her Pallet; and to leave the Sparrow ſome Crumbs of Bread, which the others did not miſs, nor envy in the leaſt. The Mouſe, for his Part, play'd with the Cat's Paws, who being well diſciplin'd, drew in his Claws, and patted it only with Feet of Velvet. As to the Sparrow, he friſk'd about high, and low, and with its Bill, attack'd ſometimes one, ſometimes t'other, and in all his Merriment did not loſe a Feather. To conclude, ſo great was the Unity of this Fraternity, that there never was heard the leaſt Contradiction; and ſo great was their Confidence in a mutual good Faith and Sincerity, that there never happen'd to be the leaſt Talk of Suſpicion,

Surprize, or Treachery amongſt them. It is hard to ſay which is the moſt wonderful and ſurprizing, the Docility of the Creatures, or the Induſtry of the Miſtreſs, who, with her great Talents of reconciling different Inclinations and Intereſts, would have been able to have effected Miracles in a Diet at *Ratiſbonne*.

A DEVOUT Gentleman follow'd his Wife when ſhe went to Confeſſion, and obſerving that the Confeſſor was conducting her behind the Altar, in order to give her the Diſcipline, *He cry'd out, Sir, have a Care, ſhe is of a very tender Conſtitution; I deſire you'll pleaſe to give me the Stripes you intended to beſtow upon her; as we are the ſame Fleſh, it will be the ſame Thing.* So ſaid, ſo done: He kneels down, the Confeſſor does his Office; the Wife, in the mean Time, crying out, *Lay on, Father, lay on, for I am a great Sinner.*

A YOUNG Preacher who had a good Preſence, a thundering Voice, and who was Maſter of all the Geſtures, and Graces peculiar to thoſe Declaimers that charm their Hearers; having got into his Pulpit, no ſooner began, but his Memory fail'd him, and he could not pronounce one Word of that Diſcourſe which he had prepar'd for the Congregation. What to do he knew not; to come down he was aſham'd, and all Efforts to proceed were vain: Well, he determin'd to keep his Poſt, and to ſet his Voice, Hands, and Head agoing: He proceeded to deliver half Words, ambiguous and independent Expreſſions; he had a World of Infines, Buts, Ifs, Thens, Sirs, *&c.* and never did Preacher appear with more Fire; he baul'd as loud as he could, made vehement Exclamations, beat the Cuſhion with his Hands, and the Bottom of the Pulpit out with his Feet; every Thing trembled about him, and the Roof of the Church, which was very ſpacious, return'd the confus'd Voice with the Intereſt of a thundering Eccho: The whole Audience was in a profound Silence; each Individual ſtretch'd out his Head, and redoubled his Attention, in order to underſtand what was unintelligible. Thoſe that were near the Pulpit, cry'd, we are too near, it is impoſſible

to diſtinguiſh. Thoſe that were far off, complain'd, that by being ſo remote they loſt the fineſt Things in the World. In ſhort, my Preacher detain'd his Congregation full Three quarters of an Hour in Suſpence, and retir'd with the Applauſe of all, who determin'd, the firſt Opportunity, to chuſe ſo well their Places, as not to loſe the Benefit of ſo excellent a Sermon.

No Nation aſſumes ſo many Chriſtian Names as the *Spaniards*. A poor *Don Quixot*, who had no other Company or Attendance, but the wretched Jade upon which he was mounted, reach'd, with much ado, a ſmall Village in *France*, call'd *Quixot*, where there was but one little Inn. As it was Midnight when he arriv'd, and poured down with Rain, the *Spaniard* apply'd himſelf, with great Noice and Diligence, to the Gate. The Hoſt waking at laſt, look'd out of the Window, and cry'd, *Who's there? Here is*, anſwers the *Spaniard*, *Don Sancho*, *Alphonſo*, *Ramiro*, *Juan*, *Pedro*, *Carlos*, *Franciſco*, *Domingo de Roxas*, *de Stuniga*, *de las Fuentes*. The Landlord, who knew he had but one empty Bed, told him briſkly, *He had not Room for ſo much Company*; and ſo return'd to his Reſt. In vain did the *Spaniard* bawl, and argue; he was oblig'd to march two Leagues farther for an Opportunity to ſhake his Feathers, and go to Rooſt.

A *VENETIAN* Ambaſſador having reſided ſome Time at *Rome*, went after to *Florence*, where he paid his Compliments to the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*. This Prince complain'd to the Ambaſſador, of his Republick's Miſtake, in having formerly diſpatch'd to him, upon great Buſineſs, a *Venetian*, who, during his Reſidence at *Florence*, behav'd himſelf both ridiculouſly, and ſcandalouſly; *Your Highneſs muſt not be ſurpriz'd at that*, anſwer'd the Ambaſſador, *for I can aſſure you that we have a great many Fools at* Venice. *We have the ſame*, reply'd the Duke, *at* Florence, *but we never ſend them abroad to treat Publick Affairs*. This Anſwer does ſufficiently expoſe the Ridiculouſneſs, as well as the Inconveniency, of ſending Men of poor Capacities to foreign Courts; where they ſerve for little more than a Scandal and Reproach to the Nation, or Soveraign.

that ſent them: Beſides, it is to be obſerv'd, That the Succeſs of a Negotiation depends frequently, not only upon the Abilites, but the inſinuating Manner, and Behaviour of a well-bred and diſcreet Perſon.

THERE is no Sort of Flattery ſo agreeable, and artful, as that which partakes of a pleaſant, and chearful Liberty; which ſeems to reproach ſomething in the Perſon we deſign to cajole, and gives the pretended Reprehenſion, at the ſame Time a Turn of Praiſe and juſt Encomium. The young *Cambyſes*, Son of *Cyrus*, being one Day at Table with his Nobles, they took that Opportunity to extol him infinitely above his Father. *Cræſus* King of *Lydia*, a Prince of great Wit, had a Mind to give a dextrous Turn to theſe exceſſive Commendations, and to ſay ſomething paramount to them all; taking therefore his Opportunity, he ſaid, He eſteem'd the Company in the Wrong, to raiſe the Son in Reputation ſo much above the Father; becauſe, for his Part, he thought him much inferior. As the whole Aſſembly were ſurpriz'd, and ſtared at ſo frank a Declaration, and the King himſelf ſeem'd a little diſcompos'd. This dextrous Flatterer proceeded to ſay, *Yes, he was inferior*; *for* Cambyſes *had not, like* Cyrus, *got a Son that reſembled the Father.*

ONE of King *Henry the Fourth*'s Domeſticks, a Confidant of his Amours, having obtain'd ſome conſiderable Grant, he went immediately to the Lord Chancellor, and deſir'd him to give Orders that it might be diſpatch'd in Form: But the Chancellor finding ſome Difficulty in the Matter, appear'd, for that Reaſon a little dilatory; The Courtier, on the other Hand, growing wondrous impatient, cry'd ever now and then, *The King's Commands, my Lord, muſt be obey'd; there's no Occaſion for all this Ceremony. Sir*, anſwer'd the Chancellor, *let every Man concern himſelf with his own Buſineſs.* The other taking it in his Head, that his Lordſhip flung his Pimping in his Teeth, reply'd inſtantly, *My Buſineſs, my Lord, is ſuch, that if the King were a little younger, I would not change it for four of yours.*

It is a common Obſervation, that the Manner of conferring a Favour, inhances infinitely its Value. *Benſerade* ſaw, one Morning, a Friend of his, who was Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the King, coming into his Room whilſt he was in Bed, and obſerv'd that he approach'd him with a grave Air: Upon this he cry'd preſently, *Pray what's the Matter? Sir*, reply'd his Friend, *I wiſh I could acquaint you with ſome more agreale News than what I have brought you, but you muſt prepare yourſelf as well for that, as the obeying of his Majeſty's Commands.* *Benſerade* was ſurpriz'd at this Diſcourſe, and expected no leſs than a Baniſhment from Court; he ponder'd with himſelf which Way he had incurr'd this Misfortune; turning at laſt about, he ſaid, *Ho, ho, I know the Buſineſs, ſome body or other has took it in his Head, that I lampoon'd him in my —— and has done me this ill Office: What I did was only to divert the King; but pray tell me what's the Matter? And what I muſt do? You muſt*, anſwers the other, *take theſe Three hundred Piſtoles which I have brought you, and be ſatisfy'd; for the King having promis'd to give you all he won laſt Night, and having won no more, ſend you only theſe.* *Benſerade* thought he was ſtill aſleep, or that he dream'd waking; and, in order to ſee if it were not all Viſion, he rub'd his Eyes with the left Hand, and clap'd his Right upon the Purſe that lay on the Table; he felt it, poiz'd it, open'd it, and fell a counting, when the Gentleman who brought it, ſaid, *Sir, that will take up too much Time; I muſt take my Leave of you; for being, as you know, in waiting, I muſt attend the King's Levee.* *Benſerade*, without letting go the Purſe, jumps out of Bed, throws himſelf about the Gentleman's Neck, and told him, *He ſhould be welcome at all Times to ſurprize him as agreeably as he had done; that he could not, in that Condition, wait upon him any farther, but would dreſs himſelf immediately, and thank his Majeſty.*

*Lewis the Twelfth*, King of *France*, when Duke of *Orleans*, had receiv'd ſeveral Indignities at the Hand of Madam *de Beaujeu*, and Madam *de Briconnet*, who were both in great Favour during the preceding Reigns. A Confidant of the King's preſum'd

preſum'd to adviſe him to give ſome notable Mark of his Reſentment. To which he anſwer'd, *No, it's below the Dignity of a King of* France *to revenge Injuries offer'd to the Duke of* Orleans.

THE Emperor *Charles the Fifth* having loſt both his Company and his Way upon a Foreſt, whilſt a hunting; after a great many Turnings and Windings, he happen'd upon an Inn, where he alighted to eaſe and refreſh himſelf. He no ſooner enter'd, but he ſpy'd four Men, who had no very promiſing Aſpects; however, he ſate down, and call'd for what he wanted. Theſe Men were laid along upon the Ground, and pretended to be a-ſleep. The firſt roſe preſently, and approaching the Emperor, told him, that he had juſt then dream'd that he was to pull off his Hat; and without farther Ceremony did ſo. The ſecond dream'd that his Surtout would well become him; and without more a-do pull'd it off. The third caſt his Eye upon his Waſtcoat, and ſtripp'd him. The fourth dreamed too in his Turn, and deſir'd the Prince not to take it ill, if he gave himſelf the Trouble of ſearching his Pockets; and ſpying, at the ſame Time, a Gold Chain about the Emperor's Neck, with a Whiſtle at the End of it, and going about to eaſe him of it, *Hold, dear Friend*, cry'd the Emperor, *let me only ſhow you the Uſe of it:* Which he did effectually; for his Company heard the ſhrill Pipe, came to the Place, and were not a little ſurpriz'd to find the Emperor in that Condition. *Here are*, ſays he, *ſome Fellows who have been dreaming great good Fortune for themſelves, and all ſucceeded to their Hearts deſires.* And after a little Pauſe, he added, *I dream'd likewiſe that theſe Dreamers deſerv'd every Mothers Son to be hang'd, and I will have my Dream this Moment accompliſh'd*; and they were all truſs'd up accordingly.

IN the Reign of *Henry the Fourth* of *France*, it was thought neceſſary to forbid the Wearing of Gold and Silver; and the King having regiſter'd an Edict for that Purpoſe, it took Effect for the Space of ſix or ſeven Months; but after that, it was

as little regarded as if no ſuch Thing had ever been. The King was determin'd to have his Orders obey'd, and bethought himſelf of an infallible Expedient, which was publiſh'd in Manner following. *We forbid expreſsly all our loving Subjects, of what Quality and Condition ſoever, in all Places, Cities, and Towns within this our Kingdom, to wear any Gold or Silver upon their Cloaths, in any Manner, or under any Pretence whatſoever; provided always, that all looſe Women, Thieves, and Rogues may diſtinguiſh themſelves by what Apparel they think fit, for whom we do not ſo much concern ourſelves, as to honour their Conduct with any Sort of Regard or Attention.* I preſume the Callicoes, when 'tis thought proper, may be as effectually ſuppreſs'd by a Proclamation of the ſame Tenor.

THE late Duke of St. *Aignan* was a Prince of excellent Senſe, and great Generoſity, and ever exerted theſe rare Qualities in the moſt agreeable Manner. Mr. *Bourſault* had dedicated a Tragedy to him, call'd *Mary Stuart*, and preſented it to him with his own Hands. The Duke receiv'd it with the greateſt Complaiſance, and told the Author, *That he ſhould always make it his favourite Book; and at the ſame Time, deſir'd him not to take it ill, if, in order to acquit himſelf poorly of ſo great an Obligation, he made him a Preſent of an hundred Piſtoles.* *Bourſault*, who was more neceſſitous than covetous, was confounded at the Sight of ſo large a Sum; and excus'd himſelf from taking it in the moſt civil and obliging Terms. *Well*, ſaid the Duke, *I know your Thoughts; you do not eſteem me rich enough to ſpare an hundred Pounds at once; ſince you are ſo complaiſant as to accommodate yourſelf to my Fortune, ſuffer me, at leaſt, for the preſent to give you twenty, and to make the ſame Payment every Month 'till we are quits.* *Bourſault*, in ſpite of all his modeſt Refuſals, was oblig'd to accept the twenty; and the Duke did not fail, every firſt Day of the four ſucceeding Months, to ſend him as many, with as great Civility, as if he had been paying the greateſt Debt of Obligation.

CARDINAL

CARDINAL *Ranuzzi* had an Almoner who fell ill whilſt he reſided in *France*. At firſt, his Indiſpoſition did not ſeem dangerous; but, by the Aſſiſtance of Phyſicians, it became ſoon mortal. Being appris'd of the true State of his Caſe, he began to think ſeriouſly of dying. A Reverend Father of the Church was ſent for, who did not part with him 'till he gave up the Ghoſt. Altho' the Almoner expected Death with great Reſignation to the Will of God, yet the agonizing Moments being come, whilſt the Prieſt repeated that Prayer, *Proficiſcere Anima, viz. Depart Soul in Peace*, the other was heard to ſay as often, with a low Voice, *Pian piano, Anima mia, pian piano, viz. Fair and ſoftly, my Soul, fair and ſoftly.*

THE *Spaniards*, altho' generally remarkable for a ridiculous Sort of Pride, yet does it ſometimes deſerve the Title of Generoſity and Magnificence. The laſt King *Charles*, when young, walking one Day in Proceſſion, and ſpying a Beggar with a very meagre importuning Face, having nothing elſe to give, threw him a Croſs of Diamonds that hung at his Buttons, which nobody about him took Notice of. When he came to the Church, it was obſerv'd, that the King wanted his Croſs, and ſuppos'd that it had been ſtolen. The poor Man apprehending ſome ſad Conſequence, ſhew'd the Croſs to a Courtier, ſaying, *Here is what you enquire for; but I did not ſteal it; his Majeſty beſtow'd it upon me as a Charity.* The King afterwards declar'd the Fact to be true; but his Council taking the Matter into Conſideration, determin'd, that ſince it was not proper to part with the Crown Jewels, they ſhould be fairly valu'd, and the Beggar ſhould have their Worth in Money: And they pay'd him accordingly twelve thouſand Potacks or Crowns.

A *SPANISH* Ambaſſador finding himſelf oblig'd to argue his Maſters Intereſts with ſome Heat in the Preſence of *Henry the Fourth* of *France*, this Prince, at laſt, conceiving himſelf to be much ſuperior, in ev'ry Reſpect, to *Philip the Third*, could

could not refrain saying, *My Lord Ambassador, If your Master persists to provoke me, I shall make no Scruple of demanding my own Terms at the Gates of* Madrid. To which the *Spaniard* reply'd, with great Gravity, *Sir, Suppose you did, you would not be the first King of* France *that had been there,* (meaning *Francis the First.*) *Henry* feeling himself piqued, but conscious that he had drawn that Answer upon himself, proceeded to say, smiling, *My Lord Ambassador, You are a* Spaniard, *and I a* Gascogne, *should we go on in this rodamontade Manner, we should carry the Jest too far.* By this artful Turn he diverted the Discourse, and all sinister Consequences.

Mr. *Boursault*, in a Letter to the D. of *Langres*, gives this little Account of his being robb'd.

My Lord, You will scarce believe, that being a Poet, I am a proper Person to be attack'd for a Purse; but so it was, that coming Home very late last Night, I was stopp'd at the Corner of a Street, and commanded, with a Pistol at my Breast, to deliver. Altho' I was much surpriz'd at the Compliment, yet was I not so much terrify'd and amaz'd as not to be able to tell my Name, and Profession, which I did with great Agility, to satisfy the Thief that he could expect no great Matter: I pull'd out two Crown Pieces at the same Time, assur'd him that was all I had, and if he found more, he might shoot me and welcome. I don't know whether or no he knew me, but squeezing my Hand with some Sort of Rage, *By Jove*, says he, *I'll take but one; I have not eat a bit these three Days*; and so went off. I vow and swear, my Lord, I was so touch'd with what he said, that if I thought he could have dar'd to trust to me, I would have call'd him back, and treated him heartily with the Crown he left me. This Man was no Thief, he was some unhappy Person well born, who being asham'd to beg, was oblig'd, by Despair and Hunger, to stoop to this unworthy Action; yet if he had been seiz'd by the Watch, which just then pass'd by in *Flagranti delicto*, he would most certainly have been hang'd. So

true

true it is, that the Gallows are made rather for the unhappy than the guilty.

THE Love of Life puts ſome Men upon very mean Actions, and the ſaying of very unworthy Things. It was debated once at a great Man's Table, if a glorious Death were preferable to a languiſhing and painful Life: The Company differ'd in Opinion. Some eſpous'd one Side of the Queſtion, ſome the other. The Grandee was one of thoſe that declar'd for Life, and back'd his Judgment with ſaying, *I wiſh, for my Part, to be hang'd a hundred Years hence.* A Gentleman, at leaſt as old as he, took the Liberty to aſk him if he had well conſider'd what he ſaid? *Yes*, ſays the Prince, *and I repeat it, that I wiſh to be hang'd a hundred Years hence: And as for my Part*, anſwers the Gentleman, *I ſhould wiſh to be preſent, and to aſſiſt in ſinging the penitential Pſalm.* He was in the Right on't; for, by this Means, he would have have had the Advantage of a long Life, without the Diſgrace of an ignominious Death.

OVERSIGHTS of Ignorance may be eaſily diſpens'd with and forgiven; but ſpiteful Miſtakes deſerve a proper Animadverſion. Father *Ormeſſon*, a Fryar Minim, a Man of great Learning, and Simplicity of Manners, thought himſelf oblig'd, from a Principle of Conſcience, to write a Letter of Exhortation into the Country, by which he hoped to accommodate ſome Difference, and to prevent a Law-Suit, which was like to commence betwixt near Relations; and finiſh'd his Letter, according to his uſual Humility, with *Your moſt humble Servant* Ormeſſon, *moſt unworthy Minim of the Royal Convent.* The Gentleman to whom this Letter had been addreſs'd, being an inveterate Piccardian, did not fail to take Advantage of the Fryar's Submiſſion, and upon his Anſwer puts this Superſcription, *To the moſt Reverend Father* Ormeſſon, *moſt unworthy Minim of the Convent Royal.*

ANOTHER Gentleman, from an overflowing Principle of Civility, was equally impertinent, tho' not equally malicious. It is well known, that in all Churches where there is ſolemn Muſick, an Inſtrument is made uſe of that is call'd a Serpent; and he that plays upon it is generally a Clergyman. Well then, not to fail in Point of Reſpect; the foreſaid Gentleman having Occaſion to write to the Muſician, directs, *To Monſ. Monſ.* Chein, *the moſt unworthy Serpent of the Chappel a* Paris.

Mr. *BOURSAULT* ſays, That being at a Tavern call'd *Muſſy*, he had beſpoke a Suit of Cloaths for a Relation, but came away and left them unpaid for. Soon after the Taylor writ to him, and drew a Bill upon him at the ſame Time, in theſe Terms: *Sir, finding you upon my Journal for a ſmall Sum of Four Piſtoles, I deſire you will, at Sight thereof, pay the ſaid Sum to Mr.* Proſper, *Merchant-Capmaker in the* Fauxbourg *of* Paris; *and not doubting your doing Honour to the Preſent, I remain, with Affection, yours*, &c. As the Liberty of arreſting is not ſuſpended betwixt Merchant and Merchant, in Order to hold Mr. *B—t* to Bail, if he refuſed Payment, he writ upon the Side of his Note, *To Monſ. Monſ.* Bourſault *Merchant-Poet at* Paris. Fine Merchandize indeed! It was happy for him that he had receiv'd ſome Money over-Night, and that he had no Occaſion to prove that his Muſe was no better than a Gypſie.

A GREAT many Gentlemen, purely in Complaiſance to Cuſtom, carry Swords by their Sides, who had much rather that nobody wore any for Fear of ill Conſequences. The other Day, a Man who had one purely *ad Honores*, or for Faſhion ſake, met unluckily with an Adverſary, who bid him draw: He, who had never any Stomach for Fighting, alledg'd the Severity of the Law in ſuch Caſes, and declar'd plainly, he would not, for the Sake of any Reſentment, break the Laws both of God and Man. The other ſeeing him ſo good a Chriſtian, and ſo good a Subject, told him, He could ſtill improve thoſe Characters by the Help of Paſſive Obedience; and belabour'd him both with Sword and Cane. One of the Sufferer's

ferer's Acquaintance hearing of the Diſaſter, came and expoſtulated the Matter with him. To which he anſwer'd, *What the Plague would you have me do? Courage is like Faith; it is a Gift of God, which he diſpences to whom he thinks fit.* How weak ſoever this Excuſe may ſeem, yet is there a great deal of Truth in it; and thoſe who make it their Buſineſs to feel the Pulſe of the World, will find that *Courage* is as much wanting as *Faith*. The next Narrative will, in ſome Sort, confirm this Aſſertion.

ONE of thoſe Sparks that carry generally both their Quality and Eſtate upon their Backs, being, one Day, ſpick and ſpan new, had not ſtrutted above Ten Yards, before an unlucky *Hack* paſſing by, and driving into the Kennel, plaſh'd him all over: Fired with Rage, he catches hold of the Horſes Reins with one Hand, and canes the Coachman, as long as he had Breath, with the other: At laſt, a Gentleman in the Coach lets down one of the Windows, and cries, *Sir, I hope you will have done preſently. God damn ye, cries t'other, if you have a Mind to take his Part, come out. No, Sir,* replies the Gentleman, *that is not my Meaning; but I have hired the Rogue by the Hour, and I ſhall be oblig'd to pay for the Time you ſpend in beating him. You are in the Right on't,* ſays the Spark; *thank the Gentleman, you Raſcal; for if he was not to loſe both his Time and Money, I'd pay you by the Hour myſelf.*

A CERTAIN *Gaſcogne* Officer (for none elſe could have the Wit and Aſſurance to ſay the ſame Thing) being oblig'd to repair to his Poſt in the Army, and being very ill equipp'd, apply'd himſelf to the late *French* King for ſome Allowance towards his Equipage. The King, who ſeldom refus'd abruptly, and without giving ſome mitigating Reaſon, told him, *That whereas he had his Pay, and a Penſion, upon any extraordinary Occaſion, he ſhould apply for ſome Return of Money to his Father, who liv'd in great Meaſure too upon the Income of good Imployments. Money,* (anſwers the *Gaſcogne*) *Sir, from my Father? Your Majeſty, who is Almighty, might as well expect a Fart from your Brazen Horſe, as I a Letter of Exchange from our Country.*

The King, little expecting such a Return, could not forbear smiling, and the *Gascogne* obtain'd part of his Demands.

A CERTAIN Gentleman, after his Return from Travelling, came to pay a Visit to the Prince at *Chantilly*, and amongst the rest of his Relations, he gave some Account of a *Persian* Prince, who, at the Age of Thirty, had perform'd the most glorious Actions that had been ever heard of. Whilst the whole Company devour'd the Story with the most greedy Attention, the Dinner came, and everybody took his Place at the Table. The Prince taking great Notice of what the Traveller had sometime expatiated upon, said, *Sir, the Beginning of your Relation was so fine, and glorious, that I long to hear the Conclusion.* *Alas!* reply'd the Traveller, who saw the Soop a-going, *the Persian dy'd suddenly*; and so began to lay about him as well as the rest.

A POOR *French Refugè*, who had much more Latin and Mathematicks than Money, being recommended as a Tutor to a Gentleman's Family, and desiring to make as good a Figure as possible: When he came near the House, he enter'd a Barber's Shop, and desir'd to be shav'd; but he was no sooner seated, than his Conscience, of having no Money, prick'd him: He told the Master his Case, and promised to make him amends another Time. *You're a fine Customer, indeed*, cries the Barber; *pray, Sir, take Notice of this Shop, and come no more here; but I'll shave you this Once for the Sake of your Religion.* He dabbs him plentifully with cold Water, uses not a Grain of Soap, and taking the first Razor that came to Hand, he rather flees the poor Man than shaves him. Whilst the Wretch was suffering Martyrdom, there was heard the most horrid Squauling imaginable. It seems, a hungry Cat had run away with part of the Dinner, and the Servant was squeezing her Head betwixt two Trenchers, to recover the stolen Meat. *What the Plague is the Matter*, cries the Barber? *Pray mind your Business*, says the *Frenchman, de matre be, dat your Valet shavè de poor Diable de Cat, for Gossake.*

IT is well known that the Duke of *Beaufort* made his Escape out of the Dungeon at *Vincennes*, where he was Prisoner. Two Princes of the Blood being, some Time after, convey'd to the same Place; the Prince of *Conti*, one of them, who was ever very pious, said to a certain Gentleman, who paid them a Visit, *Sir, I beg of you, the next Time you come, to bring me the Imitation of Jesus Christ; and to me*, said the other Prince, *the Imitation of the Duke of* Beaufort.

A CERTAIN Ecclesiastick being one Day in Company with Mr. *Boileau*, took Occasion to exclaim against Pluralities, and to say, that he wonder'd how such and such Men of great Parts and Learning, could suffer themselves so to be blinded with Avarice and Ambition, as to act against those Canons which they subscrib'd to, with the maturest Consideration, and greatest Reverence: As for my Part, I have taken Orders, am descended from one of the best Families of *Tourenne*, and every Man is, in some Sort, oblig'd to support the Dignity of his Birth; but I protest to you, that if I could once obtain an Abby, worth only a Thousand Crowns a Year, I would there fix the Bounds of my Ambition; nor should any Consideration of Interest be able to shake this Resolution. Some Time after, a Vacancy happen'd worth Seven Thousand Livres, which he fill'd by his Brother's Interest, and Mediation. Another fell, the next Winter, worth Eight thousand, which he likewise obtain'd. Whilst he thus sail'd along with a fair Wind, he heard of a vacant Priory, to which was annex'd a Revenue of Six thousand Livres, which he procur'd likewise by Force of the most industrious and assured Application. Mr. *Boileau* observing him to be overcharg'd with Benefices, that fell one upon the Neck of the other, made him a Visit, and frankly said, *What is become, Mr. Abbot, of that Candor and Innocence which represented the Plurality of Livings to be so dangerous and sinful a Thing? Ah, Mr.* Boileau, cries he, *did you but know how much they contribute to good Living! No Question*, reply'd *Boileau, but they make well for Living; but for Dying, Mr. Abbot, for Dying!*

THERE are a Thousand Roads that lead to Fortune's Palace, and yet is it very hard to know them so well as to be able to travel with Certainty and Success. We sometimes think our selves right, when most out of the Way; at other Times we think ourselves quite lost, when at our Journey's End. Cardinal *Nitard* found out a Track to Honour, and Riches, which I believe never any Man ventur'd upon before, or will hereafter.

HIS Mistress, the Queen of *Spain*, Sister to the Emperor, brought this Jesuit along with her when she marry'd *Philip the Second*. This Princess, whilst in *Germany*, was allow'd all convenient Liberty, she commanded every Thing her Modesty desir'd; but found herself, when in *Spain*, under some Difficulties, and Restraints; all Things in that Court are so exactly regulated, that the Queens themselves can neither eat nor drink, but by Weight and Measure, and what is appointed them by a particular Officer; if they have a Mind to drink betwixt Meals, they are regal'd only with a Glass of fair Water. It was with some Regret that she accommodated herself to a Way of living so different to what she had been used to; and Father *Nitard*, a Jesuit, (*ergo* an able Minister) having took Notice of her Uneasiness, brought every Morning, when he was to say Mass, a Bottle of the best Wine under his Vestment, which he gave to a sure Person; and by this Means, her Majesty was able to solace herself at Pleasure. The Jesuit's seasonable Assiduity affected her to that Degree, that she determin'd to reward him whenever her Power prov'd equal to her Inclinations: And at last, after the King's Death, being declar'd Regent, she took him so much into Favour, that D. *Juan* of *Austria* grew a little jealous of him; but neither he, nor the Grandees were able to remove him before they all agreed to make him Cardinal, and to send him away in Quality of Ambassador to *Rome*, where he dy'd.

THE

The Princeſs of *Dombes*, who was in the Point of Ceremony as ſcrupulous as her Father, uſed ſometimes to go to the City of *Eu*; where, in the Evenings, ſhe would frequently ſummon ſome of the beſt Company to her Palace, and divert herſelf by making them act Proverbs in her Preſence. After a great many had acted their Parts ſo well, that ſhe eaſily gueſs'd their Meaning, and accordingly gave them their juſt Applauſe and Encouragement, came in a Gentleman, on a ſudden, who play'd a thouſand Tricks and Gambols, and twiſted his Body and Face into ſo many Shapes and Grimaces, that nobody could conjecture what he aim'd at. At laſt the Princeſs ſaid, *I don't queſtion, Sir, but you have acquitted yourſelf very well, but you have puzzled everybody; pray what is the Proverb you pretend to repreſent.* *That, Madam*, crys he, *which teaches that one Fool makes many.* This ſhe took ſo ill, that ſhe forbid him ever after her Preſence. It had been more for the Reputation of his Judgment to have ſpar'd the Jeſt, and of hers, I think, to have laugh'd at it.

It is not always the Privilege of Nobility alone to be generous; ſome, who having rais'd their own Fortunes, are as well pleas'd to diſtinguiſh themſelves by generous Actions, as any of the greateſt Titles and Eſtates. Of this Number was one Mr. *Salo*, a Counſellor of Parliament at *Paris*. This Gentleman, in the Year 1662, when there was in that City a great Scarcity of Proviſions, taking a Walk one Evening, attended by his Servant, was, upon his return Homewards, attack'd by a ſingle Perſon, who, preſenting his Piſtol, bid him deliver; but diſcover'd, at the ſame Time, ſo much Fear by his pale Looks, and trembling, as ſufficiently perſwaded Mr. *Salo* that he was ſome young Beginner, and not very expert in his Trade. *You apply yourſelf*, ſays he, *very unluckily, for I have but three Piſtoles about me, which cannot much inrich you; but theſe I give you freely.* The Robber took them, and went his Way well ſatisfy'd. *Follow*, ſays Mr. *Salo* to his Valet, *that Man with Diligence and Dexterity; obſerve narrowly where he retires, and come and tell me.* The Servant did ſo: He purſu'd him,

him at a convenient Diſtance, through four or five little Streets, and at laſt he ſpy'd him enter a Baker's Shop, where he chang'd a Piſtole, and bought a large Loaf of Bread: About a dozen Doors from thence he turn'd into an Alley, went up four Pair of Stairs; and, it being Moon-light the Servant ſaw him, through ſome Creviſes, throw his Bread upon the Floor, and heard him ſay to a Woman and four Children, There, take it among you; but I ſhall be hang'd ſome of theſe Days for keeping you alive. The whole Company fell a crying and eating at the ſame Time; and the Footman return'd well ſatisfy'd with his Diſcovery. He acquainted his Maſter with every particular; who aſk'd him only if he had obſerv'd the Place particularly; and if he could direct him thither the next Morning. He anſwer'd, that the Houſe was in ſuch an Alley, and that nothing was more eaſy than to find it. Well, Mr. *Salo* roſe at five next Morning, and proceeded upon his intended Expedition. When he came near the Place, he enquir'd of ſome Neighbours if they knew ſuch a Man as he deſcrib'd, and what was his Employment? They told him, he was by Trade a Shoomaker, had a great Charge of Children, whom he was little able to maintain with all his Induſtry, and that he lodg'd in a Garret hard by. Mr. *Salo*, having the ſame Account from different People, without more ado went, by his Valet's Directions, up Stairs, and knock'd at the Door. The poor Man roſe, and covering himſelf with his Raggs, let him in without Ceremony; but when he recollected that Mr. *Salo* was the ſame Perſon whom he had robb'd the Night before, ſurpriz'd and amaz'd he threw himſelf at his Feet, and begg'd that he would not ruin him. *Make no Noiſe*, ſays Mr. *Salo*, *I do not come with that Intent: You follow a very wicked Way of living, and if you go on, your own Induſtry will prove ſufficient to hang you. I know you are a Shoomaker, have a great Family; here are thirty Piſtoles for you; buy Leather, and get your living honeſtly; but above all Things, ſhew no wicked Example to your Children.* Mr. *Bourſault* ſays, that he had this Relation from one *L'Epine*, a Perriwig-maker in *Paris*, who had been Mr. *Salo*'s Servant, and the very Man that attended him in the whole Action.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER remarkable Charity was that of Mr. *Brayer*, one of the moſt able and eminent Phyſicians of his Time. This Gentleman, every firſt Day of the Month, deliver'd to the Curate of his Pariſh, a Bag containing a thouſand Franks, for the Uſe of unhappy modeſt People. And this he contin-nu'd to do for the Space of fifteen Years; ſo that he had given this Way to the Poor 180000 Livres in Money, beſides other Charities, which he made nobody privy to; nor was the other known, 'till the Curate of St. *Euſtach*'s Pariſh publiſh'd it in Honour of his Memory after his Deceaſe. Our Phyſicians manage their Bounties altogether with as great and Chriſtian Secrecy.

As nothing, in my Opinion, can be more agreeable than the Accounts of generous Actions, I deſire to record two very notable ones of Mr. *Boileau*. Mr. *Patru* was a Gentleman very near as remarkable for his Neceſſities, as his great Learning; and was ſo vex'd and tormented by Creditors, that he determin'd at laſt to ſacrifice his Books to his own Eaſe, and their Satisfaction. His Library was therefore expos'd to Sale; Mr. *Boileau* heard of it, and repairing to his Houſe, made a Purchaſe of the whole. A few Hours afterwards he ſent Mr. *Patru* a Letter, by which he acquainted him, that he had a great Favour to beg of him, and would not be refus'd; which was to eſteem the Books ſtill his own, and to make Uſe of them as long as he liv'd. It happen'd a little after, that the ſame Mr. *Boileau* went to *Fontainebleau*, where he was inform'd, that the King had juſt then retrench'd a Penſion from the great *Corneille*, at which this honeſt Gentleman was ſo much concern'd, that he went immediately to Madame *Montſpan*, and told her, that the King, how equitable ſoever, could not, without ſome Imputation of Injuſtice, give him a Penſion, who began but juſt then to mount *Parnaſſus*, and deprive Mr. *Corneille* of his, who had ſo long ſince reach'd the Top, and reign'd there with univerſal Applauſe: That he humbly intreated her, for the Sake of his Majeſty's Glory, ſo far to interpoſe her Intereſt, as to obtain, that his own Grant

Grant ſhould rather be revok'd, than Mr. *Corneille*'s, who deſerv'd it incomparably more than he. With ſo great Vehemence and Sincerity did he preſs this Matter, and ſo pleas'd was M. *Monteſpan* with a Proceeding ſo generous and uncommon, that ſhe engag'd Mr. *Corneille* ſhould be re-eſtabliſh'd, and he was ſo. Altho' nothing ever appear'd in Poetry finer than Mr. *Boileau*'s Works, yet methings theſe Actions are ſtill more extraordinary, and conduce more to the Glory of his Name and Memory.

In the Reign of *Lewis the Eleventh*, a Necromancer, or Aſtrologer, came to *Paris*, who pretended to ſo great Skill in Phyſiognomy, as to be able to caſt all Peoples Nativities, and to tell how long they ſhould live at the very firſt Sight. A Lady, for whom the King had a particular Kindneſs, ſent for him amongſt the reſt, and having inquir'd her Deſtiny, he frankly told her, ſhe was to dye in the Compaſs of a very few Days; which ſucceeded accordingly. The King, when he heard of this Accident, imputed her Death rather to the Force of Suprize, and Fear, than any Diſtemper, and determin'd to revenge himſelf upon the Conjurer: He therefore ſent for him, and gave Orders, that upon a certain Signal given, his Attendants ſhould throw him out of Window. As ſoon as the King ſaw him, *Thou*, ſays he, *that pretendeſt to be ſo-knowing a Perſon, as to be able to tell preciſely the Moment of other Peoples Death, inform me, pray thee, when thou art to dye thyſelf?* Whether the Rogue was appriz'd by his natural Sagacity, or by his great Skill and Learning, of the Prince's Deſign, I ſhall not determine; but without the leaſt Token of Fear, or Surprize, he anſwer'd, *Sir, I ſhall dye three Days, neither more nor leſs, before your Majeſty.* The King inſtantly laid aſide all Thoughts of his Execution; and to the contrary, gave Orders, that nothing ſhould be wanting to the Preſervation of that Life, upon which his own ſo nearly depended.

IT is thought in *France* that few Saints had done more Miracles after their Death than St. *Martin*. And for this Reason have many Queens, and Princeſſes of the Blood retir'd upon their decline to *Tours*, in order to paſs the reſt of their Days near his Tomb. His Reliques reſtor'd Sight to the Blind, Hearing to the Deaf, Speech to the Dumb; and ſome Authors aſſert, that they have rais'd the Dead. And ſo great have the Concourſe and Offerings been of devout, and ſuperſtitious People, that the Abby, by this Means, at *Tours*, is become one of the richeſt and fineſt in *France*.

ONE Day, as the Prieſts were carrying that Saint's Reliques in Proceſſion, two Beggars, who had poſted themſelves in the Way, and who uſed to make large Collections by their Infirmities, were told by ſome, who had nothing to give but their Advice, that if they continu'd there 'till the Reliques paſs'd by, they would moſt certainly be cur'd. The Beggars, one Blind, t'other Lame, were terribly frighted at this Piece of News; for no greater Misfortune, in their Opinion, could befall them, than that of being reſtor'd. Neceſſity then being the Mother of Invention, after ſome Debates upon Ways and Means, it was agreed the blind Man ſhould take the other upon his Back; *Your Limbs*, ſays the Cripple, *can carry me, and with my Eyes I can direct you*. So away they trotted, and diſappointed the Saint of a Miracle.

BUT to ſhew that all Papiſts are not ſo great Fools as to believe, without Scruple, all the Romantick Legends that are recommended to their Faith; and yet how aſſiduous the greateſt Men of that Church are in impoſing upon the weakeſt; I preſent you with one Fable more, as it is recited by Mr. *Bourſault* to the Biſhop of *Langres*.

I HAVE, been inform'd, ſays this Gentleman, that the Reliques of the ſame Saint being carry'd quite through *France*, they at laſt arriv'd at *Auxere*, and were depoſited in the Church of St. *Germain*, where they did many Miracles.

But the Eccleſiaſticks of St. *Germain*'s conceiving their own Saint to be altogether as powerful and great as the other, demanded half the Charities that had been ſo plentifully beſtow'd. Now St. *Martin*'s Prieſts and Attendants alledg'd and inſiſted, that as he alone had effected thoſe late Wonders, ſo had he alone a Right and Title to the Offerings: And to prove that they advanc'd nothing of which they were not well aſſur'd, they propos'd and requir'd, that ſome diſtemper'd Perſon ſhould be expos'd upon the Heath, in the Midway betwen St. *Germain*'s and St. *Martin*'s, and by this Means it would appear which of the two did the Miracle. A Man over run with the Leproſy was accordingly put there, and the Side next to St. *Martin*'s was reſtor'd, but not the other: Upon this they turn'd him about, and he became quite whole. *It is not*, ſays Cardinal *Baronius*, *that St. Germain is a whit leſs Saint than St. Martin, and that he has not done a World of Miracles; but becauſe the latter having paid the former a Viſit, St. Germain thought himſelf obſig'd, in Point of Civility, to reſtore that Power which he had from God, the better to do the Honours of his own Houſe.*

A *Turkish* Ambaſſador reſiding ſome Time at *Paris* in the Reign of *Henry the Fourth*, took Notice that his Maſter had ever an Army on Foot conſiſting of 40000 Men, and declar'd, at the ſame Time, that he wonder'd ſo great a Prince as the King of *France* had ſo ſmall an Army. To which that Prince reply'd, where Juſtice reigns, Force is little requir'd.

Some glorious Actions are bury'd in Oblivion, which would have made a great Figure in Story, had they been atchiev'd by Perſons of great Quality and Diſtinction. In the Iſlands where a Traffick of Slaves is carry'd on, a villainous Moor ſold his Wife, who had not been deliver'd for above a Month of Twins; and ſome Chriſtians, no leſs Villains than he, had the Cruelty to buy her, and ſhe was put in the Hold amongſt the reſt; but as it happen'd to be fine Weather, the Veſſel did not go above a League before the

Slaves

Slaves were brought above board, and paſs'd in Review before the Maſter. This poor Mother, touch'd with Compaſſion for her Children, who uſed to have their whole Nouriſhment from her Breaſts, threw herſelf inſtantly into the Sea, with the natural Purpoſe of preſerving their Lives. The charitable Crew let fly a hundred Balls at the poor ſwimming Wretch; but whether they did this only to frighten her into a Return, or whether Heaven favour'd ſo laudable a Venture, ſhe eſcap'd all Wounds, and reach'd the Shore to which her juſt and natural Concern conducted her. Did ever Woman of the greateſt Quality, Merit, and Virtue perform a more illuſtrious and heroick Exploit? And with what Encomiums would ſome Princeſs have been recorded, had ſhe acted with the ſame Tenderneſs and Reſolution.

THE Emperor *Charles the Fifth* had a Buffoon, call'd *Papa Thome*, who having abus'd the Liberty that had been given him, was, by Way of Puniſhment, excluded for ſome Days the Kitchen. The Fool thought this Manner of Proceeding a little cruel, and endeavour'd all he could to make one of the Cooks his Friend, but all in vain. *Well*, cries he, *if I muſt not eat, my Enemies, if I can help it, ſhall not ſo—t.* And ſo, without more ado, he nail'd Boards over all the Holes in the Houſes of Office. Some Courtiers untruſſing in great Haſte, ſate down, and let fly at the ſame Time, to the great Detriment of their Cloaths and Linnen. It was ſoon ſmelt who contriv'd this Matter. The Fool was ſent for; and being aſk'd the Reaſon of this bold Adventure, he anſwer'd, *That he thought all ſuch Conveniencies ſuperfluous, in a Court where there was no eating.*

DENIS the Tyrant aſking one Day *Ariſtippus* why Philoſophers were ſeen frequently making their Court to Princes, but Princes never enquiring after Philoſophers; *Ariſtippus* made anſwer, *That Philoſophers very well underſtood their own Wants, but Princes did not underſtand theirs.* In this Manner did he reproach moſt great Men with the Want of Virtue, Wiſdom, and good Advice, which they were not themſelves apprizd of,

and for which Reason they did not look out for proper and able Persons to supply those Defects.

A CERTAIN Lady having a Husband who was blind of an Eye, and whom she did not much affect, was one Day surpriz'd with a knocking at her Chamber Door, when lock'd up with her Gallant; but she had so great a Presence of Mind, that she rose from the Bed instantly, open'd the Door, and imbracing her Spouse, said, *I have been lying down a little, my dear, and had the strangest strongest Dream that I ever had in my Life. I dream't, my dear, that you were restor'd to Sight. Pray thee let me cover your best Eye, and try if you can see with the other.* She clap'd her Hand upon it accordingly, and desir'd him to have a little Patience; In the mean time away slipt the Lover.

THE famous *Italian* Poet *Tasso* being told one Day by an officious Acquaintance, that he had then a lucky Opportunity of being reveng'd upon an envious and malicious Person, who had done him a thousand ill Turns, answer'd, *I have no Inclination to deprive the Man either of his Life, or his Honour; I wish only to deprive him of his Ill-will.* This shews us, that a Man of Virtue and Integrity, is above resenting the little Efforts of Envy and Ill-nature; nor could anybody speak with greater Equity and Moderation, than did the truly noble and ingenious *Tasso*.

TWO Gentlemen, Friends, and very much alike in Age and Persons, had been four Years marry'd to two beautiful Ladies; but altho' they were fond and loving Couples, yet had they no Children: As they were very rich, and desir'd extreamly to have Heirs of their own getting, they neglected no Ways and Means to render their Wives fruitful; they read all Advertisments, and every vivifying Spirit, and *German* Doctor was sent for, and no Season either at *Tunbridge*, or at the *Bath* was neglected: At this last Place they were so much straitned for Lodging, that they were forc'd to take up with a single Room, where there were two Beds. As for their Servants,

vanity they were to shift as well as they could. Being then in Possession of the Chamber, they propos'd to their Wives, after a plentiful Supper, to go and take the Diversions of the Place; but these alledg'd, that they were fatigu'd with the Journey; and since they were to rise early next Morning for the Benefit of the Waters, they chose rather to take their Ease at Home, and go to Bed betimes. These good Husbands having no Mind, in the least, to constrain either their Wives, or themselves, went to take a Walk, and were so entertain'd with Friends, and Amusements, that the Time passed unobserv'd, and they did not return before Midnight. Their Spouses had been two Hours in Bed, were in a found Sleep; and the Gentlemen, for Fear of giving the least Disturbance, undress'd themselves, put out the Candle, and went to Bed with all the Silence imaginable. It is not certain whether the Ladies had well distinguish'd the Beds pitch'd upon by their Husbands, or whether these distracted with the Variety of Objects, and the Fumes of a little Wine, and Sleep, mistook one Bed for another. However this Matter happen'd, it signifies not much; the Sparks instead of lying down each by his own Mate, lay by his Friend's; and all the Four pass'd the Night without the least Suspicion of a Mistake. It may be reasonably imagin'd, that they who desir'd nothing so much as to have Children, and who came to the *Bath* for that pious Purpose, did not lose so many Hours, but labour'd rather with all their Might in the Affair of Propagation; their beauteous Ladies too, who had the same Ambition, contributed, no Question, their tender and affectionate Endeavours. In a Word, the Day began to peep, they think of rising, undraw the Curtains, and begin to complement one another. I leave you to judge of their Surprize at the Sight of so strange a Metamorphosis. They look'd confus'd, and amaz'd, dare not enquire of each other how they pass'd the Night, for fear of learning too much. Each Individual flatters himself, that his Companion had slept without Interruption. However, all were satisfy'd that in so delicate a Point they were upon an equal Foot, and that one was no Bubble to the other: Each was conscious of his, and her Performance, but was a little in Pain about what had pass'd

on

on the other Side of the Chamber. Neither of the Wives durst look her Husband in the Face, and less him who supply'd his Place. The Husbands, on the other Hand, dare not observe their Wives, for Fear of vexing or their Lo[illegible] irreparable Difgrace. So did this Sad Scene pass with both, however, different Paſſions. At laſt, the more [illegible] of the two Gentlemen went to his Wife, pull'd her by the Arm, and with great Fury ask'd her, *Why ſhe went into that Bed? Did ſhe not know that he had made Choice of the other? I thought*, cry'd he, *that you had pitch'd upon this; and I beg of you that you will not quarrel with me about a Thing for which I am infinitely more concern'd than yourſelf; and for which I ſhall never be conſoled the longeſt Day I have to live.* She, with a ſmile, anſwer'd him, who too well knew by her Manner of ſpeaking what had paſs'd between her and his Neighbour. But it was not juſt that the Laugh ſhould be only on one Side. The Wife, then, who as yet had not ſpoke a Word, diſcover'd by her Colour, and hanging of her Head, that ſhe was not more innocent than her Friend. At laſt, the Husband, who was the more attentive, and more reaſonable, broke Silence, and ſaid, *What is done is done, and all the World cannot retrieve what has happen'd. We are a Jeering; two and two on a Side, and before Week, as it's ſaid, a Gentleman-like Exchange, without loſing the leaſt Matter of Intereſt, let the Matter paſs quietly; in theſe Affairs, the Imitating does all; it is the pure Effect of Chance, we are well aſſur'd of our Wives Chaſtity; let us compaſſionate and conſole them, inſtead of exaſperating and rendring them deſperate. Who knows but that God was pleas'd to make uſe of this Means to ſupply us with what we poſſeſs wanted? And if this happens, what have we more to do, but to return from this Night? And if our Wives prove with Child, when they lie in, each ſhall take what properly belongs to him, and we will eſteem theſe Children no leſs ours than if we had them by our then Wives.* One of the Ladies objected, That it would prove very vexatious to be depriv'd of that Child which they had nouriſh'd, and carry'd about Nine Months, and be oblig'd to take another in which they had no Part. But it was to all their Satisfaction anſwer'd, That the Blunder they made in miſtaking Beds, deſerv'd no

leſs

leſs a Puniſhment: That it was neceſſary this Accident ſhould be ſo ſettled; and that they ſhould be pleas'd with knowing that the Child would, however, be the Husband's. And that ſince Men frequently abuſe Children to be their own, which belong'd to their Wives, 'till after they've paſt, receive a Child from the Hands of a Husband. That they might at all Times diſtinguiſh their own Child from the Suppoſitious, and give it all they had, if they thought proper. They all conſented to it; and, before the Matter was hush'd up, and the End of the Months each was deliver'd of a fine Boy.

A Gentleman of this Province ventur'd to propoſe to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, that he ſhould forbid Drinking, for the future, to the Spaniards. *I ſhould to as much Purpoſe*, anſwer'd the Emperor, *forbid Thieving and Stealing to the* Spaniards. Indeed this is a very general Vice in *Spain*, eſpecially in *Old Caſtile*, inſomuch, that a Man is look'd upon never the worſe, if he ſteals a little. Theft, with ſome Sort of Dexterity, is ſo my own Part, whilſt a Priſoner at *Burgos*, I loſt a Caſe of Piſtols out of my Room; and a certain *Spaniard* having been ſeen coming down the Stairs, who had no Sort of Pretence to go that Way, and beſides, being ſuſpected for ſuch Exploits, had been ſummon'd upon ſtrong Preſumptions before the Alcalde. The Fellow very ingenuouſly confeſs'd he had been above Stairs; and, truly, he thought every *Spaniard*, in thoſe troubleſome Times, had a Right to obſerve in what Manner Priſoners of War behav'd themſelves. Beſides that, if I had loſt Piſtols, he did not underſtand what Buſineſs I could have with any in Conſequence. I ſaid, I ſuppoſed he had not ſent by my Authority to take my Arms from me; for Mr. Alcalde knew very well that Officers were allow'd to have Arms by the Articles of Capitulation. I did ſo, ſaid the Alcalde; but I believe the Gentleman you accuſe did not know ſo much; and ſo I got nothing but Jeſt for my Pains; and both Judge and Thief took their Leaves of me much better ſatisfy'd with one another than with

A Great

A Certain Thriver in Stocks, and Bubbles, being upon the Point of Death, entertained an odd Notion, That he should enjoy the World after he dy'd, as long as he had any Posterity that descended from his own blessed Loins. He was therefore attended, according to Order, by a Covy of Attorneys, Scriveners, and Lawyers, to whom he gave it in Charge, over and over again, *That they should make all sure, and not leave a Loop-hole in his Will and Testament for Wrangle or Dispute.* Sir, (reply'd Mr. Rodwell) *we shall do our best, but I fear it is impossible to make such a Will as you speak of; for, you know, Jesus Christ, who was God as well as Man, never made but One, which has been contested above these Seventeen hundred Years, and will be disputed, for aught I know, as long as the World lasts. Name of your Heirs,* cries the sick Man, *pray secure my Money, and Children, no Matter what becomes of the rest.*

A Certain Roman, ever burden'd with Debts, liv'd to a great Age, but dy'd at last. *Go,* says *Augustus, and bring me that Man's Quilt, it must be a very good one, upon which a Person, in his Condition, could rest so many Years.*

The last Time Marshal *Grammont* went to *Bayonne*, he fell ill by the Way; and having detach'd his own Surgeon before him two or three Days Journey, upon some Business or other, he was forc'd to take up with one he found in a Village, who did not seem very promising. *You can bleed well,* says the Marshal. *Yes,* cries the other, *why not?* The Surgeon strips his Arm, and just as he was going to prick him, the Marshal drew back a little. *My Lord,* says the Surgeon, *are you afraid of Bleeding?* No, answers the Marshal, *I am afraid of the Bleeder.* And, indeed, it is hard to tell, in some Countries, especially in *Spain*, whether the Surgeon, his Instruments, or the Manner of letting Blood be more terrible. I never saw any of these Gentlemen more Polite than an *English* Farrier. They have a Lance as long as a small Penknife, which they hold firm, two Inches from the Point; and taking Aim at a good Distance from the Vein, they pop it in dancing

A GREAT

and

and make the Orifice ſo large, that no ill Blood, how thick ſoever, has any Excuſe for not coming out. It is true, indeed, that I never ſaw any of them miſcarry in the Operation; but if the Manner he conſider'd, there ſeems to be as much Odds againſt their hitting the Vein right, as againſt an old Woman's threading a Needle.

As it is no new Thing to travel on *Sundays*, nor to do any thing elſe that ſignifies little or nothing; a noble Lord bids his Horſes be harneſſed; and ſome Time after, he takes a Jaunt towards *Windſor*: He went out of Town about Eleven, when it was Moon-light, and had not gone above Six Miles, before he ſpy'd, through a Hedge, a ſingle Lady in a Diſhabille ſitting upon the Graſs, under a Tree; ſhe ſeeing the Coach, jumpt up, and cry'd, *My dear Lord, you have made me wait a long While.* My young Lord, who thought of nothing leſs than this Accident, did not, however, fail to anſwer in the moſt obliging Terms: *Yes, my Dear, I was in the Wrong*; and leaps out of his Coach that Minute. The Lady knowing him very well, but at the ſame Time, that he was not the Perſon ſhe look'd for, ſtood ſome Time mute and confus'd; but after ſhe had recover'd herſelf, ſhe ſays, *Pray my Lord, what is it you purſue at this Time of Night?* *And may not I,* (anſwers he) *aſk you the ſame Queſtion?* *As for my Part,* reply'd ſhe, *I look'd for, I expected* —— *Whom, Whom, my dear Lady,* anſwers he? *Tell me, I conjure you; I have too great a Reſpect for you to abuſe any Confidence you ſhall put in me: If I am not happy enough to merit any Favour, I am too generous to regret ſuch as are conferr'd upon others, and diſcreet enough to bury them in an eternal Oblivion. Pray,* ſays ſhe, *what would you have me tell you? You may well imagine that a Woman of my Condition is not here at this Time of Night without ſome Deſign; I told you before, that I expected* —— My Lord perceiving that his Company gave her ſome Diſorder, reſolv'd to make her eaſy, and contented himſelf with ſaying, *Adieu, Madam, adieu, I would not for a Thouſand Pounds have loſt the Thing you expect.*

A CERTAIN Milaneze had, either for Oſtentation, or the Jeſt ſake, writ down all his Sins in a great Volume, and carry'd the Book to his Confeſſor. The Father, frightned at the Bulk of the Volume, ſatisfy'd himſelf with aſking the Penitent ſome Queſtions, and told him, *That he abſolv'd him freely from all his Sins. But what Penance do you impoſe*, ſays the Sinner? *You muſt*, anſwers the Confeſſor, *read over, for a whole Month, your own Book ſeven Times a Day.*

NO Perſons ought to be more circumſpect in what they ſay, than Preachers. One of this Fraternity exclaiming in the Pulpit at *Tivoli*, againſt the abominable Sin of Adultery, could not forbear, in the Heat of Diſcourſe, to ſay, *Yes, Brethren, it is a moſt damnable and crying Sin; and as for my own Part, I had rather lie with Ten Virgins, than One marry'd Woman.* To which, one of the Congregation had the Aſſurance to anſwer aloud, *You are in the Right on't, holy Father, moſt Men are of your Mind.*

A MAN exceſſive big, and fat, preſented himſelf, one Day, before a ſeditious Mob, and began to make a pacifick Diſcourſe: But inſtead of minding the Oration, they laugh'd at the Figure of the Man. *Gentlemen*, proceeded he aloud, *you make a Jeſt of my Bulk, but I have a Wife bigger, and fatter by one Half. As long as we agree, we can lie together well enough in one Bed; but when we quarrel, the Houſe is not big enough to hold us.* This wiſe Speech quell'd the Sedition.

HOW ridiculous ſoever thoſe Perſons may appear who give any Credit to the nice Calculation of Nativities by the greateſt Aſtrologers, and the Prognoſtications others make from the Countenance of peculiar People, yet a great many wiſe Men have given into a Belief, that ſomething may be gather'd both Ways; Others, with more Reaſon, conclude, that the ſuperſtitious and credulous are allow'd to be deluded at their own Expence.

WHEN

When King *Charles the First* went to *Oxford*, in Company with the Lord *Falkland*, they both, according to the Mode that has obtain'd in one of the Libraries, dipp'd into a Book which is call'd, *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The Verſes which happen'd to be the King's Lot, are, in *Engliſh*.

*But deal'd with Rebels, and a ſtubborn Race,*
*His Country ranſack'd, and his Song Embrace,*
*Some Foreign Prince for fruitleſs Succours try,*
*And ſee his Friends inglorious die:*
*Nor when he ſhall to faithleſs Terms ſubmit,*
*His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light;*
*But immature a ſhameful Death receive,*
*And on the Ground th' unburyʼd Body leave.*

The Lord *Falkland's*, who was kill'd in the Field.

*O Pallas! this was not thy promiſ'd Vow,*
*To curb thy Fire, and ſpare the cruel Foe.*
*Thy Father fear'd thy forward youthful Flame,*
*The ſweet Deſire of Praiſe, and warlike Fame.*
*O hapleſs Fruits of Youth! Ah fatal Coſt!*
*O neighbour Wars! Ah Vows to Heaven loſt!*

It is by ſome [illegible] Writer recorded, whom I cannot recollect, that King [illegible] *Fryar*'s Head, well drawn, being carry'd to *Rome*, [illegible] a *Buſto* carved; the Artiſt, to whom it was [illegible] for that Purpoſe, not knowing whoſe it was, ſaid, *That he pretended to ſome Skill in Phyſiognomy, and that the Original, if living, would dye a violent Death.*

HENRY *the Fourth* of *France*, was murder'd by the Hand of a bigotted Villain, a Fryar, call'd *Ravillac*: A great many Prodigies seem'd to foretel his, as they did *Cæsar*'s Death. This Prince's Place of Nativity, was a City call'd *Pau*, the Capital of *Bern*; and in the Archives of that Town it is recorded, that the very Morning of his Assassination, a Stroke of Thunder and Lightning razed his Name out of a Stone 'Scutcheon, upon which his Arms were engrav'd. In the Afternoon, when the Cattle are usually drove home from the Fields, a Bull which belong'd to the Castle, and to whom the Inhabitants had given the Title of King, to distinguish him from the Vulgar of his Kind, without any Force or Fright, threw himself into the Castle Ditch, and was kill'd. So that when they exclaim'd in *Paris*, The King is kill'd, the King is kill'd, they said the same Thing at *Pau*, without knowing that they had so true and melancholy a Reason for that Outcry.

LET the Accidents of this World be never so surprizing, and their Variety never so great, yet do all Effects hang upon a secret and providential Chain of Causes, which come up in their Turn, and follow the Course of their Destiny.

# MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE World is a Book both Old and New: Men had at all Times their Paſſions, which will be for ever the Subject of Diſcourſe, and Obſervation. Theſe are ever the ſame, but deſcrib'd differently, according to the Difference of Ages: And in the ſame Age, People underſtand them differently, according to the Difference and Extent of their Capacities. Such as have ſufficient Talents to read in this Book of the World, may be uſeful to the Publick, by communicating their Remarks; but ſuch as know the World only by Reading, cannot have ſufficient Experience to be able to give Leſſons to others. The World is a Country, which we cannot be acquainted with ourſelves, nor can make known to others, without having travelled in it, and made proper Obſervations.

INCIVILITY is not a Vice of the Soul, but the Effect of many Vices; of ridiculous Vanity, of Ignorance, Idleneſs, Stupidity, Giddineſs, Contempt of others, of ill Nature, and Jealouſy.

HAPPINESS conſiſts in the Moderation of our Deſires. Exceſſive Deſires hinder the Ambitious, the Voluptuous, and the Covetous from being ever ſatisfy'd; becauſe they breed in the Heart an Inſatiability, which tempts them ſtill to ſeek after

after what they do not poſſeſs, and to reſt never content with what they have. *Seneca* ſays, there is no Difference betwixt poſſeſſing a Thing and not deſiring it.

*Happy the Man, of Mortals happieſt he,*
*Whoſe quiet Mind from vain Deſires is free:*
*Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment;*
*But lives at Peace within himſelf, content:*
*In Thought or Act accountable to none,*
*But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone.*
*O Sweetneſs of Content! Seraphick Joy!*
*That, wanting nothing, nothing can deſtroy!*
*Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?*
*Where, but in Shades, remote from Humane Kind:*
*In flowery Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,*
*But never comes within the Palace-Gate.*
*Farewel then, Cities, Courts, and Camps, farewel:*
*Welcome, ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,*
*From Cares, from Buſineſs, and Mankind remove,*
*All but the Muſes, and inſpiring Love.*
*How ſweet the Morn! how gentle is the Night!*
*How calm the Ev'ning, and the Noon how bright!*
*From hence, as from a Hill, I view below*
*The crowded World, that like ſome Wood does ſhow,*
*Where ſeveral Wand'rers travel Day and Night,*
*Thro' ſeveral Paths, and none are in the Right.*

Ld. LANDSDOWN.

AN ancient Philoſopher being introduc'd into a Prince's Palace, where he beheld a great Variety of Statues, Pictures, and all Sorts of the richeſt Furniture: He admired at nothing ſo much as that the World ſhould abound with ſo great Variety of Things, for the which he had not the leaſt Deſire, or Occaſion;

Occaſion; and he valu'd himſelf much more for his juſt Contempt of thoſe Superfluities, than he did the Owner, for the Poſſeſſion. To have Occaſion for little, is being very near rich enough.

*They cannot want, who wiſh not to have more:*
*Who ever ſaid an* Anchoret *was poor?*

A Manager for the Duke of *Guiſe*, would frequently repreſent to him the Neceſſity there was for putting his domeſtick Affairs in better Order, and gave him a Liſt of uſeleſs People that he entertain'd about him. After the Prince had examin'd it; *It is true*, ſaid he, *that I may live very well without theſe People, but pray how will they live without me?*

One Secret of pleaſing in Converſation is, not to explain Things too particularly, to tell them by Halves, and give Room to conjecture: This will be interpreted a Mark of that good Opinion you entertain of other Peoples Wit and Apprehenſion; and nothing ſtrokes and cajoles Self-Love ſo much.

Methinks, the very Soul and Spirit of Politeneſs is a certain Attention, and Application to bring Things ſo about, that both our Words and Actions may render People pleas'd, and ſatisfy'd, both with themſelves and us.

Greater Advantages are to be obtain'd by Promiſes of Services, than actual Favours: Becauſe he that expects, will always endeavour to deſerve: but he that is in Poſſeſſion of a Benefit ſits down contented, applauds, and congratulates himſelf for overcoming all Difficulties that ſtood in his Way, and looks upon it as a Reward due to his Induſtry and Merit. Promiſes put Men in Action; Performances make 'em looſe. Why do they not give a Biſhoprick to that Induſtrious Preacher? The Reaſon is plain, the Biſhop would ſpoil the Preacher.

THREE Qualities go into the Compoſition of a Liberal Perſon. There muſt be the Power to oblige, Generoſity to form a diſintereſted Deſign, and Prudence to conduct it. So that Liberality is a Work of Fortune, which gives the Ability, and the Occaſion; of the Heart, that furniſheth the Inclination; of Wiſdom, that takes all convenient Meaſures to render it compleat.

TRANQUILLITY in Love, is a diſagreeable Condition. A ſettled and compos'd Felicity becomes irkſome. There muſt be Up's and Down's in Life. There muſt be ſome Difficulties, which, mixing themſelves with Eaſe and Pleaſure, heighten the Taſte, and like Salt upon Meat, preſerves our Appetites, and makes them more laſting.

A CERTAIN Gentleman being reproach'd by an Acquaintance for a great many Failings, he frankly told him, *What he ſaid was true; but,* ſays he, *you don't know half of them; aſk my Neighbour, and he will acquaint you with many more.* Self-Love conceals a great many Faults; but Curioſity, Envy, or ſome Motive of Intereſt, make Diſcoveries which we never can make ourſelves. This ſame modeſt Gentleman uſed to ſay, *That before he went to Confeſſion, he always, from a Principle of Devotion, put his Wife into a Paſſion, who never fail'd to read him a Lecture of all his Sins and Failings.*

IF, in *Italy*, you are ſent with an How-d'ye from one Prince to another, Audience is given inſtantly; if not, you are to expect more, or leſs, according to his Quality that ſends you: And tho' the Prince be never ſo much diſengag'd from Company, or Buſineſs, he would not, for the World, break the Rules of the Ceremonial. The ſame Thing is obſerv'd amongſt others, in Proportion, down to the Populace, who are all infected with the ſame Contagion.

NOTHING is more agreeable than *Civility*; but nothing so ridiculous and tireſome as *Ceremony*. A well-bred Man of eaſy Acceſs and Politeneſs, who behaves himſelf with a reaſonable Circumſpection, renders Society pleaſant, becauſe nobody feels any Conſtraint; but great Ceremony is a perfect Perſecution. A Man muſt have all his Wits about him, and yet is never ſure of giving Satisfaction. He muſt neceſſarily make ſome falſe Step or other from the Exceſs of Precaution, and give ſome Diſtaſte or other to Pride, by endeavouring to avoid it. He will either fail in Point of Reſpect to one, or pay too much to another; and it is impoſſible ſo to comport one ſelf as not to offend thoſe Spirits that are govern'd by *Punctо's* and *Caprice*.

*Ceremony was but devis'd at firſt*
*To ſet a Gloſs on faint'd Deeds, hollow Welcomes,*
*Recanting Goodneſs, ſorry e'er 'tis ſhown:*
*But where there is true Friendſhip, there needs none.*

AS we are more ſenſible of other Peoples ill Breath than our own; ſo do we, with much greater Facility, perceive other Peoples Defects, than thoſe that hang about ourſelves. The conſtant Commerce we have with our own Inclinations, makes us overlook them. Nothing in ourſelves is new, but everything appears ſo in other People. There grows a Sort of Habit betwixt our Reaſon and our Vices, which makes them ſubſiſt together without jarring: But it does not fare ſo with the Faults we diſcover in other People. Reaſon examines, ſifts, nay proſecutes, with Rigour, all irregular Conduct Abroad, and leaves a thouſand Diſorders unremedy'd, and unregarded at Home.

BALZAC ſpeaking of ſuch as are Enemies to innocent Diverſions, ſays prettily, *Had theſe People the Government of the World, they would deprive the Year of Spring, and Life of Youth.*

If any Man finds he can treat a Subject with Eaſe and Pleaſure, he muſt take Care never to exceed thoſe Bounds. As with excelive Laughing, we frequently force Tears out of the Eyes, ſo by extending our Conceptions too far, how agreeable ſoever, we render them tireſome both to ourſelves, and others. Nothing renders us leſs entertaining, than violent Endeavours to be ſo.

*Stop ever in a proper Place,*
*Neither ſpeak, or write by th' Hour.*
*To make all Subjects ſhine with Grace,*
*You muſt only chooſe the Flow'rs.*

There are ſome more lucky than others for Writing. Had *Montagne* liv'd in theſe latter Times, or in this Age, he would have made, it may be, a leſs Figure. Few, in his Time, buſied themſelves with the Pen. It muſt, however, be allow'd, that he was, in his Kind, an Original, and that the Cavalier Air he affects, is very agreeable to the *French* Taſte. This Air conſiſts in following a roving Fancy, more than in adhering to ſolid Principles, from which are formed a Chain of regular Concluſions. In this Humour, a Man throws himſelf upon all Sorts of Subjects, as in ſhooting flying, and ſpeaks at a Venture every thing that comes into his Head: He takes, as it happens, the Good for the Bad, and the Bad for the Good, without much conſidering either one or the other. He talks of everything, as if he talk'd of nothing; and frequently of nothing, as of ſomething very conſiderable: He begins a Diſcourſe where he ought to finiſh; quits it in the Middle, afterwards reſumes it, ſometimes at the Head, ſometimes at the Tail: He never ſpeaks to the Point he promis'd, and very often paſſes to a Subject he did not think of himſelf. The Rule for this Manner of Writing, is, to have none at all; and the greateſt Affectation lies in affecting nothing. A Philoſopher of this Stamp ſpeaks ingenuouſly of himſelf, of his Vices, and his Virtues; makes uſe of no Reſerve, Artifice, or Evaſion; calls every thing by its Name; he has greater Reſpect to Negligence than

Modesty, and cares little for Censure; he lays no Constraint either upon himself or others; Religion does not embarrass him, nor Morality discompose him: If you will take his Word, neither the Pleasures nor Misfortunes of the World much affect him; he opens his Arms to whatever offers itself, and never pursues what flies from him; he lives according to his own Notions, and dies as he can; that is all his Aim.

Two great Men acted very differently, as to what regarded their Memory. The one gave Directions that a Monument should be erected for him, with this Inscription of his own making:

*Here lies* Rufus, *who having expell'd* Vindex, *fav'd the Empire, not for his own Sake, but that of his Country.*

The other, call'd *Frontinus*, gave Commands, that no Monument should be built for him, and explain'd himself further to this Purpose:

*The Expence of a Mausoleum is superfluous: The Fame of my Actions will reach the latest Posterity, if they deserve that Honour.*

RAINE, upon the Comparison, says, That neither was to be blam'd. They both aspired to Glory with equal Ardor, but in a different Method: The one by exacting the Commendation that was due to him, the other by seeming not to regard it.

*Nor shall our Names, or Memories survive,*
*Alas, no Part of Man can live!*
*The empty Blasts of Fame shall die,*
*And dress those a Nothing's taste Mortality.*
*In vain, to future Ages, we transfuse*
*Heroick Acts, and Monuments of Wit:*
*In vain we dear-bought Honours leave,*
*To make our Ashes gay, and furnish out a Grave.*

Ah, treache-

*Ah, treacherous Immortality!*
*For thee, our Stock of Youth we waste,*
*And urge on Life, that ebbs too fast;*
*To purchase thee with Blood, the Valiant fly,*
*And to survive in Fame, the Great and Glorious die.*
*Lavish of Life, they squander this Estate,*
*And for a poor Reversion wait:*
*Bankrupts and Misers to themselves they grow,*
*Imbitter wretched Life, with Toils and Woe,*
*To hoard up endless Fame, they know not where, or how.*

ALTHO' (says an ingenious Person) Men generally applaud themselves for their great Actions, these, however, do frequently happen not to be the Effect of well-form'd and deep Designs, but are owing merely to Chance. The *Venetian* Ambassador, speaking of the Marquis of *Mortaire*, who had taken *Barcelona*, says, *Si bene hà ricuperato* Barcelona *li Savii che distingano la direttione dell' Esito stimano l'acquisto ma non mutano il concetto del Capitano.*

*ALTHO' the Marquis hath really recover'd* Barcelona, *Men of Understanding, who will ever distinguish between the Conduct and the Success, at the same Time they esteem the Conquest, do not at all change their Opinion of the General.*

ONE of the brightest Men of *France*, and who has writ the Memoirs of his Life, says, That there are few Authors of the same Kind, who speak of themselves with the same Freedom they do of other People: That the most impartial have not multiply'd their own good Actions, but have suppress'd their ill ones; that for his Part, having a natural Affection for Truth, he never could conceal it how much soever it made against him; and that he esteemeth those who affect being known to Posterity different from what they really are, as ridiculous

as any blind Man who ſhould direct himſelf to be painted with a Pair of good Eyes.

*SALUST* ſays, That ſuch as do not cultivate their Minds with Sciences, and ſacrifice their Time only to Pleaſures of Senſe; the Life and Death of ſuch People may be plac'd in the ſame Rank; the World takes Notice neither of the one nor the other; that Man only ſeems to live, and to enjoy his Soul, who being engag'd in ſome Enterprize, endeavours to ſignalize himſelf by glorious Actions, or fine Arts.

*EORUM vitam, mortemque juxta æſtimo quoniam de utraque Siletur. Is demum mihi vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus; præclari facinoris, aut artis bonæ famam quærit.*

*PLATO* ſays, That Ignorance is the Death of the Soul: It muſt be confeſs'd, that the Life of the Soul conſiſting only in Knowledge, one may aſſert, that the more ſhe is furniſh'd with Learning, the more Life ſhe muſt needs have; and that ſuch as are utterly ignorant, ought to be eſteem'd dead to the World.

WHAT a variety of Changes do I contemplate round about me: Should I compute the Years, the Revolutions have been made in a ſmall Compaſs of Time: if I conſider the Turn of Affairs, and Variety of Events, they may ſeem the Buſineſs of many Ages: This may teach us, that as we ſhould never be too ſecure, ſo ſhould we never deſpair.

THE *Spaniards* have in their Manners a Fund of Cruelty, which they borrow from the *Moors*, and *Arabs*, who mix'd with them. It is from the *Moors* too that they derive their Extravagancy and Humour of Knight-Errantry. They owe a great deal of their Gravity to the *Romans*, who planted Colonies amongſt them.

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THE *French*, at present, having nothing of the Fierceness of the Gauls, Gallantry and Bravery bear equal Sway amongst them; and for two or three Ages past, they have been much refin'd by a Commerce with their Allies.

THE *English* retain still something of the uncouth Disposition of the ancient *Northern* People, their Progenitors; which, however, they soften and polish by their Travels in *Italy*, and *France*.

THE *Dutch* depart by Degrees from their gross and heavy Dispositions, by an habitual Commerce and Imitation of other Nations, and of learned Strangers, who chuse to reside and converse with them.

THE *Italians* inherit from the ancient *Romans* Politeness, a great Accuracy of Wit and Understanding; and take from the *Greeks* Corruption of Manners, Lying, and Cheating.

THE *Germans* are those of all the *Europeans*, who have preserv'd most their own natural Disposition without admitting any Change; They preserve still the Strength and Courage of their Ancestors; a Heaviness of Mind, assisted by Assiduity, and Industry indefatigable, which appear most evidently in their Study of Letters and Sciences.

SUCH as are come to the last Stake of their Lives, or Fortunes, may be excus'd, if they apply for Relief to Physick, or Gaming.

GENERALLY speaking, Persons noted for saying good Things, venture at a hundred bad before they hit upon one that is good. It may be, the most ingenious Man living never said twenty Things that deserv'd really to be recorded for true Wit. The Reason of this is, ingenious Repartees, and Observations, are Fruits that come spontaneously, without Care or Culture; like Lightning they flash, and do their Execution in an Instant;

Inſtant; they ſurprize as much the Speaker, as the Hearer; they are, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, little Libertines, who will depend only upon themſelves. If you look for them, they are ever out of the Way; or if in the Way, yet they come into Company with an ill Grace, and diſfigure themſelves by being pull'd and hall'd. Well, but has anybody hit upon a good Thing? The Praiſes that follow excite his Vanity, and a natural Preſumption to deliver more: But theſe happen generally to be either monſtrous, or abortive Productions. He laughs himſelf, in the firſt Place, in order to excite the ſame Tribute of Applauſe, but laughing ſometimes, can as little be forc'd as a Jeſt.

THERE are three dangerous Rocks which learned Men muſt endeavour to avoid. Which are, Pedantry, that is deſtructive of Manners; Scorn and Contempt of others, which ſubverts the Underſtanding, and ſpoils the Taſte; an exhauſting of the Spirits which produces Melancholly, and often occaſions Epilepſies, and other Diſtempers.

BY relieving a ſtudious Application with Intervals of Joy and Pleaſure, we preſerve Health; without which, it is impoſſible to make any Progreſs in the Sciences: Beſides, if we pretend to deliver our own Opinions, it is moſt certain, that theſe will have a Tincture, either of our chearful or melancholly Diſpoſitions, according to the Prevalency of the one, or the other, when we either ſpeak or write. It frequently happens, that the Mind ſhall be ſo obſcur'd and confounded, by attending too long to any Subject, that a Student will think it impoſſible either to explain, or digeſt it in a proper Method; whereas, if he lays it aſide for ſome Hours, and then reſumes it, he ſhall proceed with all the Clearneſs and Facility imaginable.

SOME Men either have, or affect a particular Genius for the moſt abſtruſe Matters. Mr. *Selden* was one of theſe, and he was ſo inflexibly bent upon the moſt myſterious Parts of Learning,

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Learning, and ſo inceſſantly aſſiduous in the Labours of his Cloſet, that his Stile, like himſelf, ſeems heavy and embarraſs'd. His Books, no doubt, are replete with profound Learning; but a dry and melancholly Expreſſion gives the Reader too great Pain. *Galileus*, on the contrary, of a pleaſant Humour, and who thought fit to allow his profound Meditations ſome Reſpite of Pleaſure; gives his Dialogues an Air of Gaity, and makes us merry with Things, that in their own Nature, and out of any other's Mouth, are ſufficient to force a Frown, and excite the Spleen.

SUCH as are fallen from a great Height of Felicity, have generally in Sight that Eminence where they once ſtood exalted above the reſt of Mankind; but ſuch as have raiſ'd themſelves to ſome ſuperior Degree of Honour, or Fortune, cannot endure to look downwards. Yet, methinks, it would be very convenient for theſe to contemplate ſometimes their former Condition, in order to prevent a Relapſe; and very happy for the others, if they could remove from their Sight, that Elevation which makes 'em more ſenſible of the Greatneſs of their Fall.

A MAN ſhould live at leaſt an Age to be acquainted with the World; and live over ſeveral others to be able to make the beſt Uſe of his Knowledge and Experience.

WE are too curious in our Enquiries about the Practice of the World, but not enough ſo about its moral Duties; for this Reaſon we ſee abundance of People that know how others live, but know little how to live themſelves.

THERE are four Things which ſtudious Men ought to have a principal Regard to, in the Peruſal of Authors. The firſt is to diſcover what is their particular Genius and Character. The ſecond, to ſound their Wit, in order to know its Force and Extent; and try whether their Learning equals or ſurpaſſes their Genius, or their Genius equals or ſurpaſſes their Learning. The third is, to render thoſe Improvements

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they make in their reading, subservient to the perfectioning of Sciences; and to endeavour at the making of new Discoveries, by the Mediation of old ones. And, in the last Place, to render the Head and Heart as perfect as possible.

THE *Greek*, who harangues his Comrades in *Quintus Curtius*, with design to divert their Thoughts from returning into their own Country, after having been ill treated by Fortune in all their Actions, makes Use of very solid and wise Arguments; That Man, who depends upon the Compassion of his Country-men, is not aware that Tears dry up almost as soon as shed. When they seem to have some Sentiments of Affection and Compassion, they will, at the same time, entertain a secret Scorn and Contempt, which will soon get the Ascendant of all other Considerations. Misery is ever complaining; Prosperity insolent and insulting. There is scarce any Man that meditates upon his Fellows unhappy State, who does not at the same time consult more closely his own Interest. And was not Mankind convinc'd, by daily Experience, that few escape, in some Degree or other, a Revolution in their Affairs, and Turn of Fortune, they long since would have look'd upon each other with the greatest Contempt, nay Indignation.

AN illustrious Author, in his Funeral Oration of *Henrietta Anna*, Dutchess of *Orleans*, after his Quotation of these Words in the second Book of Kings, *We all dye and go to the Grave, like Waters that are lost in the Ocean, and which never return*, proceeds to explain them in this Manner, *indeed we all resemble running Waters.* How vainly soever Men may distinguish themselves, they have all the same Original, and this is very small. Their Years press one another forward successively. Like flowing Streams they never cease to glide along, till at last, after having made a little more Noise, and travers'd a large Scope of Ground, some more than others, they proceed altogether to mix and loose themselves in an Abyss, where it is impossible any longer to distinguish Kings, and Princes, or any other of those pompous Qualities, which

a Difference amongſt Men; juſt as thoſe Rivers of greateſt Fame which are ſwallow'd by the Ocean, and lye there confounded with the moſt obſcure and trifling Brooks, without either Name, or Glory.

## *To Mr.* HEYDAKER.

IT is generally obſerv'd, with as much Reaſon as Admiration, that amongſt all the Men in the World, not two are perfectly alike. But there is one Thing not ſo much took Notice of, altogether as wonderful, which is, that every Face is ſo form'd, and contriv'd, that how ugly ſoever it appears, provided it be not diſfigur'd by ſome Accident, nothing can be alter'd in it for the better, nay, that every attempt to render it more beautiful, would render it more deform'd and frightful; becauſe Nature has obſerv'd, even in Uglineſs, a Symmetry ſo exact, that nothing can be mended. Suppoſing, for Example, that a Painter had a Mind to lengthen a flat Noſe, I ſay it would be Labour in vain; becauſe the Noſe being drawn more downwards, all Symmetry with the other Parts of the Face would be loſt, which conſiſting of a certain Bigneſs, and having certain Riſings and Fallings, require that the Noſe ſhould bear a correſpondent Proportion; ſo that according to ſome Rules, extreamly perfect in themſelves, a flat Noſe ought to be a flat Noſe; and, according to theſe Rules, that Face is regular, which would become monſtrous if a *Roman* Noſe were clapt upon it; nay, I dare advance, that it is ſometimes as neceſſary that a Man ſhould have no Noſe, as it is neceſſary that in the *Tuſcan* Order, for Example, the Capital of its Column ſhould have no *Voluta*. In the *Ioniek* Order the *Voluta* is a fine Ornament, or in the *Corinthian*, but it would appear monſtrous and irregular in the *Tuſcan*.

THIS teaches us, that we ought to ridicule nobody for any apparent Defects, becauſe, what we frequently eſteem ſuch, are

are Perfections in the Judgment of *Truth*. A little Noſe, little Eyes, a large Mouth, ſo offenſive generally to the Sight, do all belong to an Order of Beauty; which tho' not agreeable to our Taſte, are however conſiſtent with an Order that has its Rules, and which it does not become us to contradict. When Nature caſts any Face, it is according to the moſt juſt and regular Ideas, and ſhe obſerves ſuch Meaſures, as cannot but conſpire to the moſt beautiful Turn, and correſpondent to her own Deſigns. Let Men judge never ſo much according to Fancy; let *Europeans* deſpiſe flat Noſes, and little Eyes; let the *Chineſes* admire them, they are Whims and Extravagances of human Underſtanding, and upon juſt Reaſoning will be found ſo.

LET it not be objected, that I have ſuppos'd Rules to which Nature has no Sort of Regard. They are ſo fix'd and conſtant, that it is by their Uſe and Application only, that the moſt dexterous Deſigners are able to take the beſt Likeneſs from Life. And this it is that the famous and incomparable *Nanteuil* meant, when he made his Brags of hitting always the beſt Likeneſs, and of having contriv'd infallible Rules for this Purpoſe. I have heard him ſay, *That there are ſome certain Features of the Face that require the moſt accurate Attention, becauſe they ſerve as a Rule and Meaſure to others; and that when once theſe Lineaments are trac'd exactly, it is ſcarce poſſible to miſs the reſt.* I aſk'd him one Day if he could draw an abſent Perſon by my Deſcription, *Yes*, ſays he, *provided you were ſufficiently ſkilful to anſwer preciſely to the Queſtions I might propoſe, in which conſiſts the Secret of my Art.*

Is a Man in doubt whether or no he changes? Or if he grows old? Let him conſult the Eyes of the firſt young Woman he approaches, and the Tone of her Voice; If ſhe vouchſafes to ſpeak to him, he will ſoon learn what he is afraid to know. A ſad Experiment this!

We live in an Age which generally measures the Merit of any Man by his Horses, and in which, the Rascals Coach'd, run over their Betters on Foot: For this Reason, are some so silly as to feed a Pair of Horses well, and to starve themselves at Home, in Order to parade it Abroad. This is Folly, no Question, with a Witness. Our Necessities should be first provided for, before we pass to Superfluities, for Fear we should be tempted to play the Knave, in Order to support the Outside of an honest Man.

The Language of the Eyes is the most expressive; and the greatest Eloquence without their Assistance would miscarry. A Man fired with Passion, transpires through those dumb Interpreters, and emits subtil Spirits, which pass to the very Soul and Center of Life. When the Eye is dull, and heavy, everything languishes about it, and nothing can be less persuasive than he who speaks without the Assistance of this Interpreter. The Thunder of any Declaimer's Voice produces only an insignificant Noise, if not attended with the Lightning of his Looks. The most tender Expressions cannot penetrate the Heart, if an insinuating Regard does not open the Door; and Compassion is excited more by the Sight of Tears, than by the Recital of any Misfortune that causes them. The Eye is the very Soul of Speech, and unites the Heart and Mind of the Speaker and Hearer.

There is not a Man in the World who has not some prevalent or paramount Virtue, or Vice, to which he refers all his Actions; and this Virtue, or Vice, which seems to be his strongest, is his weakest Side; for it is no sooner discover'd, but, like the Handle of a Rudder, whoever lays hold of it, he turns the whole Man about at Will and Pleasure.

There are a World of People who, by struggling to render themselves agreeable, fall into most ridiculous Affectations, and into most odious and fulsome Habitudes, which render them more ugly, and hideous, than they were in their natural State.

Mr.

Mr. *Squeeze* fearing to extend his Mouth, does not open it enough to pronounce his Words: He ſips his Soup, for the ſame Reaſon, at the narrow End of his Spoon. In order to make his Eyes larger, and to give 'em ſome Aſpects extraordidary, he does ſo ſtretch and diſtort them, that he terrifies every Body that looks upon him.

THERE are few who have not found, by Experience, a natural Propenſity in themſelves to ſome People, and an Averſion to others, without being able to give any Reaſon for one or t'other. This may be gather'd ſenſibly from ſeeing two Perſons at Play, that are Strangers, when you will certainly find yourſelf prejudic'd in Favour of one of the two. Some who do care to fathom the Bottom of Things, content themſelves with ſaying, All this proceeds from a *Je ne Say Quoy*. But for my Part, I believe, that all Sympathies, and Antipathies proceed from an Influence of the Stars. If any Man would give himſelf the Trouble, as I have done, ſays *Bonhours*, frequently to caſt the Nativity of two ſuch Gameſters, and to compare them with his own, he would find a Conformity betwixt his own Planet and that Others to whom he is favourably inclin'd.

BUT this Remark, how true ſoever it may be in Nature, is not to be prov'd by Experiment: For how is it poſſible to know the preciſe Moments of any two Perſons Nativities? Without which, all Aſtronomical Calculations muſt be falſe. One Uſe, I think, may be made of it, which is this, that no Perſon ought to aſſociate with another, againſt whom he conceives ſome notable Prejudice; becauſe it's eaſy to imagine that the Diſagreeableneſs, and Jarring of their Natures may produce ſome ill Conſequence. As for my own Part, I ſeldom conceiv'd any Diſtaſte to a Man's Face, or Manners at firſt Sight, but I found much more Reaſon to heighten, than to qualify it afterwards; but when it happens, that any Man has ſufficient Penetration to judge of any Stranger's ſecret Diſpoſition by his Outſide, it will be ever convenient to manage this Science to his own private Advantage, and never to communicate his Opinion; not only becauſe of the Retributions of

Cenſure,

Cenſure, and Averſion, that will moſt certainly be paid ſometime or other, but becauſe no Calculations of this Kind are infallibe.

A CERTAIN Gentleman defines a Compliment to be an agreable Lye; which ſerves as a Net for the catching of Bubbles. And indeed I think he's not miſtaken, for there is not one in ten that has any Sort of Meaning; they are Words of Courſe, utter'd by well-bred Parrots, that have Tongues, but no Thought or Soul. In ſhort, it is a Commerce of counterfeit Stones, eſtabliſh'd in the World, which we muſt convert, like other Sins, *ala mode*, to the beſt Uſe we can.

ONE of thoſe wondrous buſy Courtiers, who are ever in Haſte, and ever upon the Watch, to catch either a Look, or a Word from the Prince; who apply everything to their own Advantage, and inſtead of all other Sort of Science, furniſh themſelves with the trifling News of the Day. One of theſe Creatures, I ſay, making his Brags before an old Courtier, That the King at his Leveè had communicated to him a Piece of very great News. As for my Part, ſays the old Stager, I went yeſterday to hear Father *Bourdaloue* preach, who told me the prettieſt Things in the World. This Anſwer was a delicate Reproach to the other's Vanity, who referr'd to himſelf in particular, what was deſign'd for the Information of all in general.

THE greateſt Art in rendring a Compliment ſucceſsful, conſiſts in knowing his weak Side to whom you addreſs it; when this Point is gain'd, you muſt level your Piece, and diſcharge immediately. *Damon* is bewitch'd with the Muſes, and thinks he excells the greateſt Poets of *Greece* and *Rome*; touch him but upon that String, and his whole Soul trembles with Pleaſure, like an Uniſon. No Encomiums upon his Integrity, his Politick Acquirements, the Number of his Friends, or amorous Conqueſts, can affect him near ſo much. *Sapbron* takes himſelf to be a great Politician, he both Complains and wonders at his not being imploy'd in the Management of Publick Affairs.

Affairs. Diſcover only the Opinion you have of his Abilities, and the Fiſh is caught. Doctor *Amble* takes himſelf to be handſome, and that no Woman ſees him in the Pulpit, but wiſhes to be with him ſomewhere elſe. Mention but his fine Teeth, his white Hand, his roſy Cheeks, his gallant and engaging Air, and he's yours for evermore. You will, by this Means, gain upon him infinitely more, and ſooner, than if you enlarg'd upon any of his ſpiritual Beauties. So is it that Complements gain Credit; for it's eaſy to make any Man believe, that you are perſwaded of that which he believes beforehand himſelf.

THREE Things are chiefly to be avoided in Raillery. All Obſcenity of Words directly, or indirectly; for this denotes a baſe and vulgar Mind: All Sort of Scandal; for this proceeds ever from a wicked Heart; and all Reproaches arm'd with ſhameful Truths, for none but impudent Fools will ever venture upon ſuch. All Bawdery naturally produces Contempt for him who ſpeaks it. Scandal makes Society terrible; and ſharp Rebukes create irreconcileable Enemies. No Injuries whatſoever make ſo deep Impreſſion in the Memory as thoſe that are ſown there by a ſpiteful and malignant Sort of Raillery, and eſpecially amongſt great Men; a Heart ſo wounded, ranckles, and feſters, and calls ever for Revenge.

As in a Statue, before we examine the Symmetry of the Features, the fine and delicate Diſpoſition and Riſings of the Muſcles, the artful Lines and Turn of the Face: We firſt of all conſider the Aptitude, whether the Artiſt has obſerv'd a juſt Proportion in the Whole, and in every individual Member. So in a young Gentleman, upon his firſt Appearance in the World, we firſt take Notice of his Perſon, and his Manner; if he be well made, has an eaſy and genteel Air; if he comes into a Room well; and, in ſhort, has all thoſe exterior Ornaments that appertain to a Man of his Quality and Profeſſion. This firſt Impreſſion is of the greateſt Conſequence; for it frequently happens, that ſome Men appear ever diſagreeable, only becauſe they did not pleaſe at firſt Sight: And this

Prejudice

Prejudice has hinder'd us from thinking them worth our Regard, or taking them into any Sort of subsequent Consideration.

How ridiculous soever Affectation, and all Sort of unnatural Imitation may be, yet they have been at all Times very modish and prevalent; and it is no Wonder, that the Fools of this Stamp should increase and multiply, since the greatest and wisest Men have seem'd to indulge them by a Complacency and Connivance at least. We read of *Alexander*'s Courtiers who took Care always to incline their Heads, in Imitation of his Defect, to the Left; but never, that he who was free enough of his Hands, box'd their Ears in order to set their Polls right again. Of his Father *Philip*'s Flatterers, who because he had lost an Eye in War, thought they were oblig'd to sacrifice one in Peace; and for that Reason wore, like their Prince, a Bandage upon one of them.

A Duke of *Saxony* had so prodigious a Paunch that he was forced to have a Hollow cut in his Table to make his Approach easier to his Meat. His Courtiers immediately took the Hint, grew big Belly'd, and stuffing of Waistcoats became then as beneficial a Trade as making of Hoops now. But the same Thing may be observ'd in smaller Instances every Day. There is scarce any Man that abounds with Money, and some peculiar Foppery, that has not an Ape at his Heels, who is picking his Pocket with his own Grimaces, Tricks and Gambols. It would be very well if this Sort of Cajolery stopp'd here: But this Species of Animals dress their Insides as officiously as their Out; and it has been, by a Conformity of no Principle, a common Place extolling the Wisdom of getting Money, and crying down of Virtue, Religion, and noble Families, that you see so many *Permits* for Thousands in the Hands of *Scoundrels*, who never hoped for a more beneficial Paper than a Recommendation to a good Place.

It

It is generally Matter of Admiration, why Men inclining so universally to Raillery, insomuh, that if they do not practice it themselves, they delight in hearing other People do so; although they frequently happen to be under the same Predicament of Jest and Ridicule. The Reason is, that Man having by his Sin render'd his Reason a Slave to his Senses, and Concupiscence, has suffer'd himself to be bore away by the Torrent of his Passions; and the Excess of these has expos'd him to Ridicule. Now these Passions that wander so wide from Reason, being various in Men, they carry some one Way, some another; the Prodigal Man strays to the Right, the Covetous Man to the Left; the Superstitious loses himself on one Hand, the Libertine on the other; and as Passion united ever to Self Love, blinds us, and prevents the reflecting upon our own Insufficiencies, our Eyes are open only to other Peoples Defects, whose ridiculous Side they catch instantly. For this Reason, does every Man, influenc'd by his own Passion, prove his Jest who is under the Dominion of another, or a contrary Passion. The Religious Man is naturally laugh'd at by the Libertine; the Miser by the Careless and the Profuse; the Grave, and Precise by the Fop and Coxcomb; and so in *Infinitum*.

The whole Art of Raillery consists in giving it so dextrous and delicate a Turn, that everybody may see to whom it's pointed, besides the Person aim'd at.

The wisest Way to baffle sharp Raillery, is, either to be silent, to answer it only with a contumelious Smile, or give it such a Turn, as to divert the Malignity. It was one Day observ'd in Company, that every Man and Woman resembled some particular Animal; a young Lady being present, who had a very long Visage, and a great Deal of Hair, being conscious that she had been often compar'd to a Sheep's Head, cry'd immediately, by Way of Prevention, *It is very true, I have been often told that I was like a Lamb.*

A Good Thing in Diſcourſe muſt not ſeem long premeditated; it muſt be conceiv'd the Moment before it is born, and ariſe naturally from the Subject in Hand; it will otherwiſe ſeem dry, flat, and inſipid. There is a certain Gentleman that has a Budget ever full of Witticiſms, Puns, and Similies; but as his Memory plays him ſometimes a Trick, he falls in Labour only, and cannot be deliver'd: However, the Company does not loſe a Jeſt. But there is another Spark ten times leſs to be endur'd, who laughs before he ſpeaks; ſpeaks eternally, ſays nothing, and will ſuffer nobody elſe to ſay anything.

Assoon as ever a Gentleman ſteps into the World, he muſt apply himſelf moſt aſſiduouſly to the making of Friends, and be perſwaded that two Things chiefly conduce to this Purpoſe: A great Complaiſance to thoſe he moſt frequents, and the Benefits or Services which they receive at his Hands. For we are not in an Age where naked Virtue, unaſſiſted by Intrigue and Dependance, confers Riches and Honours upon a Man of Merit. We do not go in Queſt of ſuch a Perſon, and force him from his Retirement: If he be not produc'd and ſupported by Friends, he may languiſh for ever in Obſcurity, with the greateſt Talents and brighteſt Qualities about him. As all Men then are naturally proud, and intereſſed, it is the firſt of theſe Qualities that exacts a Tribute of Complaiſance; and it's the other that renders them ſenſible of ſuch Services as they receive at our Hands, and which, by this Means, open to us the Door of their Hearts. It was by ſoothing of theſe two weak Sides that the Devil ſurpriz'd our firſt Parents: *You ſhall be*, ſays he, *like Gods*; (This was a Snare laid for their Pride.) *and you ſhall know Good and Evil.* By this Argument he prevail'd upon their intereſſed Spirits. If we caſt our Eyes upon all thoſe who either did, in former Times, or do in theſe, ſupport themſelves in great Favour and Fortune, we ſhall find that they were held by the Hand, the firſt Step they made, and that it was ſome particular Friend that introduc'd them. Cardinal *Richelieu* was introduc'd into his Prince's Favour and Councils by the Queen Mother, and became Firſt Miniſter;

and

and it was his Protection that open'd the Door of Preferment to Cardinal *Mazarin*: This great Man, in his Turn, preferr'd others: So that it may be ſaid that Fortune is only a Chain of Friends, link'd, and depending one upon another.

CARDINAL *Richelieu* being appriz'd, that a certain Pamphleteer had writ againſt him with a World of Gall and Bitterneſs, he order'd the Book to be brought him; and finding it replete with the moſt ingenious, and ſevereſt Satyr; inſtead of gratifying his revengeful and cruel Diſpoſition, by puniſhing the Author, which he might eaſily have done; he ſent him a Purſe of Five hundred Piſtoles, and deſir'd his Friendſhip. This Experiment, I preſume, may be better try'd here than in *France*; and he who has the Art to manage his Wit ſo well, as to make the Guilty afraid of him, without incurring any Penalty of Law, will force a Friendſhip, where he cannot perſwade it. A Tongue well hung, under the Government of no other Principle but that of Intereſt, is, for the ſame Reaſon, wondrous prevalent in publick Aſſemblies. The Abiſity of doing great Hurt, is equal to that of doing great Good. An Orator of Wit and Malice, converts Enemies into Friends, and like *Midas* turns all into Gold.

IF you take Notice of Corn growing in the Field, you will find that the Stalks, which raiſe their Heads above the reſt, are the moſt empty. So it fares with Men; ſuch as are the moſt elevated with Vanity, will be ever found the moſt deſtitute of Judgment, Merit, and Capacity.

DISSIMULATION is the Cardinal Virtue of all Courts. This is the great Hinge upon which the Gates of Fortune's Temple turn. It is the moſt neceſſary Accompliſhment of Civil Life; it being impoſſible, without this Ingredient in Politicks, to conduct one's ſelf with Security amongſt the Ambuſhes that are laid by the Malice of Mankind: For there being but a certain Proportion of good Things, and a certain Number of Men in every State; one cannot acquire, but another muſt loſe: So that all Riches being expos'd to the Induſtry of Ava-

vice, every Individual endeavours to procure them by his Wit and Dexterity: But because lawful Methods are frequently too dilatory to answer the Impatience of being rich, and the Commerce of the World abounds with Snares, and Artifices, with which Men trip up one anothers Heels, in order to reach first the Prize in View, it is necessary to arm one's self, with the greatest Precaution, against all surprizing and political Stratagems; and nothing conduces so much to this Purpose as the most magisterial Dissimulation.

The Generality of Mankind, when consulted about any Affair of Interest, seldom give their Opinion without some private View. Assoon as the Day comes in which they can accommodate their pretended friendly Advice to their own Purposes, they don't fail to propose it. *Probus* consults *Nebulo* his Uncle, about the Value and Conveniencies of a certain Imployment: The Uncle takes the Hint, makes proper Inquiries, and finding it convenient for himself, acquaints his Nephew at the next Meeting, that the Place was attended with a great many Difficulties; and, in short, so discourag'd him, that he look'd no farther after it. *Nebulo*, without more ado, makes a Purchase of it for himself. In the same Manner I knew a Gentleman, upon his Death-bed, send for a near Relation, purposely to recommend the Interest of a younger Son to his Care, and desir'd him, particularly, that he would immediately go to my Lord —, who had the Disposal of a certain Imployment, then in his own Possession, and either by Favour, or Money to procure it for his Son. The Relation promis'd, upon Honour, to do his utmost. Well, the Gentleman dy'd, and before the Son could, with Decency, appear in his own Business, the Relation had treacherously procur'd the Imployment for himself. But this is pretty remarkable, that this same political Hypocrite, the last ten Years of his Life, lost his Memory, and continu'd an half Idiot to his dying Day.

Nothing provokes envious and malicious People more than the seeing of Virtue and Merit rewarded. An old Courtier of this Character seeming wondrous out of Humour and melancholy,

choly, People enquir'd what he ail'd. *Nothing*, said a Friend of his, *only the King has this Day given a very good Imployment to a most deserving Gentleman.*

THE Man that resigns himself up to the brutish Guidance of Sense and Appetite, has no Relish at all for the spiritual refin'd Delights of a Soul, clarify'd by Grace and Virtue. The Pleasures of an Angel, can never be the Pleasures of a Hog: But this is the Thing that we contend for; that a Man having once advanc'd himself to a State of Superiority, over the Controul of his inferior Appetites, finds an infinitely more solid and sublime Pleasure in the Delights proper to his Reason, than the same Person had ever convey'd to him by the bare Ministry of his Senses. His Taste is absolutely chang'd; and therefore that which pleased him formerly, becomes flat and insipid to his Appetite, now grown more masculine and severe: For as Age and Maturity passes a real and marvellous Change upon the Diet and Recreations of the same Person; so that no Man at the Years and Vigour of thirty, is either fond of Sugar-Plums, or Rattles: In like Manner, when Reason, by the Assistance of Grace, has prevail'd over, and out-grown the Encroachments of Sense; the Delights of Sensuality are to such an one, but as an Hobby-Horse would be to a Counsellor of State; or as tasteless as a Bundle of Hay to an hungry Lion. Every Alteration of a Man's Condition, infallibly infers an Alteration of his Pleasures.

THE *Athenians* laughed the Physiognomist to scorn, who, pretending to read Mens Minds in their Foreheads, describ'd *Socrates* for a crabbed, lustful, proud, ill-natur'd Person, they knowing how directly contrary he was to that dirty Character: But *Socrates* bid them forbear laughing at the Man, for that he had given them a most exact Account of his Nature; but what they saw in him so contrary at the present, was from the Conquest that he had got over his natural Disposition by Philosophy. And now let any one consider, whether that *Anger*, that *Revenge*, that *Wantonness*, and *Ambition*, that

that were the proper Pleaſures of *Socrates*, under his natural Temper of *crabbed*, *luſtful*, and *proud*, could have at all affected or enamour'd the Mind of the ſame *Socrates*; made *gentle*, *chaſte*, and *humble* by Philoſophy.

He that prolongs his Meals, and ſacrifices his Time, as well as his other Conveniences, to his Luxury, how quickly does he out-ſit his Pleaſure! And then, how is all the following Time beſtow'd upon Ceremony and Surfeit! 'Till at length, after a long Fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great Work of dining genteely, and ſo makes a ſhift to riſe from Table, that he may lye down upon his Bed: Where, after he has ſlept himſelf into ſome Uſe of himſelf, by much ado he ſtaggers to his Table again, and there acts over the ſame brutiſh Scene; ſo that he paſſes his whole Life in a dozed Condition, between ſleeping and waking, with a Kind of Drowſineſs and Confuſion upon his Senſes; which, what Pleaſure it can be, is hard to conceive; all that is of it, dwells upon the Tipp of his Tongue, and within the Compaſs of his Palate. A worthy Prize for a Man to purchaſe with the Loſs of his Time, his Reaſon, and Himſelf!

Nor is that Man leſs deceiv'd, that thinks to maintain a conſtant Tenure of Pleaſure, by a continual Purſuit of Sports and Recreations: For it is moſt certainly true of all theſe Things, that as they refreſh a Man when he is weary, ſo they weary him when he is refreſh'd; which is an evident Demonſtration, that God never deſign'd the Uſe of them to be continual, by putting ſuch an Emptineſs in them, as ſhould ſo quickly fail and lurch the Expectation.

The moſt voluptuous and looſe Perſon breathing, were he but ty'd to follow his Hawks, and his Hounds, his Dice, and his Courtſhips every Day, would find it the greateſt Torment and Calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the *Mines* and the *Gallies* for his Recreation, and to the

*Spade*

*Spade* and the *Mattock* for a Diverſion, from the Miſery of a continual un-intermitted Pleaſure.

But ſurely no Man was ever weary of thinking, much leſs of thinking that he had done well, or virtuouſly, that he had conquer'd ſuch and ſuch a Temptation, or offer'd Violence to any of his exorbitant Deſires. This is a Delight that grows and improves under Thought and Reflection; and while it exerciſes, does alſo endear itſelf to the Mind; at the ſame Time employing and inflaming the Meditations. All Pleaſures that affect the Body, muſt needs weary, becauſe they tranſport; and all Tranſportation is a Violence; and no Violence can be laſting, but determines upon the falling of the Spirits, which are not able to keep up that Height of Motion, that the Pleaſure of the Senſes raiſes them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate Laughter end in a Sigh? Which is only Nature's recovering itſelf after a Force done to it. But the religious Pleaſure of a well-diſpos'd Mind, moves gently, and therefore conſtantly. It does not affect by Rapture and Ecſtacy; but is like the Pleaſure of Health, which is ſtill and ſober, yet greater and ſtronger than thoſe that call up the Senſes with groſſer and more affecting Impreſſions. God has given no Man a Body as ſtrong as his Appetites; but has corrected the Boundleſneſs of his voluptuous Deſires, by ſtinting his Strength, and contracting his Capacities.

If we pleaſe to examine our own Thoughts, we ſhall find them ever imploy'd in Reflections upon what is paſs'd, and upon what is to come: We ſeldom beſtow one Thought upon the preſent; and if by chance we do ſo, it is only in order to render it ſubſervient to Futurity. The preſent is never our Aim or Deſign. The paſs'd and the preſent are the Means, Futurity alone is the Object; ſo that we never live, but we hope to live; and by diſpoſing ourſelves inceſſantly to the being happy, it is moſt certain that we never ſhall be ſo, if we don't aſpire to another Sort of Happineſs than what this Life affords us.

SOME Gentlemen there are, who having the Advantage of a proper Stature, a robuſt Conſtitution, a handſome Turn of Limbs, an Ear for Muſick, and a ſmall Fancy for Dreſs, conceive themſelves ſufficiently qualify'd for the Army; and care not at what Price they purchaſe the glorious Title of Colonel, and the happy Opportunity of ſhining at the Head of a Company, or Battalion. And it muſt be allow'd, that when the Drums and Trumpets rouſe and ſummon the Spirits into the Eyes and Face of theſe freſh Heroes, they make very ſignificant and warlike Figures.

*By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,*
*We learn, that Sound, as well as Senſe, perſwades.* Waller.

BUT no ſooner does Fame divulge the Reſolution of a foreign Expedition, but theſe tow'ring Commanders flag their Plumes; and they who ſeem'd inſpir'd with Reſolution ſo great and vigorous as to be able to maintain it againſt the queſtioning Mouth of a Cannon, grow, in an Inſtant, as timerous, grave, and ſedate, as ſpeculative Philoſophers. The Courage of one is diſſolv'd in the Arms of a fond and tender Wife; another's is crippled by a ſurprizing and unlucky Attack of Rheumatiſm or Gout; a Father will not ſacrifice his eldeſt Son, nor a Mother her youngeſt; and there is in ſhort a very plentiful and cheap Market for current Commiſſions. But there is another Species of Maſquerade or Grimace Soldiers, who will carry the Jeſt into the very Teeth of Danger, only to bid it hiſs their B——, and then face about accordingly. Theſe are refin'd and ingenious Cowards, who eſteeming others like themſelves, think it Time enough to run away upon the firſt Diſcovery of a Miſtake. In the ſame Manner have I known ſome, upon private Diſputes, call their Enemies into the Field, with a firm Reſolution, when they came there, to aſk their Pardons. It muſt be allow'd, that Life is the moſt valuable Poſſeſſion, and nothing preſerves it better than a peaceable Diſpoſition, and a whole Skin: But ſince the modiſh Part of the World has ſet a greater

Value

Value upon Honour than Life itself, it concerns every Man very nearly, before he professes himself a Member of the Order Militant, to consult the Oracle of his own Heart; if he finds there the least Intimation of a defective Spirit, his surest Method is to manage with that Prudence, as to keep the World in some Sort of Suspense at least. An artificial Conduct may be acquir'd, but very rarely an artificial Courage: If some few have been able, from a deep Sense of Shame, to argue themselves into Engagements, yet has a weak Defence betray'd their Hearts, and expos'd their Reputations, as much as their Lives, to the Mercy of their Enemies.

The Fable of the Ass with the Lion's Skin, is so plain and instructive, that one would imagine that sufficient to warn all People against ridiculous Affectations: But in Spite of this, and all cool Admonitions, will *Draco* cover a timerous Nature with all the Ornaments of a Bravo: His Hat is an Inch broader than the Fashion, trus'd up, and pinch'd into a Triangle: He presses it over his Forehead with both Hands, and squeezes a terrible Look out of Eyes and Nose: He wears a smart, rat-tail'd, twisted Wig, a short Doublet, long Sword, and Pumps; and after strutting two or three Times about the Room, he sits down, and out stares any Man that takes Notice of him: He calls his Acquaintance, *Dick*, *Jack*, or *Tom*, and these generally make the same whimsical Figure as himself. Eating, drinking, gaming, and swearing, are his Cardinal Virtues: Kicking of Coachmen, abusing of poor Whores, his Diversion: He takes the Air about Two or Three in the Morning, when fir'd with Wine he assaults the first he meets. *Draco* has been three Times beat for these Frolicks by Gentlemen, ten Times by Watchmen: Nobody fears him; all despise him; but still, full prim'd with Pride, Indignation, Ill-nature, Cowardice, and Foppery, he seems determin'd to kill, some Way or other, his Man, and to be hang'd. Who will say then that *Draco* refuses to give Satisfaction?

TREMULUS being at Table with ſome of his Comrades, ſometime before he was to go upon an Attack, one of them obſerving that he had loſt his Stomach, aſk'd him why he eat ſo little? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *I have no Pleaſure in eating, when not ſure of a good Digeſtion.*

TRUE Bravery is an Intrepidity of the Soul, by which, altho' we ſee and know the Danger, we are determin'd to expoſe ourſelves, with Prudence, by a Principle of Honour; and by preſerving our Judgment in the midſt of Danger, with as great Preſence of Mind as if we were not in it. This is properly true Valour, which is not to be met with in three Sorts of Perſons, the Raſh, the Cowards, nor the falſe Braves.

IT is agreed amongſt the learned, that Duelling was never practis'd amongſt the *Romans*; and that it was not known in that Empire till the Inundation of the Goths, who introduc'd Barbarity. There does not occur one Inſtance in that Hiſtory of two *Romans* engaging each other in private Combat. One Officer indeed is mention'd, who, before a Battle, challeng'd another; but the wiſe *Roman* avoided it by this Anſwer: *The Commonwealth has Occaſion for us both; let us try which is the braveſt, by killing moſt of the Enemies before us.*

THERE is no Profeſſion that requires more Diſcretion than the Sword. Every Man that puts one by his Side, and hopes to riſe, muſt determine to be ten Times more circumſpect in this Profeſſion, than in any other whatſoever: The Reaſon is, becauſe there occur many more Opportunities of playing the Fool.

THE ſame Man, who paſſes his Time with ſome Pleaſure in ſporting for ſmall Matters, would become uneaſy if he were preſented every Morning with the Sum he could propoſe to win, upon Condition he ſhould forbear all Play. It is generally pleaded, that a Man ſeeks only his Amuſement,

and

not his Gain; but let him play for nothing, he will soon find himself tir'd by an insipid Unconcern. It is not Pastime then he looks after; his Passions must be rous'd, and his Heart put into Agitation by successive Hopes, and Fears; and so great is the Covetousness of most Natures, that it embraces the least Interest that comes in its Way; and it is this Passion only that both raises and supports the Spirit of Gaming.

FORTUNE and Envy resemble Fire and Smoak; when a Fire is not well kindled, and begins only to burn, it is inveloped with a dark smothering Smoak; but when the Flame rises, and becomes victorious, the Smoak that once prevail'd is dispers'd, and vanishes. In the same Manner are Fortune's young Favourites oppress'd and obscur'd with Envy; but when once advanc'd to great Splendor and large Possessions, Envy evaporates into Despair.

We must have a World of good Fortune, Resolution, and Discretion, to get the better of Envy. To pretend quite to extinguish it, is ridiculous; but it is not impossible to divert malicious People from crossing our Purposes. This may be effected two Ways; by divesting ourselves of Pride, and by making our Fortunes subservient to their Interests who malign us. Nothing excites, nourishes, and exasperates more invidious Natures, than an arrogant and haughty Spirit; this is the very Bane and Poison of all Prosperity.

*SORROW* or *Sadness* is a Passion to which the World has vouchsafed to pay some honourable Distinction: With her, Men dress up Wisdom, Virtue, and Conscience: A very ridiculous and unbecoming Ornament some think. The *Italians* esteem themselves more in the right, who have invested Envy and Ill-nature with this Attribute; for Melancholy, say they, is ever a mischievous, foolish, and low Passion; and the Stoicks forbid their wise Men to admit any Degree of so pernicious a Sentiment. Generally speaking, we are as incompetent and partial Judges of the Passions, as we are of

one another; nay, whole Nations admire at each others prevalent and peculiar Dispositions, these are so different as to proceed almost to Antipathy: Yet is every individual Person as wise in his own Conceit, as he is a Fool in the others; but so fond are we of our own Infirmities, that we do not only quarrel with the reverse, but with the least Degree of Difference in Humour and Constitution; and it is for this Reason only that we sometimes dignify Vices with the Name of Virtues, and Virtues with that of Vices; and form Conclusions from that Disposition in which we find ourselves. Nothing is more common in the World, than to distinguish an unhappy Man by the Title of a morose, splenetick Fellow; a Man of Virtue, by that of Precise; and a Man of Conscience, by that of a superstitious Bigot; and as some Sort of Sedateness and Gravity attends generally upon these Characters, this is look'd upon as a dangerous Sign, and to portend some Malignity of Nature, whereas it is really owing to wise and providential Reflections. As long as we continue Compounds of Body and Spirit, the Soul must do all Things by the Mediation of our Passions, and inferior Affections. And altho' the Stoicks, and after them others, more fortunate than wise Philosophers, look'd upon all Perturbations of Mind as ridiculous Defects, and Deviations from right Reason, yet was that Opinion soon exploded, and they who made the greatest Jest of human Infirmities, discover'd the greatest Pusillanimity, and quickest feeling upon the first painful, or disastrous Experiment. He who perswades another under great Pressures, not to trouble himself with anxious Thoughts, might, to as much Purpose, desire him to open his Eyes, and to see nothing: A wise Man will take Care not to vex Society with impertinent and fruitless Complaints; but the Soul is a nimble Painter, and will draw its Anguish in the Face, nor need the greatest Hero be asham'd of the Discovery, since even our blessed Saviour was seen to pity, to weep, and to be sorrowful. Nor can the Want of this Sentiment be attributed to a more glorious Cause, than a Mixture of Stupidity and Brutality, which occasionally produces Cowardice and Cruelty,

PLAY is the most dangerous Amusement, in which Women of all Conditions can ingage: She who is tempted to supply some extravagant Expences by the favourable Disposition of Cards, little considers the Uncertainty of the Event, and what terrible Consequences attend a Disappointment. *Flavia*, not long marry'd, having more Time upon her Hands than she knew which Way to pass agreeably, and making daily new Discoveries of fine Things, which others had, and she wanted, was kindly introduc'd by an officious Confidant to Lady *Hammalls*, where all Sorts of Gaming is mayag'd with great Politeness, and with no other View but that of entertaining everybody agreeably at their own Expences. *Flavia* is immediately complemented with a Stool at the *Basset Table*, a Book is presented her, she plays liberally, and all Mistakes are adjusted, with great Distinction, by the gentle and well-bred Tallier: She wins, her Cheeks glow, her Eyes sparkle with Delight, and she already meditates the disposing of her Winnings; but, alas, the Revolution of a few more Cards, and Moments, gradually divests the Fair One both of her Principal and Interest: All those pretty Airs that flutter'd upon the Wings of Hope, vanish in an Instant; her chearful Looks are overcast with Clouds of Despair; she turns Pale, Smiles give Place to Frowns, and those Luminaries which just now dispens'd the sweetest Languishments, dart Beams of Envy and Indignation: A *Venus* is metamorphos'd into a Fury; she nettles upon her Seat, is a gouge, sits down again, looks pensive, and wishing in vain an officious Tender of Money; she grows determin'd and borrows; again she ventures, again she loses: The Play is over, and she desires her Companion to tell her Name to her Creditor. He declares his Pleasure in obliging so fine a Lady, and promises himself her Person another Time, if not his Money: She goes Home, tells her Grievance at Night to *Abigail*, who musters all her Savings in Service for her Lady's Use: She returns the first Opportunity to Play, takes no Notice of her Debt, and sports now with as little Concern, as if it were understood that she could satisfy all Demands;

repeated

repeated Losses make her desperate, she borrows more, and at last condescends herself to tell the Gentleman in the Croud, that his Money is sure: By this Means, an Acquaintance is commenc'd; a Message is sent, some Time after, with an Excuse for not paying: It's return'd with great Civility; the Gentleman thought of nothing so little as his Money, nor of nothing more than the Lady that had won his Heart; she might take her own Time, he only wonder'd he never saw her at Mrs. *Trifles*: There is to be a Raffle for a Snuff-box next Night, and he's sure the Ladies will be glad of her Company. Well, she's resolv'd to go, but asham'd of appearing destitute of Money; afraid, at the same Time, of discovering her Necessities to her Husband; her Confidant, more experienc'd in the Ways and Means of raising the Ready, proposes the raking up of fine Silks and Plate upon Credit, and offers herself to pawn them for Money: The Project is approv'd, and executed: The Tradesmen unluckily bring their Bills to the Husband, who never having seen any Effects, examines his dear Wife; who palliates all, for the present, with artful Lyes: She was engag'd, she says, when she marry'd him, to make some Presents, but fearing he might think her extravagant, she took them upon Trust, designing to pay for them out of her own Allowance. He seems satisfy'd, but being alarm'd, he observes more narrowly her Conduct; finds her frequently engag'd at Houses of Gaming, and Intrigue; he grows indifferent, she negligent; they first part Beds, then Houses: She desires a separate Maintenance, and depends upon the new Gallant for all the rest: He soon grows weary both of the Lady and the Expence, proves rather a Goaler than a Lover; and so *Flavia*, of a happy Wife, becomes a forlorn Mistress, is deserted by all her Acquaintance of Reputation, is glad to take Refuge amongst Sharpers of both Sexes, but the Spirit of Gaming still survives all Disgrace, and *Flavia* is to be seen venturing the Income of her Beauty at the Ace of Hearts. It was great Pity that the youthful, unexperienced *Flavia* should fall into the Hands of a designing and artful Intriguer. It is since known, that *Palabra* her Confidant, was well acquainted with her predominant Passions, and to what Degree

they

they had been heightened by the Oppoſition of her Huſband's cloſe Temper: That ſhe had taken all Opportunities of making her own Advantage, both of *Flavia*'s Beauty and Foible, and had brought it ſo about, as to make one a Sacrifice to the other, and both to her own Intereſt. In the mean Time does *Palabra*, with a vaſt Torrent of Words, and a Face of Braſs, condole the Misfortunes of both; propoſes reconciling Methods to the World, exaſperates one againſt the other in private, having ſtill in Reſerve ſome conſoling Expedients for both; for ſhe ſupplies him with a Miſtreſs, and her with a Gallant, and receives, by this Management, Contributions on all Sides: She fears no *Eclairciſment*, becauſe being in every Secret, ſhe can, with greater Eaſe, continue than ſhe at firſt brought about the Separation. This, you ſay, is monſtrous Wickedneſs: Not at all, *Palabra* has Senſe, and Wit, and Gold is her God.

THAT Science which we have embrac'd for our Profeſſion, muſt be like our own Houſe, which we inhabit Day and Night; and other Parts of Learning, like the Houſes, and Gardens of our Friends, where we go for Amuſement, and Recreation, without propoſing to ſojourn there.

THE moſt exalted Virtue appears in never exerting our Power to the utmoſt; and by this Means do we eſtabliſh a more extenſive and laſting Authority, becauſe it is founded in Love, and Reſpect. On the other Side, that Power which has only Terror, and Fear for its Baſis, is ever upon the Decline, and Tottering, becauſe of that revolting Spirit which it naturally imprints upon the Mind.

THERE are two Sorts of People with whom it is dangerous to contract any Sort of Friendſhip. Thoſe who will ſacrifice their Friendſhip to the Vanity of a Jeſt; and thoſe who are apt to make trifling Matters the Subject of great Quarrels; and who breaking upon this Occaſion with their Friends, become the moſt inveterate Enemies.

THERE

THERE are three Sorts of Ignorance; that of knowing nothing; knowing by Halves what we ought to know perfectly; and knowing that moſt, which we ought to know leaſt. Methinks, he who is perfectly ignorant, reſembles a Painter's white Cloth, which is ſuſceptible of any Colour or Impreſſion; but that he who is but indifferently, or but ill inform'd, reſembles a Cloth upon which an ill Artiſt has ſcratch'd ſome irregular and lame Sketches, which it is impoſſible to bring into any regular Shape or Figure.

HE who has been able to aſſociate great Modeſty and Ability, may be ſaid to have all neceſſary Qualifications for the greateſt Employments.

THERE are a great many Perſons who paſs for Wits the firſt Time we ſee and converſe with them; but the ſecond Time we abate ſomething of this Opinion, and the third Time we don't eſteem 'em worth a Thought: The Reaſon is, they are a Sort of ſuperficial People, that know the World little; and as at the firſt Interview, we do not take the Liberty to examine Men narrowly, ſo, for that Time, they make their Eſcape well enough. But they do not always meet with the ſame Indulgence; their Foible is at laſt diſcover'd, and they are ever afterwards conſider'd only on the weak Side.

IN reading of Hiſtory, we ought to conſider in a particular Manner the Writers. If they are ſuch as profeſs Letters only, their Stile and Language are chiefly to be regarded. If Phyſicians, their Obſervations upon the Climate, the Conſtitution, and Diſtempers of Princes will deſerve moſt your Attention. If Lawyers, and Divines, you muſt take Notice of their Political Deciſions, with reſpect to Church and State. If Courtiers, and Ambaſſadors, Intrigues of Court, Treaties of Peace, and all Sorts of Negotiations, will prove moſt worthy of Obſervation. If Soldiers, then all Military Expeditions, and Actions, eſpecially thoſe in which they have been perſonally engag'd.

CESAR's Commentaries abound with learned Instructions for all those that incline to learn the Trade of War. It is a Book of Gold, and the most precious Monument of Antiquity. Every Man that wears a Commission, and has the noble Ardor of obtaining great Commands, should read him continually, and imitate, in this Particular, the *Colignis*, the *Maurices*, and the *Turennes*, who made him their particular Study, and used to call him their Master. But he is not to be read from a mere Curiosity of knowing History: Every Step of this first *Hero of Antiquity* is to be study'd, and consider'd; all his judicious Precautions are to be weigh'd, and examin'd; his secure Incampments; the Promptitude, and Order of his Marches; the exact Discipline of his Army; that great Intrepidity, and Presence of Mind with which he attack'd his Enemies, and took his Measures in the Heat of Action, according to his Conjectures, and new Incidents that presented themselves; his Generosity, and wise Distribution of Rewards amongst such as had distinguish'd themselves; the Fineness of his Stratagems; his great Penetration, with the which he discover'd, disconcerted, and baffled his Enemies Designs. But all this cannot be done without his *Book* in one Hand, and a proper *Map* in the other, to which must be added the greatest Application, and sedatest Reflections.

IT is often ask'd, whether it be good or bad for any Man to marry. If we would govern ourselves by their Votes who have ran the Carreer, I am pretty confident the Plurality of Voices would be found on the negative Side. There are, say they, so many Vexations that follow constantly at the Heels of this deceitful Engagement, that no Man in his Wits would so much as think of it. Matrimony is a Prison crowded with Care, and Trouble, in all Sorts of Shapes and Figures; it has not the Show of any one good Thing besides the Door at which Men enter into it, nor any Thing consoling besides that which lets the dear Companion out again. It is a fine Cage: All Birds at liberty think that he who is so well lodg'd is the happiest Creature living; all desire to get in; but no sooner there, and satiated with the first Repast, but they wish to be out again.

However, we muſt ſay upon this Subject, what *Metellus* did to the *Romans:* Could we be without Women, we might well forbear marrying: But ſince Nature ſo orders it, that when we do not poſſeſs them, we imagine we cannot live agreeably without them; and when we do poſſeſs them, we cannot live conveniently with them; it is better to reſign ourſelves to the Publick Good, which requires Children, than to our own particular Tranquillity, by refuſing a Wife. What is moſt certain, is this, that of all Evils and Calamities that can befall a good Man, the greateſt is an indifferent Wife.

One Advantage that common People have above great Perſons, is, that the firſt can with greater Certainty diſtinguiſh between true, and pretended Friends; whereas the latter can never know, if the Services they receive at any Man's Hands, proceed from a Senſe of Friendſhip, or that of Intereſt; for that Complaiſance which is pay'd to Favourites, is not of the ſame Nature with that which is practis'd towards other People; it coſts ſo many Scrapes and Cringes to get into any great Man's good Liking, that nobody would give himſelf that Trouble, without the Proſpect of ſome Intereſt: He is only apply'd to in this Manner for ſome Scraps of Favour; ſo that Intereſt being the Motive, aſſoon as the Cauſe ceaſes, the Effects vaniſh; and no ſooner is the Man diſgrac'd, but the Courtiers turn their Backs, and take new Meaſures to ingratiate themſelves with the ſucceeding Miniſter. As the Popes manage their Affairs generally by the Mediation of ſome Nephew, ſo is it pleaſant enough to obſerve at *Rome*, the Flux and Reflux that is caus'd by the Change of Pontifs: One holy Father is no ſooner exalted, and a Nephew appointed firſt Miniſter, but a Million of Friends ſtart up in a Night. Is the Uncle dead? That Palace that was built, and furniſh'd magnificently in few Months, becomes a Deſart; Swallows flock'd thither in Legions, and fly back in Clouds; and he who govern'd all with abſolute Sway, is forced to think of making Friends for his own Support in the next Reign.

NOTHING contributes ſo much to the Eaſe and Pleaſure of Society, as Peace, and Unity; but the firſt Step toward the cultivating of this Tranquillity with others, is, to enjoy it within one's own Breaſt: A Man void of Paſſion, who lives within Rule, accommodates himſelf with Facility to all Sorts of Diſpoſitions, and Humours: But which Way poſſibly can a peeviſh, reſtleſs Man, ever unequal, and inconſiſtent with himſelf, be able to gratify, and ſooth another? How can he, who is never ſatisfy'd with himſelf, be ſatisfy'd with any body elſe? Or how can he diſpoſe himſelf to be obſequious to other Peoples Inclinations, who does not underſtand his own?

AMONGST ſo many Ways and Means of raiſing a Fortune, none has been found more expeditious, and certain, than thoſe of Bankruptcy: And altho' this has been the Practice of moſt Nations, and ſome Ages, yet does it ſtill thrive and proſper even in this City, more than any other in the World; in Spite of the moſt full, and rigorous Laws that were ever contriv'd againſt a notorious Cheat, and Villany; and this which has been the Bane, and Poiſon of all Trades, is become itſelf a Trade, and above all, deſerves the glorious Title of Miſtery. No ſooner has any Man ſet up a Shop, and finds, by Experience, that he cannot, by the dilatory Proceeding of Retail, become rich in a few Years; that he cannot eat and drink as well as my Lord, nor his Spouſe go as fine as my Lady, whom they both left with Deſign to make a Figure in the World themſelves; but they determine to turn ſome Sort of Merchants: To convince the World, that their Ability is equal to their Ambition, an Addition of Plate is made to the Sideboard; a plentiful Table is kept; they talk of calling in their Money from Intereſt; and Lodgers are warn'd out of the Houſe, in order to make Room for the moſt valuable Commodities of all Sorts. My new Merchant goes to the City, views a great Variety of all Things; makes his Bargains, but with that Haughtineſs, Peremptorineſs, and Indifference, that no body dare queſtion the Ability of ſo ſignificant a Perſon. His

Demands are so large, that no single Person can supply them all; but one Tradesman recommends another, and happy is he who can croud most Goods upon this substantial Beginner: But more do not come in by Day, than are convey'd out by Night. And when Affairs are so order'd, and settled, that, upon a just Computation, it appears he is worth about Twenty thousand Pounds in other Peoples Effects; he takes the Opportunity of a fine Day, and goes to his premeditated Retreat. He was expected back at Night, does not return. The Wife is surpriz'd, but does not open her Scene of Grief for two or three Days: The Neighbours first take the Alarm, then the City Bubbles. The House is storm'd with Noise, Oaths, and Bailiffs. The innocent Dame wrings her Hands, curses the Day that she was born, falls into a Swoon, and is remov'd to some charitable Kinsman, who is all along in the Secret. Some cry the Rogue is gone to *France*, others to *Holland*, and others, that he has kill'd himself to be sure: At last out of Patience, the Creditors propose, by the By, to compound for Half: When that does not move, they come down to a Quarter; but a trusty Friend comes in, and offers to be bound to make good half a Crown in the Pound. Well, Contracts are made, sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, and my Spark returns with as good an Assurance, and comports himself with as much Pride, and Arrogance, as if he would have it known, that he had the Purse, as well as the Brains of a great Knave and Politician. His jovial Mate soon swells in Hoops, and flaunts it in Lace and Ribbands: Their House and Table are free to everybody but those that have the best Title to their Favours; and who so fit as he to make a Scheme for raising two or three Millions for the peculiar Advantage of such as can keep a Secret, and know the canting Art of circulating Scraps of Paper. My Master and Mistress jog it now in Coach, and Chair; look with Scorn and Contempt upon their drab Acquaintance; live in Show, and Abundance; in as much Reputation as they desire, and care not one Farthing who deserves to be hang'd.

Some Men are so much mistaken as to imagine, that the Reputation of being witty and good Company, is acquir'd by talking only, no matter what; so that as they venture at everything, if they trip, they are sure to fall, and to make one Blunder ever upon the Heels of another. An under Secretary (to be sure a polite learned Man) sitting at Table with a young Lord who had invited him to Dinner, with his Sister, who was a young Widow, took Notice, that the Lady was very uneasy, and indispos'd, and said, without more ado, *I believe that the little Feet incommode the great ones. No, Sir*, answer'd the Brother, *that cannot be my Sisters Ailing; for she has been a Widow these three Years. I ask pardon Madam*, replies the Secretary, *I thought you were a Maid.* Could anything be more fluent and ridiculous!

It fares with Marriage, as with Painting: It is not always the most Light in Pictures, that gives them the greatest Beauty. Shadowing has its peculiar Grace, and Merit. A Husband's best Policy lyes in considering his Wife only in a particular Point of Sight. Glasses that draw Objects near to the Eyes, were not made for Husbands; the less they see, the better.

The exterior Effects of our Passions, frequently discover to the curious our most reserv'd Secrets: A sudden Agitation of Grief, a Restlesness of Temper, a Transport of Joy, a Look of Anger, or Indignation, and sometimes a Blush, a Laugh, a Gesture; in short, the least Thing is able to betray us upon certain Occasions; and what is more, Silence itself, too long continu'd, or affected, may lay our Thoughts open. The best Way then is, never to affect anything, because altho' Affectation may deceive weak People, yet the more discerning see through all, and by superficial Artifices we impose only upon ourselves.

Politeness in speaking depends first in knowing well a Language, in making Use, without Affectation, of the most

proper

proper Expreſſions, and the moſt pertinent to the Subject that can be found; to adapt the Tone of the Voice, and the Action of the Body, to the Nature of the Subject, and the Quality of thoſe with whom we converſe: To be grave with Perſons of Age, and Capacity; ſerious with ſuch as imprint a Sentiment of Reſpect, by a Character of ſevere Virtue; gallant and chearful amongſt Ladies; frank and pleaſant among young People; open amongſt Friends; reſerv'd towards ſuch as tranſact any Affairs of Moment with us; but maintaining ever, in all theſe different Characters, a well-natur'd Air, that renders us throughout agreeable, by mixing all we ſay with a certain inſinuating Charm, which affects the Heart much more than the Ears.

TRUE Politeneſs requires alſo, that no Word eſcape us that can give the leaſt Offence to the Perſon we converſe with; that we conſider attentively what is moſt agreeable to his Taſte, the better to gratify his moſt prevalent Humour and Diſpoſition: All we ſay muſt be expreſs'd in Terms that carry the higheſt and moſt indelible Marks of Affection, and Eſteem, an Air of unfeigned Probity, and the Sentiments of a Man truly virtuous and honourable, muſt not only get the Aſcendant of all Suſpicion, but command an abſolute Aſſent and Credit: Never muſt the leaſt immodeſt Word diſgrace our Diſcourſe, no not for the Sake of Merryment; but our Wit muſt ſhine in fine and delicate Thoughts, which, without offending the Ears, inſinuate much more than they expreſs. It is below a Gentleman to look for Matter of Diverſion in Scandal; it becomes him rather to gain everybody's Affection, by preſenting ever the more beautiful Side of the Medal; becauſe it is moſt certain, that there is ſcarce any Man, excepting the moſt abandon'd Villains, but who deſerves ſome Sort of Conſideration, and is, in ſome Reſpect or other, Praiſe-worthy.

MEN, and Buſineſs, have their Points of Perſpective; ſome there are which we muſt view near Hand, to form a right Judgment, and others at a greater Diſtance.

THE

THE great Reputation ſome Men have of Honour, and Integrity, has frequently no other Foundation but that of Art. Such, on the contrary, as are poſſeſs'd of thoſe eſſential Qualities that conſtitute an upright Man, are generally too negligent of thoſe Manners, and outward Complacency, which gain ſo much upon the Affections of ſuperficial Spectators. A good Conſcience will juſtify us to ourſelves, but never reconcile the Affections of proud and cenſorious People.

WE may ſee an Example of this Kind in Archbiſhop *Land*. He was a Man, ſays my Lord *Clarendon*, of great Courage and Reſolution; and being moſt aſſur'd within himſelf that he propos'd no End in all his Actions and Deſigns, but what was pious and juſt, he never ſtudy'd the eaſieſt Ways to thoſe Ends: He courted Perſons too little, and cared not to make his Deſigns and Purpoſes appear as candid as they were, by ſhewing them in any other Dreſs than their own natural Beauty, though, perhaps, in too rough a Manner; and did not conſider what Men ſaid, or were like to ſay of him: He was a Man of great Parts, and very exemplary Virtues, alloy'd and diſcredited by ſome unpopular natural Infirmities; the greateſt of which was, beſides a haſty ſharp Way of expreſſing himſelf, that he believ'd Innocence of Heart, and Integrity of Manners, to be a guard ſtrong enough to ſecure any Man in his Voyage through this World, in what Company ſoever he travel'd.

BUT alas! when the World combines againſt us, the moſt criminal Conduct is much ſafer than the greateſt Innocence. The firſt is under the Protection of Numbers, againſt which the latter appears ever to Diſadvantage.

WHAT greater Slavery can there be, ſays Sir *Richard Bulſtrode*, than of Kings, who are chain'd, as it were, to their Poſts, and cannot make themſelves leſs. All their Words and Actions are deſcanted upon, and made publick Diſcourſe. A

Prince

Prince cannot with Dignity quit his Guards. Fortune has him in Custody. A Train besets him wherever he goes, and there is no making an Escape; but still he that is Master of many, is the Servant of more.

To this Purpose is the Observation of my Lord *Clarendon*, when King *Charles the First* was in *Scotland*.

MEN, by no Means agreeable to his Majesty, had an admirable Dexterity in sheltering themselves from any Acts of Discountenance, which they had no Mind to own, when it hath been visible, and was then notorious, that many of the Persons then, as the Earl of *Rothes*, and others, of whom the King had the worst Opinion, and from whom he purposely withheld any Grace, by never speaking to them, or taking Notice of them in Court; yet, when the King was Abroad in the Fields, or passing through a Village, where the greatest Crowds flock'd to see him, those Men would still be next him, and entertain him with some Discourse, and pleasant Relations, which the King's gentle Disposition could not avoid, and which made those Persons to be generally believ'd to be most acceptable to his Majesty: For let the proudest or most formal Man resolve to keep what Distance he will towards others, a bold and confident Man demolishes the whole Machine, and gets within him, and even obliges him to his own Laws of Conversation.

As there is a greater Dignity in sitting at the Theatre, and seeing and judging of the Performance, than in acting any Part ourselves; so can there not be a more convenient Place, from whence, with Ease and Pleasure, we may contemplate the various Scenes of Action, than a well chosen Retirement. Did not Princes apprehend the Effects of Ingratitude from those they have oblig'd, and Contempt from those they have commanded; of Want and Poverty from those to whom they must resign their Crowns, if dispos'd to lay them down, how should see, no Question, more Examples like those of *Henry the Fifth*, the Queen of *Sweden*, and the Duke of

*Parma*.

*Parma*. *Cæsar* himself was once heard to say, *Aliquando mihi licebit vivere*. *Sometime or other I shall have Leisure to live*. And I believe it may be truly asserted, that there never were any Princes so great and prosperous, that did not wish heartily that they could, with Dignity, shake off those Golden Fetters, that restrain them from all the Joys of Peace and Liberty, which they affect to give their Subjects by their assiduous Care and Policy.

GREATNESS, says *Montagne*, protects no Man from the Infirmities of the Body or the Mind. The Gout and Stone give a Prince no better Quarter than his meanest Subject. When old Age arrests him, will his Guards rescue him? When the Terrors of Death surround him, will the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber disperse them, and raise him? When stung with Jealousy, or Caprice, can any officious Harangues sooth and compose him? When fir'd with Indignation, will his Principalities protect him from the Shame of turning pale, and gnashing his Teeth like a Madman? The mere Prick of a Pin, or least Flurry of Passion, is sufficient to extinguish all the Pleasures of the World's Empire.

*O but Man, proud Man!*
*Dress'd in a little brief Authority;*
*Most ignorant of what he's most assured:*
*His glassy Essence, like an angry Ape*
*Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heaven,*
*As make the Angels weep; who, with our Spleen,*
*Would all themselves laugh Mortal.*

How great forever is Fortune's Power, and large her Empire, says *Balzac*, we have this Consolation, that there are a great many Things impossible to her, and others out of her Jurisdiction. She may take a Scoundrel out of the Kitchen, or Stable, and lodge him in the finest Apartments of the *Louvre*: She may place a Crown upon the Head of a Slave: She may

 make

make Villainy triumph over Innocence, and Integrity: She can bring about a World of ſtrange Things, as we find in Hiſtory: But with all her Mightineſs, ſhe was never able to make an ugly Perſon handſome, nor give Charms to a frightful Face; tame a Savage, nor poliſh his Manners; inſpire a Fool with Wit, or a Coward with Courage. Theſe Things are impoſſible to Fortune. Here are others beyond the Reach of her Juriſdiction: She may take away a Man's Eſtate, his Title, and his Life; but ſhe cannot rob him of his Reputation, his Honour, nor his Glory: She cannot ſtop the Mouth of the Publick, which will ever take the Part of Innocence oppreſs'd; nor can ſhe hinder perſecuted Virtue from being eſteem'd, nor her own Favourites from being hated: In Spite of Fortune will *Paſquin* make a Jeſt of the unworthy, and purſue him either with good or bad Lampoons. To little Purpoſe does ſhe place Barriers, or Guards, before the Gates of that Slave's Palace whom ſhe has crown'd; Truth forces her Way through all this, enters his Cabinet, diſcovers his ſervile Inclinations, and expoſes them to the View and Deriſion of the World. Altho' he be terrible, ſtill he is ridiculous: His Courtiers tremble in his Preſence, and make Mouths at him behind his Back: The Baſeneſs of his firſt Condition, and the Meanneſs of his Birth, will be ever flung in his Teeth. The firſt Collar he wore will be ſet up at all Times in Oppoſition to his new Crown; nor will his Fortune purchaſe him any Favour from the Orators, the Poets, or the People.

How glorious a Thing is it for a Man, bred in the Hurry of Buſineſs, cheriſh'd in the Cabinets of Princes, diſtinguiſh'd by the moſt exalted Merit and greateſt Services, voluntarily to baniſh himſelf from Court, without any Motive of his Prince's Diſpleaſure, or Apprehenſion of Diſgrace: His Deſign is, to fly the Ambarras of Buſineſs, and to lye conceal'd; but the Brightneſs of his Virtue diſcovers him in the moſt obſcure Receſs: His eminent Qualities, that out-ſhine the Purple and Brilliancy of Diamonds, give a Luſtre to the moſt gloomy Shades of Solitude: His Reputation is too great to allow of Secrecy and Silence. The King ſends every Day to this diſtant Oracle,

Oracle, when he ceaſes to be his domeſtick one. O glorious Retreat! O illuſtrious Obſcurity! O Baniſhment, infinitely preferable to all Favour!

*Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima cygno.*

*A Bird ſo wondrous fine, ſo rare,*
*With a black Swan may well compare.*

FOR one of this Character, thouſands may be found who cannot live out of the Air of an artificial World; and are no ſooner excluded from the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs, and oblig'd to retire, but they are ready to expire under the Stings of an invidious Regret. It is ſaid, that *Conde Duke d'Olivarez*, was, upon his Removal from the Office of firſt Miniſter, ſo very much concern'd, that he dy'd under the Oppreſſion of a deep Melancholy.

MUCH ſuch another proud ſelf-ſufficient Politician was Cardinal *Wolſey*; who, after having govern'd his Prince with a Power as abſolute as that haughty Monarch had, by his Advice, an oppreſs'd diſpirited People, ſunk himſelf under the very Apprehenſions of Diſgrace, and was thought to die with the very Fear of Death. So little able are mighty Miniſters, that exerciſe daily the Patience and Reſolutions of their Fellow-Subjects, to bear any Diſappointments, or the moſt remote Proſpects of Danger. But as this prodigious Man had made his Conſcience and Religion ſubmit all along to the Conſideration of a temporal Intereſt and Reaſon of State, ſo did he make ſome amends [illegible] by declaring, a little before he expir'd, 'That if he had ſerv'd God as diligently 'ly as he had ſerv'd the King, he would not have given him 'over in his gray Hairs.' Our Saviour declares, *That if we don't hear* Moſes, *and the Prophets, neither will we be perſwaded tho' one roſe from the dead*; yet I do not know what force the Reſurrection of a dead Conſcience in Miniſters of State might have upon their Diſciples, would they vouchſafe, like this

great Man, to expoſe, when dying, their moſt reſerv'd and long-ſtifled Opinions.

*SHAKESPEAR* makes the Cardinal expreſs himſelf in this mournful, natural, and delicate Manner.

*Farewel, a long farewel to all my Greatneſs:*
*This is the State of Man; to Day he puts forth*
*The tender Leaves of Hope; to Marrow Bloſſoms,*
*And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him;*
*The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt,*
*And when he thinks, good eaſy Man, full ſurely*
*His Greatneſs is a ripʼning, nips his Root,*
*And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,*
*Like little wanton Boys that ſwim on Bladders,*
*This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory;*
*But far beyond my Depth: My high blown Pride*
*At length broke under me, and now has left me,*
*Weary and Old with Service, to the Mercy*
*Of a rude Stream, that muſt for ever hide me.*

# *Variety of bright Thoughts; with some critical Remarks.*

THERE are a great many Paſſages in Authors that paſs for bright, and *ſublime* Thoughts, (ſays *Bouhours*) that have little or no Pretence to that Character: As for Example, this of *Lucan*.

*Victrix cauſa Diis placuit ſed victa Catoni.*

*With the victorious Side the Gods took part,*
*But* Cato *had the vanquiſh'd Cauſe at Heart.*

This has a fine Appearance only, it ſhines like *Cryſtal*, but has no great Worth or intrinſick Value; for it imports, the *Gods* had eſpous'd an unjuſt Cauſe, as was that of *Caſar*, who ſacrific'd his Country to an unbounded Ambition, and purſu'd all Meaſures that could poſſibly conduce to the Suppreſſion of *Publick Liberty*, and the making himſelf *Maſter* of the *World*. Now it is not conſiſtent with good Senſe, to range the *Gods* on the Side of *Uſurpation*, and *Injuſtice*: And *Lucan* had much better have left them out, than brought them in Play upon this Occaſion. The *Poet* himſelf, in another Place, repreſents *Cato* to be a Man of the greateſt Knowledge, Honour, and Virtue: Which Way then, with Reaſon, can he ſuppoſe the *Gods* and him in different Intereſts? By this Means he de-

faces

faces his Character, and ſtrips him of his Virtue; for, according to *Saluſt*, the *Romans* both loved, and rever'd their *Deities*. Another Interpretation may be ſtrained out of theſe *Verſes*, but then the Senſe remains flat and languid, and implies no more than that altho' *Cæſar*'s Arms were conſtantly attended with Succeſs, yet *Cato* remain'd conſtant to his beaten Friend, and ruin'd Cauſe. *Thoughts* truly ingenious, as well in *Proſe* as in *Verſe*, ſhould be like that *Orator*'s taken Notice of by *Cicero*, *Sententiæ Craſſi tam integræ, tam veræ, tam novæ, tam ſine pigmentis fucoque puerili. So ſound, and ſo true, ſo new, and ſo ſurprizing, as to have no Sort of glittering that is either childiſh or trifling.* *Truth* is the firſt *Quality*, and as it were the *Baſis* of all good Thoughts. The fineſt are vicious, at leaſt thoſe that paſs for ſuch, if *this* be wanting. Thoughts are Images of Things, as Words the Images of Thought, and Speaking, and Writing in general is the forming to one ſelf an Object either ſpiritual, or ſenſible. Now Paintings, or Images, are only ſo far true, as they repreſent Things faithfully, and falſe when they repreſent them otherwiſe. It is certain, that ſome Things ſeem falſe that are not ſo, and there is a great deal of Difference between *Falſhood* and *Fiction*: One defaces, and deſtroys Nature, the other imitates, and in ſome Sort, improves it.

THE *Poetical World* has no Reality in itſelf, it is furniſh'd with little more than agreeable Chimera's. But this *Syſtem* having been once ſuppos'd, all that is feign'd within its Limits, paſſes amongſt the *Learned* for ſomething *real*, eſpecially when the *Fiction* reſembles, or conceals ſome *Truth*. According to *Fable*, for Example, Flowers ſpring and grow under the Feet of *Gods*, and *Heroes*; to ſignify, it may be, that *great Men* ſhould diſtribute *Plenty* wherever they come. Accordingly, *Racan* in his Poem to *Mary de Medicis*, ſays,

*Paiſſez, cheres brebis, jouiſſez de la joye,*
*Que le Ciel vous envoye:*

*A la fin, ſa clémence a pitié de nos pleurs;*
*Allez dans la campagne, allez dans la prairie;*
*N' épargnez point les fleurs,*
*Il en revient aſſez ſous les pas de* Marie.

*Feed on, my Sheep, your preſent Joys improve,*
*Which Heav'n grants you in this happy Hour;*
*Securely ſtray in ev'ry Field, and Grove;*
*Crop ev'ry tender Green, and ſpicy Flow'r,*
*The Preſſure of* Maria's *Feet will bring,*
*The ſweeteſt Herbage, and eternal Spring.*

IN the Poet's Fancy there ſeems nothing ſhocking; and what is *fictitious*, by the Privilege of Cuſtom, has an Air of *Truth*.

IN the ſame Manner we are well enough pleas'd with the *Graces* being repreſented of a ſmall and ſlender Shape; becauſe it is eaſy to imagine that the Deſign is to ſhow us that what we call *Agreeableneſs*, conſiſts in very ſmall Matters; ſometimes in a Geſture, in a Smile, ſometimes in an negligent Air, a Shyneſs, a Wantonneſs, a Turn of the Head, or ſomething leſs. The ſame Thing may be ſaid of every pretty and ingenious Invention: Such as was the *Fable* of the *Sun* and the *Frogs*, which appear'd in the Beginning of the *Dutch War*, and was ſo much applauded in the World. And that of the *Stars*, which being grown jealous of the *Sun's Glory*, form'd a League againſt him; but which was ſoon broke, and they diſperſed at his firſt Appearance amongſt them. But ſome take too great a Licence, and the Fire of their Fancy carries them too great a Length. As for Example. *Arioſto's*

*Il pover' huomo che non Sen 'era accorto,*
*Andava combattendo, & era morto.*

The

*The Man not knowing he was kill'd outright,*
*Proceeded still to deal his Blows, and fight.*

HAD the *Hero*'s Heat and *Courage* been never ſo great, it cannot be ſuppos'd but that *Death* had cool'd both, ſo well as to render him incapable of farther Action.

WHAT *Taſſo* ſays of *Argantus* is more excuſable.

*Minacciava morendo, e non languia.*

*Whilſt he was dying, you might trace*
*Strong Lines of Vengeance in his Face.*

FOR it may, without any Violence to good Senſe, be ſuppoſed that a ſtrong and ſturdy *Saracen*, wounded in the *Combat*, and dying with his Wounds, did menace that *Enemy* with his Looks, who gave him his *Death's Stroke*; nay, that he did ſo with his laſt *Words*, and *Convulſions*.

*Superbi, formidabili, feraci*
*Gli Ultimi Moti fur, l' ultime Voci.*

IT is natural to preſerve the Sentiments of Revenge to the laſt, and to collect all the Remains of Strength and Spirit to expreſs our *Paſſions*. Some before they give the laſt Gaſp will make a terrible Noiſe; but what that Poet adds, *e non languia*, that he did not languiſh, has no Appearance of Truth. For let *Heroes* have Souls never ſo brave, and reſolv'd in dying, this will not ſecure their Bodies from waſting, and Spirits from fainting; they have, in this Reſpect, no particular Privilege.

SOME Thoughts there are, however, which altho' they do not carry this *Character* of *Truth* along with them, are approv'd by very grave and wiſe Authors. Not to take Notice

of

of *Macrobius*, and *Seneca*, who give the Name of *pleaſant Sophiſms*, to what we call Puns, or Points of Wit, what the *Italians* call *Vivozze d' ingegno*, and the *Spaniards Agudezas*. It's true, that as this Sort of Ingenuity is couch'd generally in *equivocal Terms*, ſo is it flat and inſipid. Some there are, ſo bewitch'd with this curſed Spirit, that ſcarce can any Word drop in Converſation, but it is ſeiz'd immediately, and tortur'd a thouſand Ways to confeſs a Meaning that nobody can apprehend beſides the Executioners themſelves: But if the Jeſt does happen to be intelligible, it is found ſo low, and ſo impertinent, that it can as little be put up, as an Affront.

A LADY the other Day filling Tea, and diſtributing it to her Company, aſked one of theſe *inſpired Gentlemen*, If he lov'd his Tea ſweet? To which he ſmartly anſwer'd, *Pray not too ſweet upon me, Madam.* And ſhe reply'd, *Your Wit will ſuffer no Woman to be ſo.*

BUT as *equivocal Expreſſions*, and double *Entendres* become ſome People better than others, ſo are there ſome of theſe much ſuperior to others, and carry a Poinancy along with them agreeable enough. Here follows ſome Examples of *Witticiſms*, but I ſhall leave it to the judicious Reader to diſtinguiſh them by what Names and Titles they pleaſe.

SIR *Thomas More* owed his Riſe in part to the Earl of *Rutland*'s Intereſt; but this great Man conceiving that Sir *Thomas*, after he became *Chancellor*, did not pay him all that Deference he had Reaſon to expect from him; meeting him one Day accidentally, ſaid, *Honores mutant Mores.* To which the other inſtantly reply'd, *It was true in* Engliſh, *but not in* Latin; my Lord's *Sirname* being *Manners.*

THE *Queen* of *Sweden* had a *Prieſt* for her *Almoner* ſo very *fat*, that one could diſcern below his *Paunch* little more than his *Feet*, which provok'd her to ſay, *Hé bien, Monſieur L' Aumonier quand accoucherez vous?* He reply'd, *Madame, quand J'auray trouvé une Sage femme.*

*HENRY the Fourth* being paſſionately in Love with a *Lady* of his *Court*, aſk'd at laſt, which Way he might poſſibly get into her *Bed-chamber? By the Church*, ſaid ſhe, immediately. The *King* did not mean which was the Way to her *Lodging*, but by what Services, or Preſents, he could merit the laſt *Favour*; which ſhe artfully, and with a great Preſence of Mind, turn'd into a Condition of Marriage.

THE ill Temper of his Wife made an honeſt *Countryman* ſay, when he ſaw her hang'd upon a *Pear-Tree*, *That it was the beſt bearing Tree that he ever ſaw in his Life.*

IN the Porch of an ancient Church at *Rome*, call'd *Santa Maria*, ſtands a great round Stone, cut into the Face of a Man, with a great wide Mouth, and this Inſcription, *La bocca della Veritá. The Mouth of Truth.* But this not being affirm'd (ſays the Author) by the *Mouth* of *Truth*, I cannot believe it. I rather ſuppoſe that it ſerv'd, in ſome old Building, for a *Gutter-Spout*. I know *Truth* may ſpeak loud, and have a *wide Mouth*, but he that takes every *wide Mouth* for the Mouth of *Truth*, is much miſtaken.

WHEN a Man, ſays a famous Divine, is ſo blinded with *Ambition*, as not to mind the *Ground* he ſtands upon, *as a Thing much below* him, then comes the *Devil* and aſſiſts him in his own favourite Paſſion; for *Ambition* was the Devil's *Sin* and *Ruin*, and has been ever ſince his *Stratagem*; for this Reaſon, like an expert *Wreſtler*, *he uſually gives a Man a* Lift *before he gives him a* Throw.

THE *Devil*, in Scripture, is ſaid to be transform'd ſometimes into an *Angel of Light:* Upon which, ſays Dr. *South*, we have him here repreſented under a ſtrange *Maſk* or *Vizard*, that we cannot ſee him for Light. He muſt needs walk *undiſcover'd* when he makes that which *diſcovers* all Things his *Diſguize.*

DOCTOR

DOCTOR *Montague*, Chaplain to King *James the First*, waiting upon his Majesty on purpose to solicit his own Promotion to the *Bishoprick* of *London*; the *King told* the *Doctor*, *That he was wonderfully perplex'd in that Affair*; *for so many Interests had been made, and so many Applications to himself, that he was puzzled to whom he should give it.* His Chaplain told him, *That if he had* Faith, *he might soon dispose of it. Why*, says the *King*, *do you take me for an* Infidel? *No, may it please your* Majesty, replies the *Doctor*: *But I say, if your* Majesty *had* Faith *you might remove this* Mountain (clapping his Hands on his Breast) *into the* Sea. The Doctor, in a Word, carry'd his *Point* by the *Pun*.

SIR *Richard Steel*, in one of his Spectators, says, If we look back into *History*, we shall find that *Alexander the Great* wore his *Head* a little over his *left Shoulder*, and then not a Soul stirred out 'till he had adjusted his *Neck-bone*. The whole Nobility addressed the *Prince*, and each other *obliquely*, and all Matters of Importance were concerted and carry'd on in the *Macedonian Court* with their *Polls* on *one Side*. About the First *Century*, nothing made more Noise in the World than *Roman Noses*; and then not a Word of them, till they *rose* again into Reputation about Eighty eight. Nor is it so very long since *Richard the Third* set up half the Backs of the *Nation*, and *high Shoulders*, and *high Noses* were the *Top* of the Fashion.

Mr. HENRY *Purcell* excell'd almost as much in the *Art* of *Punning* as that of *Musick*; insomuch, that no Man could make a Jest of that Sort, but it struck by Sympathy upon that *String of his* Soul *which was wound up to the same Tune*. Here is one Instance for all. A certain *Gentleman* call'd Mr. *Snow*, who was an Attendant upon the House of Lords, seeing Mr. *Purcell* pass by accidentally, and knowing him to be his *Rival* in the foresaid *Mystery*, call'd to him, and desir'd some Gentlemen to stand by, whilst he measur'd *Points* with him. Mr. *Snow*, the better to prepare himself for *Combat*, open'd a

Cupboard, and taking a Bottle out for a *Whet*; *Purcell* aſk'd him, What was in it? *Nothing*, ſays the other, *it's full of Emptineſs*. *Purcell* replies, *Did you ſpeak that of your own Head, Sir?*

SOME Men, how great Landlords ſoever, are known, ſays a certain Preacher, to have empty *Rooms* upon *their Hands* (or *rather Heads*) to let; it is in thoſe, that ſharping, worthleſs *Sycophants* take up their *Lodging*; and if ſuch *Vermin* do not find them *unfurniſh'd*, it's ten to one, but in a little Time they will make them ſo. Theſe Gentlemen, in Return, get, it may be, the glorious Attribute of *good Nature*; indeed ſo *good*, that, according to the *Italian* Proverb, *It is e'en good for nothing*.

SINCE Mr. *Penkethman* is no inferior Perſon in Point of *Wit* and *Repartee*, this will be no improper Place to record his *Genius*. This great Man ſubmitting, once upon a Time, to keep mean Company, and to drink a merry Glaſs, he contracted, as it is common to the Weakneſs of human Nature, an Habit of *ill Language*; and no ſooner parted from his Comrades, but he beſtow'd it freely upon all he met. Theſe People ignorant of his Merit, carry'd him before a *Juſtice*; who, without *Ceremony*, bound him to his *good Behaviour in the Stocks*. A Friend paſſing by accidentally, aſk'd him, *What he did there? Why*, (ſays he) *I am only like a great many other great Folks, in the Stocks by Subſcription*. So you ſee, that this Thought, like moſt double Entendres, was true in one Reſpect, tho' falſe in another.

FROM the proper and falſe Senſe of a *South-Sea Subſcription, and Stocks of Treaſure*, you paſs to the figurative and true Senſe of a *Warrant and Stocks of Penalty, and Confinement*. And ſo it fares in moſt equivocal Expreſſions; and I ſuppoſe, whilſt in *durance*, the Contemplation of this happy Turn diverted the *Knight* as well as his Retinue and *Admirers*.

AN-

AN honeſt *Gaſcogne* conſol'd himſelf much after the ſame Manner, who having continu'd at an Inn at *Paris* ſome Time longer than he expected, and finding at laſt as little Health as Credit, his Landlord remov'd him to *L'Hotêl de Dieu*. In *French* it ſignifies *God's Palace*, in *Engliſh* it imports no more than an *Hoſpital*. Not being heard of a long while, a Friend of his, after much Enquiry, found his Place of Reſidence, and him lying in a Corner, in a very bad Condition of Body, but with all the *Gaſcogne* in his Mind. At firſt Sight, his Friend cry'd, *Take Courage Man, take Courage. O! for Courage*, ſays he, *you know thoſe of our Country never want it. Well*, ſays his Friend, *I am ſatisfy'd as to that particular; but pray, how ſtand you with God? With God?* (ſays the *Gaſcogne*) *to be ſure well enough; how comes he elſe to give me an Apartment in his Palace?*

A RICH old Hunch travelling one Day to *Bologna*, in very cold Weather, but cover'd, from Head to Foot, with a Cloak lin'd through with Furrs, met upon the Road a poor Peaſant, in a very thin and tatter'd Garment, and aſk'd him, *If he was not almoſt froze? No*, ſays the poor Man, with a very chearful Countenance. *How can that be*, cries the Senior? *I freeze, for my Part, under all my Skins. Ah*, reply'd the Bumpkin, *had you, like me, put on all your Cloaths at once, you would have been hot enough.*

ROME, in the Time of *Pope Eugene*, abounded with effeminate Prelates, and Courtiſans. A *Grecian Biſhop* coming then to *Rome*, and being very particular with his long Beard, he was deſir'd to cut it off; but Cardinal *Angelot* excus'd him, with ſaying, *He thought it neceſſary that one* He-Goat *ſhould be allow'd amongſt ſo many Nannies.*

AS to the modern *Roman* Saints, ſays a Preacher on the 5*th* of *November*, it is their Powder, not their Faith that has made ſuch a Report in the World.

We ſhall conclude this Narrative of Equivocal Jeſts with one of a very great Divine upon his Death-Bed, who affected mightily theſe Witticiſms. It was Doctor *James*, Maſter of *Queen's College* in *Cambridge*. He was attended in his Sickneſs and laſt Moments by a particular Acquaintance, and being full of Pain, he fancy'd he could not dye ſo eaſily in his Friend's Preſence, as he might otherwiſe; for which Reaſon he took his Leave of him, and deſir'd him to abſent himſelf a little. His Friend did ſo; but ſoon after returning, and peeping into the Chamber, the Doctor ſpy'd him, and cry'd, *Come in, come in, I can't dye for my Life*; altho' he did expire ſoon after. By this we may ſee, that as we live, ſo we dye.

As *Punſters* are like *Eccho's*, that entertain you with your own Words; ſo one would wiſh them the Modeſty of that *Virgin*, who never makes an Anſwer, but when aſk'd a *Queſtion*.

It is ſurprizing, that Men being always the ſame reaſonable Creatures, in all Ages, the Cuſtoms of theſe ſhould have the ſame Influence upon their Underſtandings, as the Atmoſphere has upon Weather-Glaſſes, which riſe and fall by the leſs or greater Preſſure of the Air. But this Mode of Punning prevail'd almoſt every where in *Europe*, in the Times of *James the Firſt*, and *Henry the Fourth* of *France*. The very Sermons of thoſe Times abounded with nothing more than thoſe Trifles; and thoſe very Princes themſelves gave into that Sort of Puerility: Authors of thoſe Times are ſo full of them, that Volumes could be much eaſier made, than be perus'd with Patience.

Here follows an Epigram, made in the Humour of that Age.

*M....r Bordier*, with one or two more, attending *Cardinal Richelieu* in his Coach, they had like to have been overturn'd upon a broken Pavement in the Arſenal: The *Cardinal* commanded *Bordier* to get it repair'd; but he thinking the Office

below

below his Dignity, being rich, tho' an Upſtart, neglected the Cardinal's Orders: Upon this he was diſgrac'd, and ſoon after dy'd. Mr. *L'Aſſemis* made theſe Verſes, all over Points, upon *Bordier*, and his Fall.

Bordier *pleure ſa* décadence
*De ce qu'au lieu d'etre* elevé
*Par les* degrez *a l'*intendance,
*Il eſt* tombé *ſur le* pavé.
*A l'*Arcenal, *un coup de* foudre
*Faillit a le reduire en* poudre,
*A faute de s'*humilier;
*Ce'ſt Son andace coutumiere*;
*Mais pour le fils d'un* Chandelier,
*Il a bien manqué de* lumiere.

Bordier *now laments his* Fall,
*Becauſe inſtead of ſudden* Riſe,
*To a Degree of* ſqueezing *all*,
*He*, bruis'd *himſelf*, *on* Pavement lyes.
*As no Creature was e're* prouder,
*So was it very near his Hap*,
*To be cruſh'd to ſmalleſt* Powder,
*At th'* Ars'nal, *by a* Thunder-clap.
*It may be ſaid then, without Spite*,
*For* Chandler's *Son he wanted* Light.

WIT, ſays Mr. *Lock*, lyes in the Aſſemblage of Ideas, and in putting theſe together with Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance, thereby to make up any pleaſant Pictures, and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy. Thus does true Wit generally conſiſt in the Likeneſs of Ideas, and is more or leſs ſo, as this Likeneſs of Ideas is more ſurprizing

and

and unexpected. But as true Wit generally conſiſts in the Reſemblance of Ideas, ſo does falſe Wit in the Similitude of Words: But over and above theſe Sorts, there is a Species of Wit of a middle Nature, that has ſomething of both in it. When in two Ideas that have ſome Likeneſs to each other, and are both expreſs'd by the ſame Word, we make Uſe of the Ambiguity of the Word, to ſpeak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. For this Reaſon do Poets, in all Languages, expreſs Love by Fire, and conſider it frequently, not as a Paſſion, but as Fire itſelf. As may be ſeen in this ingenious Epigram.

*Me Nive candenti petiit modo* Julia, *rebar*
*Igne carere nivem, ſed tamen ignis erat;*
*Quid Nive frigidius? Noſtrum tamen urere pectus*
*Nix potuit manibus* Julia *miſſa tuis.*
*Quis locus inſidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris*
*Frigore concreta ſi latet ignis aqua?*
Julia *ſola potes noſtras extinguere flammas,*
*Non Nive, non glacie, ſed potes igne pari.*

*Fair* Julia's *Hands a Snow-ball preſs'd,*
*With which ſhe ſoon alarm'd my Breaſt;*
*I little thought that Cold and Heat*
*Could kindly in one Subject meet;*
*But ſince a Touch of her inſpires*
*Numm'd Ice, and Snow, with active Fires;*
*Well may thoſe Elements impart*
*A raging Flame to my poor Heart.*
*How can I then eſcape Love's Wiles,*
*If he with burning Snow beguiles?*
*No Cold can quench my Heat; but you,*
Julia, *may Flames with Flames ſubdue.*

ARISTOTLE reduces the whole Art of ſpiritual Thinking to *Metaphor*, which is a Sort of Fallacy. And Count *Theſauro* ſays, in Conformity to this Philoſopher, *That the moſt ſubtil and exquiſite Witticiſms, are no more than figur'd* Enthymims, *which equally pleaſe and deceive the Underſtanding.* But this muſt be taken in a limited and proper Senſe; for *Figures* are not always *falſe*, and *Metaphors* have their *Truths*, as well as *Fictions*.

*As* Veils tranſparent *cover, but not hide;*
*Such,* Metaphors *appear, when right apply'd:*
*When thro' the Phraſe, we plainly ſee the Senſe;*
Truth, *with ſuch obvious Meanings, will diſpenſe:*
*The* Reader, *what in Reaſon's due, believes;*
*Nor do we call that* falſe, *which not deceives.*

*Lord* Lanſdown.

WHEN *Homer* calls *Achilles* a Lion, or when *Voiture* ſtiles *Guſtavus Adolphus* the Lion of the *North*; both repreſented, by this Image, a *Hero*, terrible for his *Valour* and *Power*: So that *Metaphors* reſemble *Veils* tranſparent, which ſhow all they ſeem to conceal; or like ſome maſking Habits, that give room enough to diſtinguiſh the Perſons diſguis'd.

MY Lord *Lanſdown*'s Complement to a great Beauty, is a fine Metaphor.

*All other* Beauties *are* inferior Stars,
*At her Appearance vaniſhing apace:*
*When e're ſhe* mounts, *they ſet.*

WE may ſee here, as well as in the following Inſtances, that a *Metaphor* is, in its Nature, more conciſe and lively than a *Simile* or *Compariſon*. My Lord does not ſay *all other Beauties reſemble inferior Stars*, &c. but ſpeaks of them, as if both

the one and the other were actually such Luminaries, of different Qualities and Brightness; which altho' nobody supposes, yet does everybody apprehend his Meaning.

THE Wit of this fine Lampoon of the late Lord *Dorset*, turns all upon this Figure.

Belinda's *sparkling Wit and Eyes*
*United, cast so fierce a Light,*
*As quickly flashes, quickly dies,*
*Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.*
Love *is all Gentleness, all Joy;*
*Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace;*
*Her* Cupid *is a Blackguard Boy,*
*That runs his Link full in your Face.*

I SHALL quote two or three Passages only, and so dismiss this Subject. The *Bear* being overturn'd by *Hudibras*'s Fall and Weight from his Horse, with this *Figure* he adorns his Exploits.

*He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd*
*From Squelch of Knight, and storm'd, and rav'd;*
*And vex'd the more, because the Harms*
*He felt, were 'gainst the Law of Arms:*
*For Men he always took to be*
*His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy;*
*Who never so much Hurt had done him,*
*As his own Side did, falling on him.*
*It griev'd him to the Guts, that they,*
*For whom he'ad fought so many a Fray,*

*And ſerv'd with Loſs of Blood ſo long,*
*Should offer ſuch inhuman Wrong:*
*Wrong, of unſoldier-like Condition,*
*For which he flung down his Commiſſion.*

AFTER the ſame Manner he ſays;

*When he's engag'd, he takes no Notice,*
*If any preſs upon him, who 'tis;*
*But lets them know, at their own Coſt,*
*That he intends to keep his Poſt.*

IN both which Places, ſpeaking of the *Bear* as if he were effectually a Man of Honour, and ſtout Officer, he raiſes an *Image* in the Mind, which the more ridiculous it is, the more agreeable and entertaining we find it. What he predicates upon *Hudibras*'s Beard, is of the ſame Nature: But if I may be allow'd for once to *Pun*, 'tis a Metaphor with a *Witneſs*; becauſe a ſubſequent *Simile* makes the other *Figure* manifeſtly diſtinct and different.

*His* Beard *contributed its own* Fall,
*To wait upon the publick* Downfal:
*It was* Monaſtick, *and did grow*
*In holy* Orders, *by* ſtrict Vow,
*Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,*
*As that of rigid* Cordelier.
*'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution,*
*And Martyrdom, with Reſolution:*
*T' oppoſe itſelf againſt the Hate*
*And Vengeance of th' incenſed State:*

*In whoſe Defiance it was worn,*
*Still ready to be pluck'd and torn;*
*With red-hot Ir'ns to be tortur'd,*
*Revil'd, and ſpit upon, and martyr'd:*
*Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,*
*As long as* Monarchy *ſhould laſt:*
*But, when the State ſhould hap to reel,*
*'Twas to ſubmit to fatal Steel;*
*And fall, as it was conſecrate,*
*A Sacrifice to Fall of State;*
*Whoſe Thread of Life the ſacred Siſters*
*Did twiſt together with its Whiſkers;*
*And twine ſo cloſe, that Time could never*
*In Life or Death, their Fortune ſever:*
*But, with his ruſty Sickle, mow*
*Both down together at one Blow.*
*So learned* Talicotius, *from*
*The brawny Parts of Porter's Bum*
*Cut Supplemental Noſes, which*
*Should laſt as long as Parent-Breech:*
*But, when the Date of Nock was out,*
*Off dropt the ſympathetick Snout.*

I SHALL conclude this Head with an ingenious Metaphor of Dr. *South*, who, treating of the Pope's Infallibility, ſays, It is an impudent and ſacrilegious Invaſion upon the *Attribute* of Almighty *God*; *and that the Church of* England *is as little concern'd, whether he pronounces his Decrees* in Cathedrâ, *or* ex Cathedrâ; *as no Man has any other or better Thoughts of a* Fox, *when in his* Hole, *or when he is out of it.*

AS

AS to the *hyperbolick Figure*, the Derivation in *Greek* explains it's Nature sufficiently. All *Excess* is *vitious*, even in *Virtue*, which loses both its *Name* and *Nature*, when it proceeds to Extremities, and does not keep within its proper Bounds. As Generosity may proceed to Extravagancy, good Management to Covetousness; in the same Manner, all *Thoughts* that turn upon this *Figure*, are in themselves *false*, and do not deserve a Place in Works of good Sense, unless the *Hyperbole* be of a very particular Kind, or partakes of some Qualities that *temper* the *Excess*. For some there are, which, according to *Quintilian*, appear *ultra fidem, non ultra modum*, not excessive, tho' a little above common Belief. Some are, as it were naturaliz'd by *Custom*, and for that Reason do not give the Judgment Offence; as

*The Racers on the Wings of Winds did fly,*
*And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager Eye,*
*Shot from the Croud swift* Nisus *all out-pass'd,*
*Nor* Storms, *nor* Thunder *seem'd to fly so fast.*

HYPERBOLES like these, lye without Deceit, and gain, as it were, Credit, by being incredible.

Hyperboles, *so daring, and so bold,*
*Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd:*
*Above the* Clouds, *but yet within our* Sight,
*They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring Flight;*
*Presenting Things impossible to view,*
*They wander through incredible to true:*
*Falshoods thus mix'd, like* Mettals *are refin'd,*
*And* Truth, *like Silver, leaves the* Dross *behind.*

Ld. LANSDOWN.

FLORUS

*Florus* ſpeaking of the great Diſpatch with which the *Romans* built a Fleet of Ships in the firſt *Punick War*, ſays, That it did not ſeem the Workmanſhip of *Men*, but of the *Gods*, who had chang'd the *Trees* into *Veſſels*. He does not aſſert the Fact to be ſo, but that it ſeem'd to be ſo. This Sort of Management gives, as it were, a *Paſſport* to the *Hyperbole*, and renders it tolerable even in *Proſe*; for when an Expreſſion is attended with a previous *Apology*, it is generally receiv'd both with *Favour* and *Credit*. *Voiture* never almoſt enlarges in this Manner, but he prepares his Reader.

The *Ball*, ſays he, continu'd with a World of Pleaſure, when on a Sudden, a prodigious Noiſe that was heard Abroad, oblig'd the Ladies to run, and look out of the Windows. They ſaw in a great Wood, about Three hundred Paces diſtant from the Houſe ſuch a Number of *Fire-works*, that it ſeem'd as if all the *Branches*, and *Trunks* of *Trees* had been turned into *Serpents*, and *Rockets*, that all the *Stars* of the Skies fell, and that the *Sphere* of *Fire* had a Mind to take Poſſeſſion of the *middle Region* of the *Air*. Theſe, my Lord, are Three *Hyperboles*, which being reduced to the juſt, and true Value of Things, are worth *Three Dozen* of *Squibs*.

*Rare Works of* Fire *did to Heaven Riſe,*
*And Earth-born* Thunder *range along the Skies*;
*Bright* Rockets, Serpents, *and new* Stars *appear,*
*Which* mingling Flames, *enlighten all the* Sphere.
*The* Heavens *amaz'd, with borrow'd Luſtre ſhone,*
*With* Lights, *and* Meteors *of a Race unknown,*
*And* foreign Stars, *more thick and ſpendid than their own.*

This Poet, as well as *Theſauro* the *Italian*, does not ſtand ſo much upon Ceremony. *Parche Sagliano ad infiammar la Sfera del fuoco, a falminare i fulmini, & a gridar allarme contra le Stelle.* *The Fire-works ſeem'd*, ſays he, *to ſet the Spheres on Fire,*

*Fire, to thunder againſt the very Thunder, and to alarm the Stars.* But we muſt ſuppoſe theſe Authors in Jeſt; and when a Thing is really falſe, by Favour of the *Ironia*, it paſſes for true. This Figure has introduc'd *Counter-Truths*, and has brought it ſo about, that when we pronounce, for Example, *any ſcandalous Woman, a Lady of conſummate Virtue, and Diſcretion*, everybody underſtands what we ſay, or rather what we do not ſay.

IT is certain, that Thoughts of the *greateſt Truth*, and *Juſtneſs*, are the moſt *beautiful*; and that *Poets*, as well as *Orators*, ſhould have the greateſt Regard to thoſe *Characters*. But ſome *Criticks* ſeem too ſevere in their Reprehenſions; and in my Opinion, whilſt they find Fault, expoſe themſelves to Cenſure; as in the following Inſtance.

*MARSHAL Rantzau*, tho' ever victorious, yet was ſo maim'd in Battels, that before he dy'd he had but *one Member* left out of *two*, that other Men enjoy. This *Deformity* of his Perſon, conſtituted the *Beauty* of the following *Epitaph*.

*Du Corps du grand* Rantzau *tu n'as qu' une des parts*
*L' autre Moitiè reſta dans les Plaines de* Mars:
*Il diſperſa par tout Ses Membres, & Sa Gloire,*
*Tout abatu qu' il fut, il demeura Vainqueur;*
*Son Sang fut en cent lieux le prix de Sa Victoire;*
*Et Mars ne luy laiſſa rien entiers que le* Cœur.

*This Tomb One half of* Rantzau's *Corps retains;*
*The other bury'd lyes in* Mars *his Plains:*
*His* Fame *and* Members *the whole* World *does ſhare,*
*The* Cripple *ſtill was* Conqueror *in* War:
*His Blood a Thouſand Victories obtain'd,*
*And nothing* whole, *beſides his* Heart, *remain'd.*

THIS

THIS Conceit, ſays *Bouhours*, is not juſt; for had he not his *Lungs* and *Liver* as entire as his Heart? As for my Part, if no *Author* tranſgreſſes more againſt the Rules of *Juſtice*, I ſhall forgive him. *Chevalier de Méré* Criticizes with as much Reaſon upon Mr. *Voiture*; who, in a Letter to a Fair Lady, expreſſes himſelf in this Manner:

"DID I dare to write Letters of Complaint, and Pity, I "ſhould ſay ſuch Things as would break your *Heart*; but "to tell the Truth of the Matter, I had much rather it re- "main'd *intire*, and I ſhould apprehend, if once *divided*, that "it would be *ſhared* in my *Abſence*." The Thought is lively, and pretty, and in my poor Opinion, requires no Sort of *Apology*. Nobody can ſuppoſe her *Heart* was to be actually *cut in two* by a *pitiful Story*; but one may imagine it ſo diſguſted by Complaints, as to incline to ſome more agreeable Objects in his Abſence.

*BALZACK*, indeed, generally goes too far, exaggerates Things too much; he expreſſes himſelf to a Friend in this Manner:

*MY Body is as much tore, and wounded, as if I had been in all the Battels that I have read of. I am but one Piece of myſelf, nay a Quarter, or half Quarter of what I have been.*

BUT it ſeems to be *Voiture*'s Privilege alone to write pleaſantly, and correctly at the ſame Time. This Paſſage proves what I ſay.

*I CANNOT aſſert abſolutely that I am arriv'd at* Turin, *becauſe one Half of myſelf is only there arriv'd. You imagine that I would ſay, the other Half ſtay'd behind with you. This is not my Meaning; but that of a hundred and four Pound good Fleſh that I weigh'd, there remains now not above fifty two; nothing can be ſeen ſo lean, and ſo wore away as I am.*

*VOITURE*

*VOITURE* is not unnatural, when moſt gay; and *Balzac* is ſo, when moſt ſerious.

AS Cloaths are ſaid to be well made when they ſit well upon the Body; ſo are Thoughts juſt, when they agree perfectly with the Things they repreſent, and pleaſe the Judgment in what Light, and on what Side ſoever it conſiders them. This Epigram may ſerve as a Model of Juſtneſs and Propriety.

*Infelix* Dido, *nulli bene nupta Marito,*
*Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.*

*Pauvre* Dido, *ou t'a reduite*
*De tes maris le triſte Sort?*
*L'un en mourant, cauſe ta fuite;*
*L'autre en fuyant, cauſe ta mort.*

*Thy Fate, poor* Dido, *was ſevere*
*To loſe two Huſbands both ſo dear:*
*The Death of one did make thee fly;*
*The other's Flight did make thee dye.*

THIS keeps up exactly to the Story of *Dido*'s having ſav'd herſelf in *Africk*, after *Sicheus* had kill'd himſelf; and to the poetical Fiction of her having ſtabb'd herſelf, after being deſerted by *Æneas*: So that the Rules of Proportion and Juſtice could not be better obſerv'd.

BUT indeed there are few fine Lines in our own Poets, that do not preſerve this diſtinguiſhing Character: Theſe of Sir *John Denham* are of this Kind, in which he wiſhes his Poetical Vein to reſemble the Stream of the *Thames*.

*O would I flow like thee, and make thy Stream,*
*My great Example, as it is my Theme;*
*Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;*
*Strong without Rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

Mr. DRYDEN's Character of the D. of B——w appears to all the World ſo well fixed, that he had the Glory of ſuffering for the Truth.

*A Man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be,*
*Not One, but all Mankind's Epitome;*
*Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong;*
*Was ev'rything by Starts, and nothing long:*
*But in the Courſe of one revolving Moon,*
*Was Fidler, Chymiſt, Stateſman, and Buffoon:*
*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,*
*Beſides Ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking;*
*Praiſing, and Railing, were his uſ'al Themes;*
*And both to ſhow his Judgment in Extremes:*
*So over violent, or over civil,*
*That ev'ry Man with him was God, or Devil.*

UPON the whole Matter, although in what Kind ſoever we write, a particular Regard is to be had to juſt Thinking; yet is this Rule to be obſerv'd more rigorouſly upon ſome Occaſions than others. *Elegy*, and *Tragedy*, for Example, require a more rigid Truth, than *Epigram*, or *Madrigal*. In ſome Comick Proſe Writings likewiſe, there is no Neceſſity for being ſo punctual; but how ſome Writers can neglect Truth, in their moſt ſerious and grave Diſcourſes, I cannot comprehend. The following Remark of a great Moraliſt, ſeems to me altogether frothy and falſe. "*All manners*

"*of*

" *of Writing,* ſays he, *pleaſe us only becauſe of the Cor-*
" *ruption of our Hearts. If we admire in a well writ Piece, the*
" ſublime Kind, *the* noble *and* free Air *of certain Authors, it*
" *muſt be attributed to our* Vanity, *and to the Love we entertain*
" *for Greatneſs, and Independency.*" Now what can be more injurious, and ridiculous, than to attribute to the Depravity of the Heart, that which is the Effect of an *exquiſite Diſcernment*, and a Mark of our diſtinguiſhing Taſte? All well writ Performances pleaſe reaſonable People; becauſe they ought ſo to do, and becauſe every Thing excellent in its Kind cannot but raiſe a Satisfaction, and Complacency in the Mind. Our Vanity is as little gratify'd in the reading of *Virgil*, and *Cicero*, as it is in the Pleaſure of viewing the fineſt Paintings, or of hearing the beſt Muſical Compoſitions: The moſt humble Man upon Earth is as much affected with theſe Beauties, as any other; provided, he has a proportionable Taſte, and Underſtanding. When we read the Holy Scripture, which, with its *Simplicity*, has ſo much of the *Sublime*; do we imagine that it is the Love of our own Exaltation, or the Corruption of our Hearts, that makes us reliſh all we read? Is it not rather the Character ſimple, and majeſtick, of the Divine Word, that makes an Impreſſion upon us? And may we not aſſert very near the ſame Thing about the Language of great Maſters, in Eloquence, and Poetry? The fancying then, that we approve the Loftineſs, and Facility of their Stile, from a Spirit of Haughtineſs, and Independency, is mere *Viſion*, and *Deluſion*.

A MISTAKEN Obſervation of another Moraliſt, is this: " *Every one* (ſays he) *endeavours to take up as much Room as* " *poſſible in his own Imagination*; *and Men puſh their Fortunes,* " *and aggrandize themſelves in the World, only to amplify that* " Idea *which every one forms of himſelf in his own Underſtand-* " *ing. This is the ſole Scope and Aim of all ambitious Deſigns* " *in Men.* Alexander, *and* Cæſar, *in all their Battels had no* " *other View but this. And ſhould anybody aſk the Reaſon of the* " Grand Seignior's *ſacrificing One hundred thouſand Men in* Can- " dia? *it might be anſwer'd, That he propoſed only to annex to*

" *the* interior Image *of his* Majeſty, *the glorious Title of* Con-
" querot.

SOME might, with greater Probability, conclude, that the *Grand Seignior*, in beſieging *Candia*, had no Notion of this interior Image: He had a Mind, it may be, to take a Place which render'd him a little uneaſy; or to be reveng'd of the *Venetians*, who preſumed to make War upon him: He might incline to improve his Reputation, that is to ſay, the Opinion moſt conceiv'd of his *Power*, and *Grandeur*; but it is to be obſerv'd, by the by, that the Opinion others entertain about us, does not reſide in us, but them.

BUT ſuppoſing that the forementionn'd Thought were true in ſome Inſtances, it cannot be ſo in the full Extent that is allow'd it by the Author; for, indeed, how many *Varlets*, in order to procure Eſteem, and by that to raiſe themſelves, deſire to appear faithful, diſintereſted, and virtuous? They know in their own Hearts what they are; they do themſelves Juſtice; and the leaſt of their Concern is, to fill up the Room of their own Imagination, (tho' we muſt obſerve, the Phraſe is new and uncommon;) ſo far are they from improving in their own Minds, the Opinion they had there form'd of themſelves; that they think of nothing ſo much as of making an advantageous Impreſſion in others of an Integrity which they do not poſſeſs, and which they would by no Means allow of in themſelves.

BUT Monſieur *Paſcal* ſeems to make this clear, beyond Contradiction; for, ſays he, *We all deſire to live in the* Idea *of ſome other Perſon, a ſort of* imaginary Life: *If we have any Sort of Generoſity, Fidelity, or Moderation, we are eager to make known theſe Virtues, in order to annex them to our* imaginary Exiſtence, *by the which we ſubſiſt without ourſelves.*

*WE ſhould chuſe rather to ſtrip ourſelves of theſe Attributes, than not annex them to this* Phantom *of* Foreign Life; *and to*

*be actually* Cowards, *could we but purchaſe the Reputation of being* Valiant.

MIGHT I preſume to give my Opinion in this critical Reflection, I ſhould ſay, *that the Virtues, and great Atchievements of the moſt conſiderate Men, do not take their Riſe ſolely from the Deſire of making a glorious Appearance in other Peoples Imaginations, or in our own, but in both.* Self-Love, *reſembling a fond Mother, that likes to ſee her beautiful Productions, of what Kind ſoever, fondled in other Peoples Arms as well as her own; ſhe puts 'em out to Nurſe, but takes them Home again.*

AS the greateſt Regard ought to be had, in moſt Sort of Writings, to Veracity; ſo more particularly in Hiſtory, and thoſe Reflections that naturally ariſe from Matters of Fact: But we may frequently obſerve ſome Writers running aſtray from this *Rule*; and who, in Complaiſance to their *Fancies*, leave their *Judgment* behind them. *Strada* taking Notice of *Barlemont's* Death before *Maeſtricht*, and that Prince *Alexander Farneze* eſcaped the leaſt Wound, altho' he expos'd himſelf like any *common Soldier*, ſays, upon this Occaſion, *Adeò non ex vano obſervatum, curæ eſſe Deo Principum vitam; quaſi non magis cordi in homine, quam Imperatori in exercitu noviſſimum mori datum ſit. So true is it, that it has not been in vain obſerv'd, that God takes particular Care of the Lives of Princes, as if it were not only the Privilege of the Heart in Man, but that of a General in the Army, to expire the laſt.* Nothing is more notoriouſly falſe than this, *So true it is*, with Regard to the ſecond Aſſertion: For, allowing the Heart to *dye* the laſt in *Man*, yet will nobody grant, that the Generals dye the laſt in their Armies; witneſs, *Guſtavus Adolphus*, *Marſhal Turenne*, and Hundreds of others.

IT is a common Mode amongſt the modern Writers, to bring the *Heart*, and *Wit* upon the *Stage* acting *differing Parts*. Says one, *The Heart is much more ingenious than the Underſtand-*

*Understanding*: And *Voiture* excuses himself to a Lady for not sending her the Copy of some particular Letters, with assuring her, That those she desir'd, proceeded only from his *Head*, whereas the Letters he presented at that Time, came from his *Heart*. So that we shall generally find the *Head* to be the *Heart's Bubble*. Everybody dares speak well of his *Heart*, but nobody of his *Understanding*. All that can be said of these Sort of Sentences is, that they are *Paradoxes*, and are true or false, according to the different Lights in the which they are seen, and consider'd. If you contemplate only the *Shell*, as it were, of the *Conception*, that is, the *Terms* of *Expression*, it is false that the *Heart* is more ingenious than the *Mind* itself; but if we go to the *Bottom* of the *Sense*, it will be found that he that *loves*, has more Views, more Expedients, more Address, and Artifice in compassing his Designs, than the most spiritual Person living, who is not acted by that *Passion*: Which, in other Words, amounts to no more than this, That the *Flesh*, and *Spirit*, like two mighty *Princes*, whose Territories join together, are always incroaching, and warring upon one another; and, as it commonly falls out, the worst *Cause* is attended with the best *Success*.

BUT the *Head* and *Heart* are frequently distinguish'd upon other Occasions; as when a great Preacher speaking of the Resolution of Kings, says, *Presence of Mind to get out of a Plunge, and upon the Suddain to unravel the Knots, and Intricacies of a perplex'd Business, argues a Head and Heart made for great Things.* Yet it is certain, that the *Heart* has as little to do with *fighting* as with *loving*; but as *Custom* has made it the Seat of the *Passions*, so Men speak of it, as if it were as well the *Spring* of *Thought*, as the *Fountain* of *Life*.

ALTHO' *Seneca* be said sometimes, as by *Quintilian*, in particular, *Rerum pondera, minutissimis Sententiis, frangere.* viz. To cramp, and maim the Weight of his Subject, by pitiful, concise Sentences; yet, at other Times, does he speak *justly*,

*juſtly*, and Copies Nature exactly; and his Compariſons prove generally fine, and well proportion'd to his Subject.

GRATEFUL *Perſons*, ſays he, *are like fruitful Grounds, which return much more than they receive.* Again,

THE *Actions of* Princes *reſemble* great Rivers, *with whoſe* Spring-Head *very few are acquainted, and whoſe* Courſe *all the World ſees.*

THE late *Duke* of *Rochefaucault*, who ſeldom was guilty of a Miſtake, ſpeaking of a certain Performance that was full of Subtilty, and glittering Expreſſions, ſays, *That he fancy'd he ſaw ſome of thoſe Palaces ſaid to be built in the Air by the Force of Magick, which vaniſh in Smoak, whilſt the Spectators are the moſt dazled with gazing.*

THIS Compariſon is fine, and pertinent; but it is not every Man's Talent to *criticize*. *Cardinal Pallavicini* is ſo unfortunate as to commit the greateſt *Errors* himſelf, whilſt he pretends to correct ſome *little ones* in fam'd Authors; and in a Book too, writ purpoſely upon the Juſtice of Style, he blunders egregiouſly.

*E Senza velo*
*Volſe mirar l'opre grandi il Cielo.*

TASSO before his Deſcription of his laſt Battel between the *Chriſtians* and *Infidels*, ſays, *The Clouds diſappear'd, and* Heaven *had a Mind to ſee, without the leaſt Interpoſition, the great Actions of the Day.* Upon which, the Cardinal criticizes in this Manner. *We all know that the material* Heavens *or* Skies, *have no* Eyes *to ſee, nor* Soul *to will anything; and that the Inhabitants of Heaven, if he pretends to mean them, are able to penetrate the greateſt Obſcurity, and behold what* Mortals *do upon* Earth.

THE beſt Uſe that can be made of this Critick's Miſtake, is to take Care not to fall into the ſame, from a Fondneſs of ſeeing more than others; and to love Truth ſo well, as not to depart from it, for any Conſideration whatſoever. But what do I ſay? The Eye of right Reaſon, like that of the Eagle, directs itſelf chiefly to the *Sun*; to a Glory that neither admits of a Superior, nor an Equal; all Truth below, is, as it were, a *Ray* of the *eternal Light* of *Veracity above*. According to this Aſſertion, a great Wit tells us, *That when ſome fine Diſcourſe paints a Paſſion naturally, we find in ourſelves the Truth of what we apprehend, which was there planted without our being appriz'd of it; and which diſpoſes us to love him who gives us any Notice of it: For by this Means he does not expoſe his own Riches and Felicity to View and Election, but ours.*

*Truth ſtamps* Conviction *in your raviſh'd Breaſt,*
*And* Peace *and* Joy *attend the glorious Gueſt.*

WHEN all is done, it is not a mere *Truth* in Thoughts that ſuffices; for ſome, how true ſoever, may be, not only *obvious*, but *trivial*: For this Reaſon did *Cicero* declare in Favour of his Friend *Craſſus*, that his Conceptions were not only *juſt*, but were *new* and *uncommon*; that is to ſay, they were, beſides the Veracity which gratifies the Mind at all Times, both affecting and ſurprizing. I don't ſay, that all witty Thoughts ought to bear the ſame Character as thoſe of *Craſſus*; it would prove very difficult to pronounce nothing that was not *new*; it will be ſufficient, that the *Thoughts* which animate a Work of Ingenuity, do not appear *common*; that if the *Invention* be not altogether *new*, that the *Manner*, however, in which it is *turn'd*, be ſo in ſome Degree; and that, if they have not the Grace of *Novelty* in the whole, they partake, however, in themſelves, of I do not know what *Mixture*, that imparts *Admiration* and *Pleaſure*.

TRUTH, we have ſeen, is the ſame Thing to Diſcourſe, that a *Foundation* is to *Building:* By this it is ſupported, and render'd ſolid, and laſting; but a clumſey ſtrong Piece of Work would not have wherewithal to gratify him who has ſome Taſte of Architecture: He will require *Magnificence, Agreeableneſs*, nay, ſome *Delicacy*, in a well-contriv'd *Palace*. And this is what Men are moſt fond of in Works of *Wit*, and *Politeneſs*. Some few Examples will put this Matter in a better Light.

IT is ſaid generally, *that Death ſpares no Man:* This is, God knows, too great a Truth; yet is it a very *common* and *ſimple one*. Now to render it in ſome Sort *new*, and *uncommon*, *Horace*, and others, have given it another Turn of *Thought* and *Expreſſion*.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,*
*Regumque turres;*

*With the ſame daring Foot, impartial Fate*
*Knocks at the* Cottage, *and the Palace* Gate.

In another Place;

*Nil intereſt an pauper, & Infimâ*
*De Gente ſub Dio moreris*
*Victima, nil Miſerantis Orci.*
*Omnes eódem cogimur: Omnium*
*Verſatur urna, ſeriùs, ocyùs,*
*Sors exitura, & nos in æternum*
*Exilium impoſitura cymbæ.*

*What matters it, if thou doſt lye*
*Under the cold Canopy of the Skie,*
*Since thou art doom'd to be a Slave*
*To Death, and muſt at laſt ſleep in a Greve.*
*In the ſame Road, alas, all travel on!*
*By all alike, the ſame ſad Journey muſt be gone:*
*Our blended Lots together lye,*
*Mingled in one common Urn,*
*Sooner, or later, out they fly:*
*The fatal Boat then wafts us to the Shore,*
*Whence we never ſhall return,*
*Never! —— Never more!*

Mr. *Congreve*'s Imitation of the 14th Ode of *Horace* upon this Subject, is very fine, and new; for indeed it may be ſaid to be an original Piece.

*Ah! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me, 'tis,*
*This pious Artifice.*
*Not all theſe Pray'rs, and Alms, can buy*
*One Moment tow'rd Eternity.*
*Eternity! that boundleſs Race,*
*Which Time himſelf can never run:*
*(Swift as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace,)*
*Which, when Ten Thouſand, Thouſand Years are done,*
*Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.*
*Fix'd are thoſe Limits, which preſcribe*
*A ſhort Extent to the moſt laſting Breath;*
*And though thou cou'dſt for Sacrifice lay down*
*Millions of other Lives to ſave thine own,*
*'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe*
*One ſupernumerary Gaſp from Death.*

In

*In vain's thy inexauſted Store*
*Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r,*
*Thy Honours, Titles; all muſt fail,*
*Where Piety itſelf does nought avail;*
*The Rich, the Great, the Innocent, and Juſt,*
*Muſt all be huddl'd to the Grave,*
*With the moſt vile and ignominious Slave,*
*And undiſtinguiſh'd lye in Duſt.*
*In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,*
*In vain he is ſecure from Wounds of Arms,*
*In vain avoids the faithleſs Seas,*
*And is confin'd to Home and Eaſe,*
*Bounding his Knowledge, to extend his Days.*
*In vain are all thoſe Arts we try,*
*All our Evaſions, and regret to die:*
*From the Contagion of Mortality,*
*No Clime is pure, no Air is free;*
*And no Retreat*
*Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from Fate.*
*Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my Friend;*
*(The very Hour thou now doſt ſpend*
*In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thine End)*
*Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life;*
*Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife;*
*And all the much-lov'd Off-ſpring of her Womb,*
*To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.*
*All muſt be left, and all be loſt:*
*Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,*
*Shall not afford*
*Room for the ſtinking Carkaſs of its Lord.*

*Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots, and Bow'rs,*
*Thy coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,*
*Nought ſhalt thou ſave;*
*Unleſs a Sprig of Roſemary thou have,*
*To wither with thee in the Grave:*
*The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid*
*Their tranſitory Maſter, dead.*

*Then ſhall thy long-expecting Heir*
*A joyful Mourning wear;*
*And Riot in the Waſte of that Eſtate*
*Which thou haſt taken ſo much Pains to get.*
*All thy hid Stores he ſhall unfold,*
*And ſet at large thy captiv'd Gold.*
*That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee*
*To Vaults, and Priſons, ſhall again be free:*
*Bury'd alive, tho' now it lyes,*
*Again 't ſhall riſe,*
*Again its ſparkling Surface ſhow,*
*And free as Element, profuſely flow:*
*With ſuch choice Food he ſhall ſet forth his Feaſts,*
*That Cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his Gueſts;*
*And pamper'd Prelates ſee*
*Themſelves out-done in* Luxury.

HERMOGENES in his Book *de Orationum Formis*, has eſtabliſh'd a great many *Ranks* and *Orders* of *noble* and *majeſtick Thoughts*. The firſt Sort he refers to *Divine Objects*; and we may place under this Head the *Maxim* of a *Greek Father*, who calls *Chriſtianity the Imitation of a Divine or God-like Life*; or that of *Cicero*, which ſays, *That Humanity then approaches*

*approaches neareſt to the* Divine Nature, *when it gives* Life to Man. Methinks this Expreſſion of *Seneca*, concerning the Diſgrace of deſerving Heroes, has ſomething very Sublime. *Si Vir magnus cecidit, magnus jacuit: Non magis illum putes contemni, quam cum ædium Sacrarum ruinæ calcantur, quas religioſi æquè ac ſtantes adorant. If a Man truly great, falls, Honour attends him in his loweſt Condition: The ſame* Veneration *is paid him, as to a* Temple *that lies in* Ruins, *for which the* Devout *and* Conſiderate *entertain the ſame* religious Reſpect, *as if it were in the* beſt Repair, *and ſhone with the greateſt* Splendor *and* Glory.

I DESIRE Leave here to tranſcribe two excellent Epigrams; the firſt writ by *Sannazar* upon *Venice*; the other by a *Scotch* Gentleman upon the *Louvre* at *Paris*. It is ſaid, they were both ſo well rewarded for theſe little Works, that they had no Occaſion for Writing more.

SANNAZAR feigns, that *Neptune* ſeeing *Venice* raiſe its Head in the midſt of the *Adriatick*, and giving her Laws to all thoſe Seas, ſays to *Jupiter*, in an inſulting Manner—

*Si* Pelago Tybrim *præfers, urbem aſpice utramque,*
*Illam homines dices, hanc poſſuiſſe Deos.*

IF you can be ſo partial as to prefer your Favourite *Rome* to *Venice*, you may, with as much Reaſon, prefer your little *Tiber* to this *noble Sea*: But conſider, I pray, with Attention, both *Cities*, and then you will grant, that yours is the Work of *Men*, but mine of *Gods*.

THE Encomium of the *Louvre* is this.

*Non Orbis Gentem, non urbem Gens habet ullam,*
*Urbſve Domum, Dominum nec Domus ulla Parem.*

The

*The World no Nation, no Nation ſuch a Town,*
*No Town ſuch Houſe, nor Houſe ſuch Lord can own.*

BUT it is impoſſible to reach the Beauty of the Original in ſo few Words in any other Language.

BUT, according to *Hermogenes*, *noble Thoughts* may be extracted from the *Nature* of *Things* that are *human* in Reality, but which paſs for *great* and *magnificent* amongſt us Mortals; as *Power*, *Generoſity*, *Wit*, *Courage*, *Victories*, and *Triumphs*. Here follow ſome Examples.

*CICERO* addreſſing himſelf to *Cæſar*, makes him this Complement. *Nihil habet, nec Fortuna tua majus, quam ut poſſis, nec Natura tua melius, quàm ut velis conſervare plurimos.* *Your* good Fortune *never conferr'd upon you a* greater Happineſs, *than the* Power *of ſaving the Lives of many*; *nor Nature, a more* excellent Quality, *than the Inclination of doing ſo.* And what a late Author pronounces of this *Orator* himſelf, is very *noble.*

*HE was indebted to nobody for his Exaltation, beſides himſelf*; *and his* comprehenſive Genius, *which alone was equal to the* Roman Dominion, *prevented the* conquer'd Nations *from having the ſame Advantage on the Side of* Wit, *and* Learning, *that the* Romans *had on that of* Magnanimity *and* Valour.

IN another Oration againſt *Piſo*, and ſpeaking of *Cæſar*: *Perfecit ille, ut ſi montes reſediſſent, amnes exaruiſſent, non naturæ præſidio, ſed victoriâ ſuâ rebuſque geſtis,* Italiam *munitam haberemus.* *He has done ſuch Wonders, that if the Mountains ſhould be levell'd, the Rivers dry'd up, we ſhould ſee* Italy *guarded not by the* Ramparts, *and* Fences *of* Nature, *but by his* Victories, *and noble* Atchievements: And ſince they were once Friends, let us join *Pompey* to *Cæſar*. According to *Valerius Paterculus*, Lib. 2. *He overcame all Nations with the which he made War*; *and to that Height*

*Height did Fortune exalt him, that he firſt* triumph'd *over* Africk, *then* Europe, *and laſtly, over* Aſia; *and by this Means, has as many* Monuments *of his* Victories, *as there are* Parts *of the* World. *Ut primùm ex* Africâ, *iterùm ex* Europâ, *tertiò ex* Aſiâ *triumpharet, & quot partes terrarum Orbis ſunt, totidem fecerat Monumenta Victoriæ ſuæ.*

And what *Valer. Maximus* obſerves of this Hero, is very noble. After *Pompey* had defeated *Tigranes* King of *Armenia*, and made him *Priſoner*, he did not ſuffer him long in a Poſture of Submiſſion, but replaced the *Crown* upon his Head, and reſtored him to his *Dominions*; *æquè pulchrum eſſe judicans, & vincere Reges, & facere*; *eſteeming it an Action equally* glorious *to* conquer, *and to* make Kings.

IT is very obſervable that ſome have been found ſo fond of the *Antients*, as to confine all good Senſe within the Limits of their Performances; and, at beſt, will allow the *Moderns* but ill Copiers of thoſe *Originals*: Others there are who maintain that the *latter Ages* have improv'd upon the *former*; nay, the great *Chancellor Bacon*, ſays, that Antiquity *was only the* World's Infancy, *and that, in Propriety of Speech, we are the Antients.* Without entring into the Truth of this Subtilty, I believe it may with good Grounds be aſſerted, whatſoever Sir *William Temple*, and others, ſay to the contrary, that altho' we may poſſibly have loſt the Advantage of ſome Sorts of *Learning*, and *Improvements* made by the *Antients*, yet have we carry'd others a greater Length, and to a finer Point of Perfection: Nay, I don't know, if *Bacon*, whom we juſt now mention'd, was not equal to the greateſt Genius that ever liv'd; but as this is not a Place for his Encomium, we ſhall only take Notice, *en paſſant*, of two or three little Obſervations of his. Speaking of Fame, he ſays, *Common Virtues affect the Vulgar moſt; middling Virtues ſtrike them with Admiration; but of the higheſt, they have no Sort of Notion: Fame is like a River that beareth up Things light, and drowns others that are weighty and ſolid.*

What

WHAT he obſerves upon *Friendſhip*, is *noble*, and *natural* as *Stoppings*, and *Suffocations* are moſt dangerous in the *Body*, ſo are they in the *Mind*; the Fulneſs therefore, and Swellings of the *Paſſions*, muſt be diſcharg'd into the Boſom of a Friend. That Perſon who fears to impart his Anxiety, is properly a *Cannibal* of his own Heart. Some Examples of this are not wanting; as, *Duke Charles the Hardy*, *Lewis the Eleventh of France*. *Cor ne edito*, ſays *Pythagoras*. *It is moſt certain, that he who has his Thoughts fraught with many Troubles, will find they will break up, and rarify by diſcourſing with, and imparting them to another; he toſſeth his Conceptions with more Eaſe, and marſhals them in better Order; he ſees how they look when converted into Words, and that more by an Hour's Diſcourſe, than a Day's Meditation. It was well ſaid by* Themiſtocles *King of* Perſia, *That Speech was like Cloth of* Arras, *open'd and ſpread Abroad, when the Figures appear in full Proportion; whereas in the Mind, as in the Pack, all Things lie huddled, and confuſed.*

AS the *Antients* excell'd in painting *Characters*, ſo do ſome *Moderns*: And this Portraiture of King *Charles the Firſt*, by Doctor *South*, is both like, and drawn in fine Colours.

HE was a *David*, a *Saint*, a *King*, but never a *Shepherd*. Some of all the Royal Blood in Chriſtendom ran in his Veins, that is to ſay, many *Kings* went into the Compoſition of this one *Potentate*: His *Education*, and *Improvements* were commenſurate to his *Extraction*: He was *accurate* in all the recommending Excellencies of *human Accompliſhments*; able to *deſerve*, had he not inherited a *Kingdom*: Of ſo controuling a *Genius*, that in every *Science* he attempted, he did not ſo much *ſtudy* as *reign*, and appear'd not only a *Proficient*, but a *Prince*.

HIS own Performances make good this Aſſertion, and ſpeak him as much an *Orator*, as a *Monarch*. Theſe are compos'd with ſuch an uninterrupted, and unfailing *Accuracy*; ſuch a commanding, *majeſtick Pathos*; as if they had been writ not

with a *Pen*, but with a *Scepter*. As it is hard to counterfeit the *Spirit* of *Majeſty*, and the inimitable Peculiarities of an incommunicable *Genius* and Condition; ſo are ſome of his Works ridiculouſly imputed to others; they *did not* write them, becauſe they *could not*.

AT the *Council-Board*, he had the *Ability* ſtill to give himſelf the beſt *Counſel*; but the unhappy *Modeſty* to *diffide* in it: Indeed, his only Fault; for *Modeſty* is a *Paradox* in *Majeſty*, and *Humility* a *Solœciſm* in *Supremacy*.

LOOK we next upon his *Piety*, and unparallel'd Virtues; tho', without an Abſurdity, it may be affirm'd, that his very Endowments of Nature, were ſupernatural: So *pious* was he, that had others meaſur'd their *Obedience* to him, by his *Obedience* to *God*, he had been the moſt *abſolute Monarch* in the World: As eminent for frequenting the *Temple*, as *Solomon* for *building* one: So firm to the Proteſtant Cauſe, that he converſed in the midſt of Temptation, in the very Boſom of *Spain*; and tho' *France* lay in his, yet could nothing ſhake him, but that he eſpous'd the Cauſe of *Religion*, even more than his beloved *Queen*.

HE fitted every Way the *Title* under which he was pray'd for. He could *defend* his *Religion* as a *King*, diſpute for it as a *Divine*, and *dye* for it as a *Martyr*.

THIS *eminent Piety* of his was adorn'd with the whole Train of *moral Virtues*. His *Temperance* was ſo great and impregnable amidſt all thoſe Allurements, with which the *Courts* of *Kings* are apt to melt, even the moſt *ſtoical* and *reſolv'd Minds*, that he did, at the ſame Time, both teach and upbraid the *Court*; ſo that it was not ſo much their own *Vice*, as his *Example*, that rendred their Debauchery inexcuſable. Look over the whole Liſt of our *Kings*, and take in the Kings of *Iſrael* to boot, and whoever kept the Bond of conjugal Affection ſo inviolate? *David* was chiefly eminent for *repenting* in this Matter; *Charles* for *needing* no *Repentance*. None ever appear'd of greater Fortitude of Mind, which was more re-

ſplendent in the Conqueſt of himſelf, and in thoſe miraculous Inſtances of paſſive Valour, than if he had ſtrewed the Field with all the Rebels Armies; and to the Juſtneſs of his own Cauſe, had join'd the Succeſs of theirs; and yet withal ſo meek, ſo gentle, ſo merciful, and that even to a Cruelty to himſelf, that if ever the *Lyon* and the *Lamb* dwelt together, if ever *Courage* and *Meekneſs* were united, it was in the Breaſt of this *Royal Perſon.*

AGREEABLE to the laſt Part of this noble Character, Mr. *Waller* ſays,

*Such* huge Extremes *inhabit thy great Mind,*
God-like *unmov'd, and yet, like* Woman, *kind.*

WE may add to this Picture of *Charles the Firſt*, what a *French* Orator obſerv'd of him, *viz.* If *his Enemies had the good Fortune ſometimes to vanquiſh him, they never had, however, the Power to* force, *or* conſtrain him; *and as he never refuſed what was* reaſonable, *when* victorious, *ſo did he reject ever what was* unreaſonable, *and* unjuſt, *when a Priſoner.*

THE *Frnch Authors* do ſo abound with the Praiſes of their idoliz'd Monarch *Lewis the Fourteenth*, that it would be an endleſs Undertaking to repeat them; I ſhall only carve a little Morſel here and there, and leave the reſt to ſuch as have a better Digeſtion.

*WHEN I mention* (ſays one of theſe Gentlemen) Lewis the Great, *I mention a* Prince *who does more* Honour *to the* Throne, *than the* Throne *does to other* Princes: *A* Potentate, *who effacing, and brightning at the ſame Time the* Glory *of the Kings his* Anceſtors, *makes a* Reſtitution *to them of more than he* borrows *from them.*

Son

*Son* Ame *eſt au deſſus de ſa Grandeur* Supréme ;
*La* Vertu *brille en luy, plus que la* Diadéme ;
*Et quoy qu'un* vaſte Etat *ſoit ſoumis a ſa* Loy,
*Le* Héros *en* Louis, *eſt plus grand que le* Roy.

*His Soul exalted o'er his Crown does riſe,*
*His Virtue does its brighteſt Gems outſhine;*
*Though a vaſt Kingdom in Subjection lies,*
*Yet to the* Hero, *does the* King *reſign.*

ANOTHER *Panegyriſt* of his, ſays, that *Greatneſs is ſo natural to him, that it is impoſſible for him to diveſt himſelf of it, or to lay it aſide: That in vain does he* ſtep down *from the* Throne *by the* Familiarity *of* Converſation: *At that very Time when he takes no Advantage of the* Authority *conferr'd upon him by* ſovereign Power, *he ſtands diſtinguiſh'd by that* Authority *which ſoveraign* Reaſon *confers upon him. He carries ever ſomething about him that* exalts *him in Spite of himſelf. The* Glory *that attends him, is independent of his* Crown; *it* ſtreams *from his Perſon as from its* Fountain, *and darts out of the leaſt of his* Actions, *his* Words, *his* Geſtures, *and his* Looks. *Were it poſſible for him not to recollect who he is, Ten thouſand Things would eſcape him, which would remind others of his* Majeſty; *and the whole World concurs in this Opinion.*

A MEMBER of the *Paris Academy* takes Notice in one of his Orations, that this *Prince had reduced his Enemies to* Deſpair *by continual Defeats, and his* Friends *by exhauſting their whole Fund of* Praiſe.

IT is obſervable, that in the *Poetical Encomium*, the *Hero* is ſaid to prevail above the *King*. In the *Proſe*, his *Humanity* to be equal to his *Royalty*. This Reflection gave Occaſion to a *Spaniſh Ambaſſador*, at the *French Court*, to ſay, that in *Lewis*, it was *Le ſobra ſer Rey. Superfluous to be* King. And this Ex-

 preſſion

preſſion gave Occaſion again to a flattering *Device*, repreſenting the *Sun* incircled with a *Meteor* call'd the *Crown*, and this *Motto*, *Le ſobra la Corona*. All which is pretty enough to pleaſe the *Fancy*, and provoke *Invention*. But we muſt not paſs by a fine Complement paid him by a *Lady*, his Subject, who upon viewing his *Picture* in a *Gallery*, amongſt the other Kings of *France*, ſaid, *That it appear'd at laſt*, Lewis the Fourteenth *was ordain'd to be the* King *of* all thoſe Kings.

I Do not know if it be a juſt Idea that a famous *French* Author gives us of *Cardial Richelieu*, but I am ſure it is a very advantageous, and ſublime one.

*Cardinal* Richelieu, ſays he, *was a Man much greater, on the Side of his Genius and Virtues, than that of his Fortune and Dignities. Ever imploy'd, and ever ſuperior and paramount to his Employments. Capable of directing the Preſent, and of looking into Futurity; of ſecuring proſperous Events, and repairing all ſiniſter Accidents. Vaſt in his Deſigns, penetrating in his Councils, juſt in his Choice, happy in his Enterprizes; and to ſpeak all in few Words, replete with thoſe excellent Endowments with the which God inriches thoſe Souls that are by him ordain'd to preſide over, and command others, in order to put thoſe Springs in Motion which his Providence makes uſe of in exalting and depreſſing, according to his eternal Decrees, the Fortune of Kings and King- and Kingdoms.*

I SHALL take my Leave of theſe great Characters, with the Picture of Man in Minature, and in every Stage of Life, purpoſely to mortify human Vanity.

*The World's a Stage,*
*And all the Men and Women merely Players,*
*They have their Entrances, and their Exits;*
*And one Man in his Time plays many Parts:*
*His Acts being Seven Ages. At firſt an Infant,*
*Mewling, and Puking in the Nurſe's Arms:*

*And*

*And then the whining School-body, with his Satchel,*
*And ſhining Morning Face, creeping, like Snail,*
*Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover,*
*Sighing like* Furnace, *with a woful Ballad*
*Made to his Miſtreſs's Eye-brow. Then a Soldier,*
*Full of ſtrange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard;*
*Jealous in Honour, ſudden, and quick in Quarrel,*
*Seeking the Bubble Reputation,*
*Even in the Cannon's Mouth. And then the Juſtice,*
*In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,*
*With Eyes ſevere, and Beard of formal cut,*
*Full of wiſe Saws, and modern Inſtances;*
*And ſo he plays his Part. The Sixth Age ſhifts*
*Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,*
*With Spectacles on Noſe, and* Pouch *on Side;*
*His youthful Hoſe well ſav'd, a World too wide*
*For his ſhrunk Shank, and his big manly Voice*
*Turning again toward childiſh treble Pipes,*
*And whiſtles in his Sound. Laſt Scene of all*
*That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,*
*Is ſecond Childiſhneſs, and mere Oblivion,*
*Sans Teeth, Sans Eyes, Sans Taſte, Sans ev'ry Thing.*

Sheakſpear.

NOTHING adorns, and explains better our Conceptions, than well choſe *Similies*, or *Compariſons*. Nobody was more happy in theſe, than the above-mention'd Author: He repreſents the Effects of a Lover's Surprize at the Sight of his Miſtreſs, in theſe Terms:

Oh

*Oh Heavens!*
*Why does my Blood thus muſter to my Heart,*
*Making it both unable for itſelf,*
*And diſpoſſeſſing all my other Parts*
*Of neceſſary Fitneſs?*
*So play the fooliſh Throngs with one that ſwoons,*
*Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the Air*
*By which he ſhould revive: And even ſo*
*The general Subjects to a well-wiſh'd King*
*Quit their own Part; and in obſequious Fondneſs*
*Crowd to his Preſence, where their untaught Love*
*Muſt needs appear Offence.*

His Picture of the uncertain Dependence upon great Mens Favour, is fine and juſt.

*O! momentary Grace of mortal Men,*
*Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!*
*Who builds his Hope in Air of your good Looks;*
*Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Maſt,*
*Ready with every Nod to tumble down*
*Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.*

Besides the Propriety of the Compariſon, there is a wonderful Energy in the Turn of the Expreſſion; and the Elegance and Wit of that Line, *who builds his Hopes in Air of your good Looks*, cannot be too much admir'd.

This Image of Life ſo true, deſerves Attention.

*Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,*
*That ſtruts, and frets his Hour upon the Stage,*
*And then is heard no more. It is a Tale*
*Told by an Ideot: Full of Sound, and Fury,*
*Signifying nothing.*

AGAIN,

WHAT can be more pertinent than his Deſcription of ſenſual Tranſports.

*Theſe violent Delights have violent Ends,*
*And in their Triumph die, like Fire, and Powder,*
*Which, as they kiſs, conſume. The ſweeteſt Honey*
*Is loathſome in its own Deliciouſneſs,*
*And in the Taſte confounds the Appetite.*

BUT for the Sake of Variety, let us paſs to Mr. *Waller*, who was famous for a happy and juſt Manner of Thinking. He addreſſes himſelf to his admir'd *Sachariſſa* in Mourning, with theſe beautiful Lines.

*When from black Clouds, no Part of Sky is clear,*
*But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear,*
*Heav'n then would ſeem thy Image, and reflect*
*Thoſe ſable Veſtments, and that bright Aſpect;*
*A Spark of Virtue, by the deepeſt Shade*
*Of ſad Adverſity, is fairer made;*
*Nor leſs Advantage does thy Beauty get,*
*A* Venus *riſing from a Sea of Jet.*

THESE laſt Lines to me ſeem like a Crociate of Diamonds, all of an equal Brilliancy, and Value.

To the ſame, paſſing through a Croud.

*So th'am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,*
*Juſt Diſtance keeps from his deſir'd Palm;*
*But when the Wind, her raviſh'd Branches throws*
*Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs;*

*Tho'*

*Tho' loth he ſeems her tender Leaves to preſs,*
*More loath he is that friendly Storm ſhould ceaſe,*
*From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double Uſe*
*At once receives, of Pleaſure, and Excuſe.*

THE poetical Tradition of a Sympathy between the *Cypreſs* and the *Palm*, ſerves ſo well the Purpoſe of a fine *Simile*, that according to a Rule formerly laid down, it is no Matter whether it be ſtrictly true or no. The next is in every Point juſt, and ſince the Lines are not many, and extreamly beautiful, I will not divide them for the Sake of the Compariſon.

UPON Lady *Iſabella*, playing on the Lute.

*Such moving Sounds from ſuch a careleſs Touch;*
*So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much:*
*What Art is this, that with ſo little Pains*
*Tranſports us thus, and o're our Spirits reigns?*
*The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,*
*And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiſs, aloud;*
*Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;*
*Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too?*
*Here Love takes Stand, and while ſhe charms the Ear,*
*Empties his Quiver on the liſt'ning Deer;*
*Muſick ſo ſoftens, and diſarms the Mind,*
*That not an Arrow does Reſiſtance find.*
*Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,*
*And acts herſelf the Triumph of her Eyes.*
*So* Nero *once, with Harp in Hand, ſurvey'd*
*His flaming* Rome, *and as it burnt, he play'd.*

LONGINUS compares *Demoſthenes* his Eloquence to a *Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightning, that ravages and carries all before*

*fore it*; Cicero's *to a Fire which goes never out, and gathers Strength in its Continuance:* But methinks what Mr. *Pope* ſays of *Homer* is ſtill more beautiful, *Fancy in him grows in its Progreſs, both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on Fire, like a Chariot Wheel by its own Rapidity.* So that it appears, in my humble Opinion, that the Beauty of a *Simile* does not ſo much ſubſiſt in the Magnificence, as the Propriety and Aptneſs of the Subject. My Lord *Buckhurſt* ridicules a Gentleman who had publiſh'd ſome very low Poems in this Manner:

*They lye, dear* Ned, *that ſay thy Head is barren,*
*Where deep Conceits like Vermin breed in Carrion:*
*Thy ſtumbling, foundred Muſe can trot as high,*
*As any other* Pegaſus *can fly.*
*So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,*
*Than all the ſwift finn'd Racers of the Flood:*
*As ſkilful Divers to the Bottom fall*
*Sooner than thoſe that cannot ſwim at all;*
*So in this Way of writing, without thinking,*
*Thou haſt a ſtrange Agility in ſinking.*

AS there is a Pleaſure wonderfully ſoothing in the Enjoyment of a fine Day, and the Contemplation of Nature's Beauties in Gardens, Grottos, Trees, Fruits, and Flowers, ſo no Queſtion when theſe are either painted by Art, or made Uſe of to illuſtrate any Diſcourſe, they prove very agreeable and entertaining. *Voiture* in one of his Letters has this Paſſage.

*YOU will, upon your Return, find again the Spring, after having before enjoy'd it where you are; and ſee once more Violets riſe, after having ſeen the Roſes fall. As for my Part, I long to ſee this Seaſon, not ſo much becauſe it will bring in its Train fine Days, and beauteous Flowers, as becauſe it will bring you*

*back to us again; and I aſſure you, I ſhould not think it had any Charm without you.*

*Where you ſhall walk, cool Gales will fan the Shade;*
*Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a Shade:*
*Where e'er you tread, the bluſhing Flow'rs ſhall riſe,*
*And all Things flouriſh, where you turn your Eyes.*
*O! how I long with you to paſs my Days,*
*Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your Praiſe;*
*Your Praiſe, the Birds ſhall chant in ev'ry Grove,*
*And Winds ſhall waft it to the Pow'rs above.*
*But would you ſing, and rival* Orpheus' *Strain,*
*The wond'ring Foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again;*
*The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,*
*And headlong Streams hang liſtning in their Fall!* Pope.

In another Letter, ſpeaking of a great and beautiful Princeſs, *Voiture* has this.

*After ſhe had travers'd a great Parterre, and ſeveral Gardens fragrant with Orange Trees, ſhe enter'd a Grove, into which the Sun had not penetrated for the Space of a hundred Years, before he appear'd there in her Company.* There is an extraordinary Liberty allow'd to Gallantry, as well as Poetry; but this Remark, I confeſs, is ſuperfluous, ſince everybody knows, that *lying* and *loving* go always together; but in other Terms, there is in this Complement a *figurative* and *proper* Senſe: The *Wood into which the Sun, &c.* is the proper; *till he enter'd with her*, is the figurative; and it is to the Conjunction of theſe, that the Beauty of moſt Epigrams is owing.

*Quand l'Abbé de St. M. prêche*
*On bâille dés le premier point:*
*Il eſt vray qu'il ne touche point;*
*Mais je ſcay, ce qui l'en empêche.*

*Lors*

*Lors qu'il parle dans un ſaint lieu,*
*Il toucheroit nos cœurs ſans peine,*
*S'il brûloit pour l'amour de Dieu,*
*Comme il brûle pour ſa* Climene.

### A dull amorous Preacher.

*If the Rector* Gaudy *preaches,*
*You ſee the People gape or ſleep;*
*There's Opium in all he teaches,*
*Which o'er the Senſes gently creep:*
*Whilſt in the Pulpit he declaims,*
*He might keep all Souls alert,*
*Did the pure Love of God inflame*
*His Heart, as much as* Jenny Pert.

### Two raiſing Parſons.

*Il n'eſt point d'équité que n'efface la vôtre;*
*Elle eſt hors de comparaiſon:*
*Que de mépris vous avez l'un pour l'autre:*
*Et que vous avez de raiſon.*

*Your Juſtice, Sirs, is wondrous great,*
*And never more in Seaſon;*
*You do with Scorn each other treat,*
*And with the greateſt Reaſon.*

RICHILET, very famous for a Dictionary he printed, having great Intimacy and Friendſhip with the Abbot *Aubignac*, was ſo complaiſant, as to applaud a *Romance* of his making, which was never otherwiſe known than by the Preſents he made himſelf. It was call'd *Macariſſa*. Some Gentlemen

took upon them to criticize upon the Abbot's Works; and *Richilet* voluntarily engag'd in their Defence. *Aubignac* was ſo ridiculous as to eſteem this a Reflection upon his Learning and Abilities, and to pick a Quarrel with *Richilet* for his officious Management; which *Richilet* took no other Notice of, than by ſending him theſe four Lines.

Hédelin, *c'eſt à tort que tu te plains de moy;*
*N'ay je pas loüé ton ouvrage;*
*Pouvois je plus faire pour toy,*
*Que de rendre un faux témoignage?*

Hed'line *you wrongfully complain,*
*Your Books, and your Part I did take;*
*What could I do more for your Fame,*
*Than bear falſe Witneſs for your Sake?*

She would, and ſhe would not, by Mr. *Congreve.*

I.

*Pious* Selinda *goes to Pray'rs;*
*If I but aſk the Favour;*
*And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,*
*When ſhe believes I'll leave her.*

II.

*Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint;*
*Or elſe had Hopes to win her;*
*Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a Saint,*
*Or I of her a Sinner.*

Here the figurative Senſe lyes, I am afraid, in the laſt Line, ſave one, and the proper in the laſt.

COMPA-

COMPARISONS borrow'd from florid Subjects, render our Conceptions agreeable, as thoſe from great Subjects render them Sublime.

Mr. COSTAR ſays, *That it is a peculiar Felicity, the being diſpos'd to good Actions without Pain or Conſtraint. This appears to me like a quiet and gentle Stream, which, following its natural Tendency, glides between two flowery Banks: I fancy, on the other Hand, that Perſons virtuous by Force of Reaſon, who ſometimes do more glorious Things than others, reſemble Water-works, where Art does Violence to Nature; and which, after having play'd as high as the Clouds, ſtop frequently by the leaſt Obſtacle.*

IT's prettily imagin'd by *Balzac*, who ſays of a little River, *This charming Water is ſo in love with our Province, that it divides itſelf into a thouſand Branches, and makes an infinite of Iſles, and Windings, the better to entertain and amuſe itſelf.*

*Ingenious Fictions* may be made Uſe of to good Purpoſe in *Proſe*, as well as in *Verſe*. *Catullus* ſays of a great Beauty,

*Omnibus, una, omnes ſurripuit Veneres.*

*She alone has poſſeſs'd herſelf of all the Graces.*

*VOITURE*, the better to paint the tranſcendent Beauty of the Dutcheſs of *Bourbon* to his Correſpondent, expreſſes himſelf in the ſame Manner.

*YOU will eaſily perceive by what I have already ſaid, that ſhe is a quite different Sort of Beauty from the Queen* Epicharis; *but if ſhe be not altogether ſo much an* Egyptian, *ſhe does not, however, in the leaſt yield to her in the Point of Thieving. From her very Infancy ſhe robb'd the Snow of its Whiteneſs; and the*

*Pearls*

*Pearls of their Luſtre, and Neatneſs. She raviſh'd from the Stars their Light, and Beauty; and even at this Time ſhe does not fail of ſtealing a Ray, or two from the Sun, and of adorning herſelf with them before all the World. Laſtly, in the Aſſembly at the* Louvre, *ſhe robb'd all the Ladies, and the very Diamonds they wore, of their Brightneſs: She did not even ſpare the Jewels of the Crown upon the Queen's Head; and had the Dexterity to carry off everything the moſt fine, and brilliant.*

THE Mind may be moſt diverted by *Thoughts* that carry in themſelves ſome Sort of *Oppoſition*, or *Contrariety*: This *Figure* which ſeems to *deny* what it *affirms*, and which in Appearance contradicts itſelf, is extremely *elegant*. A *modern Author* ſays, that *Kings are Slaves upon a Throne:* That *the Body and Soul are two* Enemies *that cannot* part *with, and two* Friends *that cannot* endure *each other*. According to *Voiture, the Secret to compaſs* Health, *and* Chearfulneſs, *is, to keep the* Body *ever in* Motion, *and the* Mind *in* Eaſe, *and* Quiet.

A *SPANISH Poet* has this *Epitaph* upon one of his *Queens*.

*Viva no pudo ſer Mas,*
*Muerta no pudo ſer Menos.*

*ALL the Beauty conſiſts in the Oppoſition.* Living *ſhe could not be* greater; Dead, *ſhe could not be* leſs.

THE famous Inſcription upon the Tomb of *James Trivolſey*, interr'd at *Milan*, is of this Sort; but the *Brevity* ſtill improves the *Beauty*.

*Hic quieſcit qui nunquam quievit.*

*Here reſts one, who was never at Reſt.*

THE Agreeableneſs of the following *Inſcriptions* upon *Dials*, conſiſts in a Sort of *oppoſite Senſe*.

A GENTLE-

A GENTLEMAN having contriv'd a *Dyal* for his *City-Houſe*, he plac'd on each Side a *Figure*; one repreſenting *Labour*, the other *Reſt*. With this Device:

*Plura Labori, dulcibus quædam Otiis.*

*The greater Portion of Time to Labour, the leſs to ſweet Amuſements.*

2.

THE ſame Perſon has inſcrib'd upon another *Dial* at his *Country-Houſe*.

*Dum fugit Umbra, quieſco.*

*Whilſt the Shadow flies, I reſt.*

WHICH has a double Reference, to the Dial, and himſelf; and implies, that a *wiſe Man* enjoys the Repoſe of a *retired Life*, whilſt the *Shadow* of this *World* paſſeth away.

3.

UPON the Dial of *Chantilly*, you meet with theſe Words:

*Una dabit, quod negat altera.*

*One will* give, *what another* refuſes.

4.

MUCH the ſame *Motto* may be ſeen upon another Houſe near *Chantilly*.

*Le do buone, le do male.*

*I give happy, and unhappy Hours.*

UPON

5.

UPON a Dial at a Country-houſe, I have ſeen this Verſe of *Horace.*

*Dona præſentis, rape, lætus horæ.*

*Take with Chearfulneſs, all the preſent Opportunity gives you.*

6.

THE Words of *Martial* may be happily apply'd to this Purpoſe.

*Pereunt, & imputantur.*

*They vaniſh, but are placed to our Account.*

THE Senſe is *Moral*, and may be made *Chriſtian*, by the Help of a modern Poet's Reflection, who imagins happily, that the *Time* that paſſes away, and which we ſuffer to eſcape us, without making the beſt Uſe of it, flies up to *Heaven*, and gives an Account before the *Throne* of *God*, of the *Good* and *Evil* we have done.

UPON another Dial you find.

*Utere præſenti, memor ultimæ.*

*Uſe the preſent Moment, remember the laſt.*

THERE are other Inſcriptions to be met with, replete with moral Admonitions.

*Ombra fallace que mentre s'appreſſa, fuge.*

*Deceitful Shadow, that whilſt it approaches, flies.*

*Le Ciel eſt ma Regle.*

*ou*

*Me Lumen, vos Umbra Regit.*

*I am govern'd by the Light, you by the Shade.*

HERE the Dial is ſuppoſed to ſpeak, and a good Man may profeſs the ſame Thing, whoſe Life is govern'd by the Truths of *Faith*, whilſt others purſue the *falſe Maxims* of the *World*.

*Suprema hæc multis, forſan tibi.*

*This is a great many's laſt Hour, it may be thine.*

*Umbræ tranſitus eſt tempus noſtrum.*

*Our Life is the Progreſs only of a Shadow.*

IN my Opinion, theſe are all both inſtructive and entertaining. But Inſtances of this Figure, in ingenious Authors, are numberleſs. Here follow one or two more for a Deſert.

## COURAGE.

*The greateſt Proof of Courage we can give,*
*Is then to die, when we have Pow'r to live.*

How.

SIR *John Denham*'s Account of the City.

*With the like Haſte to ſev'ral Ways they run,*
*Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;*
*Whilſt Luxury, and Wealth, like War, and Peace,*
*Are each, the other's Ruin, and Increaſe.*

## LIFE and DEATH.

*We fear to loſe what a ſmall Time muſt Waſte,*
*'Till Life itſelf, grows the Diſeaſe at laſt;*
*Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay;*
*And, to be long a dying only pray.*

WE may ſay then, that *Antitheſes* well manag'd, have the ſame Effect upon the *Mind*, as *Lights*, and *Shades well diſpos'd* by an Artiſt in a *Picture*; or as the ſeveral Parts of *Muſick* well adjuſted by a great *Maſter*.

BUT we muſt not imagine, for all this, that no Thoughts will prove *agreeable*, but ſuch as have this *Counter-turn*, and are ſet off to ſo great Advantage: Some will be found *entertaining* for their mere *Plainneſs*, and *Simplicity*; and may be compared to a *Villager*, or a *Child* of good Senſe, whoſe *pertinent Anſwers* may pleaſe the *Judgment*, altho' they do not *feaſt* the *Fancy*.

THE Commendation of *Phidias's Statue*, is one of theſe *natural* and *eaſy Thoughts*.

*EITHER* Jupiter *came down from Heaven to ſhow himſelf to* Phidias, *or* Phidias *aſcended into* Heaven *to have a Sight of* Jupiter.

*CATULLUS* extolls a *Perfume*, with telling his *Friend*, that *aſſoon as he ſmells it, he will wiſh himſelf all* Noſe.

*SCARRON's Epitaph* upon a certain great Man, concludes with an admirable *Simplicity*.

*Cy giſt qui fut de belle taille,*
*Qui ſcavoit dancer & chanter,*
*Faiſoit des vers, vaille que vaille,*
*Et les ſcavoit bien réciter.*
*Sa race avoit quelque antiquaille,*
*Et pouvoit des Héros compter:*

*Meſme*

*Meſme il auroit donné battaille,*
*S'il en avoit vtulu taſter.*
*Il parloit fort bien de la guerre,*
*Des cieux, du globe de la terre,*
*Du Droit Civil, du Droit Canon,*
*Et connoiſſoit aſſez les choſes*
*Par leurs effets & par leurs cauſes :*
*Etoit il honneſte homme ?* ah, non !

*Here lyes one of Shape moſt fine,*
*Who in Song, and Dance did ſhine :*
*He made Verſes paſſing well,*
*And by heart he theſe could tell.*
*His Race was ſomewhat Antique,*
*And ſome Heroes had, belike.*
*He cou'd once have battle join'd,*
*Had his Heart but had the mind.*
*Wondrous well he ſpoke of War ;*
*Nor could any Man compare*
*With him in Learning, or in Wit ;*
*And Law he knew it ev'ry Bit.*
*He could ſee, without a Pauſe,*
*Of Effects the ſecret Cauſe.*
*But with all this, wou'd you know*
*If he were honeſt? Ah, no !*

AMONGST the *French*, the *Chevalier de Cailly* was much noted for an *eaſy* Manner of Writing : *A learned Pedant* having taken great Pains to prove that the Word *Alfana* was deriv'd from *Equus*, the *Knight* beſtow'd theſe Four Lines upon his Induſtry.

Alfana *Vient d'* Equus *ſans doute,*
*Mais il faut avouer auſſi,*
*Qu'en Venant de là juſqu' icy,*
*Il a bien changè ſur la Route.*

Alfana *from* Equus *comes, no Doubt;*
*But I think we may ſay,*
*Coming ſo great a Way,*
*That he's much changed in his Route.*

II.

THIS upon his own Diſintereſſedneſs, is pretty.

*Quand Je vous donne ou Vers, ou proſe*
*Grand Miniſtre, Je le ſcay bien,*
*Je ne vous donne pas grande choſe;*
*Mais Je ne vous demande rien.*

*When, Sir, I did preſent you*
*With any of my Labours,*
*I no great Matter ſent you;*
*But then I aſk'd no Favours.*

III.

By the ſame HAND.

Colas *eſt mort de Maladie;*
*Tu veux que jen pleur le Sort:*
*Que Diable veux tu, que j'en die?*
Colas *vivoit,* Colas *eſt mort.*

Colas

Colas *ſicken'd, and is dead*;
*But ſome fine Thing you aſk beſide:*
*Now what the Devil can be ſaid?*
Colas *liv'd, and* Colas *dy'd.*

I MIGHT, no Queſtion, ſpare the Pains of confeſſing that Verſification is not my Talent. If by this Means, I diſappoint a Critick of his Pleaſure one Way, I ſuppply him with it another, by giving him a fair Opportunity of exerciſing his greater Abilities.

IT has not been yet hinted, that *melancholy Ideas*, ſuch as thoſe of *Death*, are capable of *ſoothing* the Mind. The ſame Effect has the lively Repreſentation of *Battels*, and *Tempeſts*, as well in *Writing*, as in *Painting*. The *Pleaſure* of contemplating a fine *Imitation*, does not *ariſe* preciſely from the *Object*, but from the *Reflection* which the *Mind* makes, that a Thing cannot be repreſented in more ſtrong and lively Colours.

IN this View it was, that an excellent Philoſopher dedicating his Book, call'd, *The Characters of the Paſſions*, to a great *Chancellor*, explains himſelf after the following Manner:

"THE *Diſorders* and *Vices* which I recommend to your "*Protection*, partake not of the *Nature* of thoſe that dread "the *Severity* of the *Laws*: They are only their *Images* and "*Figures*, which may be accepted like thoſe of *Monſters* and "*Tyrants*, and which ſhould not be more diſagreeable to you, "than the *Pictures* of the *Conquered* uſed to be to the Eyes of "the *Conquerors*.

HERE follows an Image of Death, taken in part from *Shakeſpear*.

*To die is, ſure, to go we know not whither:*
*We lye in ſilent Darkneſs, and we rot.*
*Perhaps the Spirit, which is future Life,*
*Dwells,* Salamander-like, *unharm'd in Fire;*
*Or elſe, with wandring Winds, is blown about*
*The World: But if condemn'd like thoſe,*
*Whom our uncertain Thought imagines howling,*
*Then the moſt loath'd, and the moſt weary Life,*
*Which Age, or Ach, Want, or Impriſonment,*
*Can lay on Nature, is a Paradiſe,*
*To what we fear of Death.*

*D'Av.* Law againſt Lovers,

DESCRIPTION *of* DOVER CLIFF.

*How fearful,*
*And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's Eyes ſo low!*
*The Crows and Chowghs, that wing the mid-way Air,*
*Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as Beetles: Half Way down*
*Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful Trade!*
*Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his Head.*
*The Fiſhermen that walk upon the Beach*
*Appear like Mice; and yon tall anchoring Bark*
*Diminiſh'd to her Cock; her Cock, a Buoy,*
*Almoſt too ſmall for Sight. The murmuring Surge,*
*That on th'unnumber'd idle Pebble chafes,*
*Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,*
*Leſt my Brain turn, and the deficient Sight*
*Topple down headlong.* Edgar.

Swim-

## Swimming in a STORM.

*I ſaw him beat the Surges under him,*
*And ride upon their Backs: He trod the Water,*
*Whoſe Enmity he flung aſide; and breaſted*
*The Surge moſt ſwollen that met him: His bold Head*
*'Bove the contentious Waves he kept, and oar'd*
*Himſelf with his good Arms in luſty Strokes*
*To th' Shore; that o'er his wave-born Baſis bow'd,*
*As ſtooping to relieve him.* Shakeſpear's Sebaſtian.

## A STORM.

*But now the gath'ring Clouds began to riſe,*
*And lab'ring Winds convey'd them up the Skies:*
*A dreadful Storm enſu'd: Fire, Hail, and Rain,*
*Beat, with an unknown Fury, on the Main:*
*Such Thunder-Claps, ſuch Winds, ſuch Billows roar,*
*As never trembling Sailors heard before:*
*Experienc'd Captains, grey in Danger grown,*
*Stand now amaz'd, and all their Terror own:*
*In vain to ſtop the leaking Ships they try'd;*
*In vain the Pump; in vain the Rudder ply'd;*
*In vain they cut their Maſts, or furl'd their Sails;*
*The Sea's reſiſtleſs, and the Storm prevails:*
*Some Veſſels, with inevitable Shocks,*
*Were daſh'd to Pieces on the craggy Rocks:*
*Some overſet, ſome founder'd, ſome the Sand*
*Suck'd in, and ſome were loſt upon the Strand.*

Black. K. Arth.

THE

THE Pleaſure of theſe Images ariſe, in Part, from contemplating them at a Diſtance, and, as it were, upon the Shore.

FATHER *Bouhours* treating of the Difference between *delicate* and *natural Thoughts*, ſays, *That the moſt* delicate *are thoſe where* Nature *delights to work in* Minature, *and whoſe Matter, almoſt imperceptible, brings it ſo about, that we queſtion whether ſhe deſigns to conceal or to expoſe her Addreſs to the Mind's Apprehenſion. Such is an* Inſect *curiouſly form'd; and the more worthy of Admiration, as it falls leſs under our* Inſpection.

WE may pronounce by *Analogy*, that a *delicate Thought* has this peculiar to itſelf, that it is contain'd in a few Words, and that the *Senſe imply'd*, is not very *obvious*. A Thought of this Species ſeems, in Part, to hide itſelf, to the End the Reader ſhould divine, and go in queſt of its Meaning; or, at leaſt, it gives only a *Glympſe* of itſelf, purpoſely to give him, who has Wit, the Pleaſure of a *compleat Diſcovery*. For in the ſame Manner as a Man muſt have excellent *Eyes*, and even employ thoſe of *Art*, that is to ſay, *Spectacles*, and *Microſcopes*, to ſee diſtinctly the *Maſter pieces* of *Nature*; ſo does it appertain only to Perſons of the greateſt Underſtanding, to penetrate the whole Senſe of a *ſubtle Thought*. This *little Myſtery* is, as it were, the Soul of a Thoughts delicacy; inſomuch, that thoſe that have nothing myſterious, either in their Import, or in their Turn of Expreſſion; and which diſcover themſelves fully, at the firſt Sight, cannot deſerve the Attribute of being accurate, how refin'd, and ſpiritual ſoever in other Reſpects: Hence may we conclude, that Delicacy adds ſomething inexpreſſibly fine to the Sublime and the agreeable.

WHAT *Voiture* ſays of ſome Shepherdeſſes, or Country Nymphs, is of this Kind: *They are too ignorant to be impos'd upon by a Man of Wit and Addreſs.* One would imagine at firſt Sight, that this was a Contradiction in Terms; and

and that none were more proper Objects of Deception than weak People; and yet the Words import plainly enough, that fine Perſwaſives can have as little Influence upon heavy Underſtandings, as fine Sounds upon deaf People.

PLINY, to complement the Emperor *Trajan*'s Humanity and Affection for his People, in that Inſtance of allowing his Subjects ſometimes the Poſſeſſion, but always the Uſe of his moſt delicious Gardens, and fineſt Places of Retirement, ſays, *The Seas, Floods, and Fountains do not miniſter to the Delight of one ſingle Perſon: Something there is in the World that does not appertain to you*; and at laſt, *The Patrimony of Princes is of leſs extent than their Empire.* But farther to illuſtrate this Matter, he proceeds. *So great is your Benignity, and ſo happy are our Times in your Reign, that you eſteem us worthy of thoſe Things that become Emperors alone, and we are not afraid of appearing equally meritorious.*

*TANTA benignitas principis, tanta ſecuritas temporum eſt, ut tu nos principalibus rebus exiſtimes dignos, nos non timeamus quod digni eſſe videmur.*

WHAT *Pliny* adds farther, in the Concluſion of his Panegyrick upon that Prince, is exquiſitely fine. *Since Flattery, a great while ſince, has been drain'd of all Novelty, there remains for you at preſent, no other new Honour, but that of our daring ſometimes to be ſilent. Cum jam pridem novitas adulatione conſumpta ſit, non alius erga te novus honor ſupereſt, quam ſi aliquando de te tacere audeamus.*

A CERTAIN Author, in his Epiſtle Dedicatory to Cardinal *Richilieu*, has this fine Turn.

*OUR Abilities fail, and lurch our Expectation, in the ſame Proportion as your ſurprizing Actions increaſe and multiply; and as it has been ſaid of a great* Captain, *that he could not receive any* new Wounds, *but upon the* Scars *of* old ones, *ſo cannot you be commended any other wiſe, than by Repetitions; ſince* Truth,

 *which*

*which has its* Bounds, *has ſpoke in your Favour, all that unlimited* Lyes *and* Fiction *have invented for other People.*

*Cæsar* having taken an Opportunity of declaring his Indifferency for Life; *Cicero*, who was ever his *Admirer*, altho' not ever his *Friend*, addreſs'd him publickly with this Compliment. *Illam tuam præclariſſimam & ſapientiſſimam vocem, invitus audivi; ſatis te diu vel Naturæ vixiſſe, vel Gloriæ, ſatis ſi ita vis Naturæ; fortaſſe addo etiam ſi placet Gloriæ: at quod maximum eſt, Patriæ certè parum.* Orat. pro Lig. *I heard, with regret, the beautiful and wiſe Sentence you pronounc'd, that you had liv'd long enough for Nature, and for Glory. It is poſſible you have done ſo for Nature; I will add, if you pleaſe, for Glory; but what is of the greateſt Moment and Importance, you have liv'd moſt certainly but a very little while for your Country.*

*Voiture* writing to the Duke *d'Anguien* upon his taking of *Dunkirk*, has a Thought of this Character.

*As for my Part, my Lord, I rejoyce at your Succeſs infinitely; but I foreſee, that what improves your Reputation with the preſent Age, will prejudice that Glory which you might juſtly expect from Futurity; and that in a little Space of Time, ſo many great and important Actions, one upon the Neck of another, will render your Life incredible, and will make your Hiſtory paſs for a Romance with Poſterity.*

Sometimes, without either *Allegory*, or *Fiction*, we may explain ourſelves with *Delicacy*, and may extricate ourſelves out of Difficulties by a witty Turn.

After *Sejanus* had been diſgrac'd, and everybody, according to Cuſtom, revil'd him publickly, a certain *Roman Knight* preſum'd to ſupport his Intereſt, and to profeſs himſelf his Friend: This was imputed to him as a high Crime, and he ventur'd in theſe Terms to excuſe himſelf even to *Tiberius*. *It does not become me, Cæſar, to examine the Merit of the Perſon you are pleas'd to raiſe above others, nor your Reaſon for ſo doing,*

*doing, The Gods have given you the Privilege of judging Sovereignly of all Things; there remains nothing to me but the* Glory *of* obeying. *If* Sejanus *has form'd Designs againſt the* Safety *of the* Publick, *and the* Life *of the* Emperor, *let his pernicious Deſigns be puniſh'd. As to the Friendſhip I have ſhown him, the* ſame Reaſon *that juſtifies you,* Cæſar, *proclaims me* Innocent.

BUT we will finiſh theſe grave Sentiments with a gay Fancy of a *Spaniſh* Poet.

*Al infierno el Tracio Orfeo*
*Su muger baxò a buſcar:*
*Que non pudo aquel lugar*
*Lievarle tan mal deſſea:*
*Cantò, y al mayor tormento*
*Puſò ſuſpenſion, y eſpanto;*
*Mas que la dulce del canto,*
*La novedad del intento.*
*El triſte Dios ofendido*
*De tan eſtranno rigor;*
*La pena que halla mayor,*
*Fuey bolverlo à ſer marido:*
*Y aunque ſu muger le diò*
*Por pena de ſu pecado:*
*Por premio delo cantado,*
*Perder la facilitè.*

Orpheus *weary of his Life,*
*Went down to Hell to ſeek his Wife;*
*Nor could the Want of Wit, and Grace,*
*Convey the Man to a worſe Place.*

*He ſang, and on his Harp he play'd,*
*The damn'd were both pleas'd, and diſmay'd;*
*But not ſo much at his fine Voice,*
*As at his new, and helliſh Choice:*
*But th' infernal God offended*
*At Sight of all Pains ſuſpended,*
*In meer Revenge, he did ordain,*
*The Man ſhould have his Wife again:*
*Tet 'cauſe the Devil would be juſt,*
*And ſcorn'd to run a Bit on truſt;*
*For Payment of his charming Skill,*
*He kept his Spouſe in Limbo ſtill.*

BUT as Ladies, when they pleaſe to exert themſelves, ſeem to have a peculiar Spirit of Wit, I muſt not paſs by what the *French Sapho* ſaid upon that Court's having the Liberty to game at *Marly*, and to purchaſe, at the ſame Time, what they pleas'd, without paying for it.

THE *King himſelf loſt all that others won; if one may be allow'd to call that loſing, which was the Pleaſure of* giving, *without the Deſire of any return of Thanks.* And what ſhe adds, ſeems to make the Conceit ſtill more precious and exalted.

*Meſme dans les plaiſirs il eſt toujours Heros.*

*A Hero he preſides in Leiſure;*
*In ev'ry Joy, in ev'ry Pleaſure.*

BUT above all, *Hiſtorical Reflections* ought to be *delicate*; and it is not to be endur'd, that *Hiſtorians* ſhould affect to make ſuch as are *trivial* and *common*; for Animadverſions are deſign'd properly to keep the Reader *alert*, and to give him ſome new Light, and Inſtruction; for ſuch as have no *Poinan-*

*ey*, and which arise naturally from the Subject, prove rather *irksome* than *entertaining*; nay, they provoke a rational Reader, with repeating something below his Notice, and obvious to the most ordinary Capacity.

TACITUS is one of those who abounds most with *Political Remarks*. If it be possible, he is too liberal of his Sentiments; and nothing could excuse him in this particular, did not the *intrinsick Value* of what he gives us, make amends for the Time spent in *counting it over*.

MARIANA, who has writ the History of *Spain* in *Latin*, and *Spanish*, is replete with Observations; and it is wonderful, that having propos'd *Livy* for the Model of his *Narrative* and *Style*, he should, at the same Time, form himself upon *Tacitus* in the other Particular: But he has not only imitated him, but taken the very same Reflections.

SPEAKING of the Archbishop of *Toledo*, who reclaim'd *Don Pedro*, the *Cruel*, from his Debaucheries, and who for that Reason incurr'd his *Prince*'s highest Displeasure, he says, *That the Reasons for the King's hating the Bishop, were so much the more strong, as they were the more unjust.* The same Thing is alledg'd Word for Word of the secret Aversion that *Tiberius* and *Livia* bore to *Germanicus*.

BUT, as I think this no very agreeable Subject, I shall pass to another.

IT may be observ'd, that an *Appearance* of *Falsood* renders a Thought sometimes fine. Some Authors say, that *Hours prove longer than Years*; and no Question Vexation and Anguish may make them appear so to the afflicted. A Lady of great Wit has made it a *Maxim*, *that the Sun made fine Days for the common People only. Her Meaning was*, says my Author, *that the Presence of People dear to us, and with whom we entertain any Commerce, constitute the Happiness of honest and well-bred People*: But I conceive the more easy Interpretation of her

Words

Words to be, *That most People delight in the Shining and Trappings of an artificial World, like those of Assemblies and Courts; and nobody Taste the Felicity of a domestick Life, such as the Inhabitants of the Woods and Groves.*

CICERO says of *Thucydides*, that in his Discourses, the Number of Things attends very near that of his Words; upon which a *French* Author refines, and complements his King, with this Sentence, *He speaks more Things than Words.*

COSTAR has turn'd these Words of *Saluſt*, *In maximâ Fortunâ minima Licentia eſt*, several Ways. I shall take Notice only of one: *The greater Licence is given great Men by Fortune, the less ought they to give themselves; and when their Power has no Bounds, then ought they the more to restrain their Desires.* Which, without a Periphrasis, might have been interpreted more properly, *In the greatest Fortune, the least Liberty.* The Sense occurs to anybody that has Apprehension, and to those that want it, Circumlocutions avail but little.

SENTENCES of this Kind are generally short, and full of a conceal'd Meaning, and resemble some Pictures, which altho' extremely perfect, yet do they discover, to such as understand Painting, something that is not expres'd with the Pencil; and show, at the same Time, that the Genius of the Painter was much superior to his Performance.

FOR this very Reason, the last Pieces of great Masters, and such as remain'd unfinish'd, have attracted greater Applause, and Admiration, than those they have put the last Hand to. For besides, that in the viewing of Pictures imperfect, one cannot help being concern'd for those Masters out of whose Hands Death snatch'd the Pencil. A skilful Person has a glimmering Sight of those finishing Strokes he would have added, had he lived longer, and of his very designing Conceptions.

THE

THE Beauty of some Thoughts is improv'd by keeping the Reader in Suspence, and by giving it a Turn unexpected and surprizing.

As in this Epigram, which was writ, and placed under the Picture of the most ingenious Lady, the Countess of *Sussex*. She was painted like a Goddess riding upon the Winds, in a Car.

*Quæ Dea sublimi rapitur per inania curru?*
*An* Juno, *an* Pallas, *num* Venus *ipsa venit?*
*Si genus inspicias*, Juno, *si scripta*, Minerva,
*Si species oculos*, Mater amoris *erit.*

*What Goddess see we riding in the Air?*
*Did* Pallas, Juno, Venus, *seem more fair?*
*If Blood, she's* Juno; *if bright Wit you prize,*
*She's* Pallas; *but she's* Venus, *if fine Eyes.*

OF this Sort are two Lines, which appear under the Picture of a very great and beautiful Lady in mourning for an unkind Husband.

*Mais Puisqu'il mourut sans remors,*
*Je porte le Deuil que par dehors.*

*But since without Remorse he dy'd,*
*I only mourn on the Outside.*

IT is possible, that of all Sorts of Writing, none will be found more Difficult than those in which we pretend to give a Person truly meritorious, his just Encomiums. Not to offend him, on the one Side, with gross fulsome Flattery, nor on the other, by any trivial Commonplace Address, is, what a polite Author will avoid with the greatest Precaution. Nobody was so happy in gratifying every Palate, as Mr. *Voiture*,

*ture*, but as he is at this Time of Day in everybody's Hands, and has been ſo frequently quoted; we ſhall only recommend him in general, as the moſt proper Author to be imitated in this particular. Amongſt ourſelves, never was anybody (how excellent a Poet ſoever) a greater *Dawber* in *Panegyrick* than Mr. *Dryden*, nor a *finer Painter* than Sir *Richard Steel*. The Truth of this will appear in almoſt all their Dedications. I could wiſh, for the Honour of the Clergy, eſpecially of thoſe who converſe more with Books than Men, that they would ſubmit the Addreſſes they prefix to their *learned Performances*, to the Correction of ſuch as are more converſant with *Politeneſs*. Their cuſtomary Recommendation of a Patron to *God* in Publick, is not more diſtaſteful than the repeated Attributes of Honour, and fine Qualities, with the which they generally equip him in a Dedication.

I HAVE often, when reading ſome ſuch *elaborate* uncouth Addreſs, fancy'd, the Doctor had ſpent his Time as ridiculouſly as if he had been manufacturing a Hobby-horſe in his Cloſet, with the ſimple Deſign of riding him afterwards: But a Word to the Wiſe.

ALTHO' Praiſes are ſometimes very juſtly apply'd, yet when they are not qualify'd, and diſguiſed a little by Art, but glare, as it were, impudently in the Eyes and Face, they make a modeſt Man turn his Head aſide, and wiſh his Ears out of the Reach of ſuch rough and windy Salutes. There is a Manner of approaching ſideways, which gently ſteals upon Self-Love, and ſooths a Man's Vanity, without offending his Modeſty; and there is as manifeſt a Difference between one Sort of Commendation, and another, as there is between the gentle Sighs and Perſuaſives of a well-bred true Lover, and the rude Approaches of an *Hibernian* Rake.

AS Dedications, and Panegyricks are generally very long breath'd, I muſt leave them to the Speculation of proper Judges.

IT

IT was formerly remark'd, that *Simplicity*, and *Sublimity* might very well meet together; but here we deſire to take Notice, that there is ſome Diſtinction made by Authors between *natural* and *ſimple Thoughts*. A natural Thought may be compared to a Running Water in a Garden, not forc'd thither by Art; or a Country Beauty, whoſe Colour is not owing to Paint. Ancient Authors abound with ſuch.

CICERO ſays of the *Coloſſus's* of *Ceres* and *Triptolemy*, that *Verres* could not bring them away with him out of *Sicily*, becauſe of their vaſt Weight, how much ſoever tempted by his rapacious Temper.

*THEIR Beauty put them in Danger of being taken, but their vaſt Bulk ſav'd them.*

BUT the ſame Orator has ſomething very natural upon *Craſſus*. In the firſt Place, he remarks, that this great Man expir'd before all the Troubles of the common Wealth, and that he neither ſaw the War kindled in *Italy*, the Baniſhment of his Son-in-Law, nor the Affliction of his Daughter, nor, in a Word, the mournful State of *Rome*, all diſfigur'd by an uninterrupted Sequel of Misfortunes. He ſays, *After all, it is my Opinion, that the Gods have not deprived him of Life, but have rather made him a Preſent of Death.* This Conception ariſes, you ſee, eaſily from the Subject, yet is there nothing flat and inſipid.

THERE is ſomething in *Voiture*, writing a conſolatory Letter to the Dutcheſs of *Longueville* upon the Death of her Father, ſo pretty, ſo eaſy, and uncommon, that I cannot paſs him by. He ſays,

*MADAM, it is wond'rous reaſonable, and equitable, that a Perſon ſo divine as yourſelf, ſhould accommodate yourſelf to the Will of Heaven, and that having receiv'd all from its Bounty, you ſhould reſign ſome Part to its Glory.*

WHERE the very Name of *Nature* enters, it imparts itſelf to the Expreſſion, as in this of *Guarinis*.

*Vergogna che'n Altrui ſtampi Natura*
*Non ſi puo rinegare, che ſe tu tenti,*
*Di Caccarla dal Cor, fugge nel volto.*

*Nature ſtamps Shame in ev'ry Heart,*
*Which ſerves inſtead of Grace;*
*And if you drive it from that Part,*
*It flies into the Face.*

SOMETIMES the very *Expreſſion* contributes mightily to the rendring of a Thought *eaſy* and *natural*. Theſe four Lines upon a *young Prince*, much pleas'd with himſelf, and thinking little of *Death*, will illuſtrate my Meaning.

*Vous avez beau charmer, vous aurez le deſtin,*
*De ces fleurs ſi fraiches, ſi belles,*
*Qui ne durent qu'un matin,*
*Comme elles vous plaiſez, vous paſſerez comme elles.*

*To little Purpoſe do you charm; your Fate*
*Is that of Flow'rs ſo freſh, ſo fine,*
*Which only for a Morning ſhine;*
*Like them you pleaſe, like them grow out of Date.*

BUT to conclude, when we have a *fine Taſte* by *Nature*, Inſtructions, or Comments of this Sort ſeem ſuperfluous. What we dignify with this Title, is a *natural Sentiment, inherent in the Soul*, and altogether independent of the *Sciences. A good Taſte is a certain Relation betwixt the Mind and the Object:* Or, in other Terms, *a Sort of Inſtinct of right Reaſon, which directs us better than all Rules and Arguments whatſoever.*

# *The* ROMANS.

AS well the Antients as Moderns have noble Thoughts upon the Subject of the *Roman* Greatneſs.

Jupiter *arce ſuâ totum cum ſpectat in Orbem,*
*Nil niſi* Romanum, *quod tueatur, habet.*

*When* Jove *ſurveys the Globe from his bright Dome,*
*He nothing views, but what belongs to* Rome.

AGAIN,

*Gentibus eſt aliis Tellus data limite certo,*
Romanæ *ſpatium eſt Urbis, & Orbis idem.*

*Whilſt narrow Bounds moſt Nations do reſtrain,*
Rome's *Limits, and the World's are ſtill the ſame.*

ACCORDING to *Virgil*, other Nations are more expert in forming of Statues, in pleading Cauſes, in obſerving the Revolutions of heavenly Bodies, and Courſes of the Stars. As for the *Romans*, their proper Buſineſs is to rule the Kingdoms of the World; to be the Arbiters of Peace, and War; to give Quarter to the vanquiſh'd, that ſubmit, and to ſubdue the Obſtinate, that dare reſiſt. *Æneid, lib.* 6.

THE

THE *French* Tranſlation is fine.

*D'autres peuples Sc'aurons l'art d'animer la cuivre,*
*Leurs Marbres, ſembleront reſpirer & Vivre:*
*D'autres de Léloquence emporteront le prix;*
*Ou d'ecritront L'Olympe, & Son Riche Lambris;*
*Ton Art Peuple Romain, ton illuſtre Science*
*Sera d'aſſervir tout á ta vaſte puiſſance,*
*De te rendre en tous lieux, dans la Guerre, & la Paix*
*L'Effroi des Enemis, & l'amour des Sujets.*

*Let others, caſt in Moulds with finer Art,*
*And Breath and Motion to rude Braſs impart:*
*An eaſy Mien imprint on Marble Face,*
*And burniſh ev'ry Limb with ſofteſt Grace:*
*In Eloquence excel, and win the Prize;*
*Make ſhine in Words the Wonders of the Skies.*
*But Rome, 'tis thy Prerogative alone,*
*To fix, by Arms, an univerſal Throne;*
*To give, at thy Diſcretion, War, or Peace;*
*Subdue the Proud, and humble Slaves releaſe.*
*Such Arts as theſe are thine, majeſtick Rome,*
*And well the Miſtreſs of the World become.*

ACCORDING to *Balzac*, the *Gauls* excell'd in Strength, and Numbers; the *Greeks* were moſt expert in Wreſtling, and Racing; but the *Romans* were beſt diſciplin'd, and beſt underſtood the Art of Government. And by this Diſcipline, which ſome Authors call the Foundation of all Empire, and the Riſe of all Triumphs, they ſubdu'd all Oppoſition of Number, Riches, Politeneſs, and Valour of other Nations.

In

In a Word, if we may believe Mr. St. *Evremont*, ſo magnanimous a Race of People would have choſe as ſoon to periſh as to fall; and eſteem'd it a Thing indifferent, either to be quite extinguiſh'd, or not be Maſters of the World.

This Turn is worthy of the *Roman* Generoſity, and St. *Evremont*'s Genius.

*Cicero*, ſpeaking of the Growth and Extent of the *Roman* Empire, ſays, *Non numero* Hiſpanos, *nec Robore* Gallos, *nec calliditate* Pœnos, *nec artibus* Græcos, *nec denique hujus gentis, & terræ domeſticæ, nativóque ſenſu*, Italos *ipſos &* Latinos; *ſed pietate, & religione, atque hâc unâ ſapientiâ, quod Deorum immortalium numine omnia regi, gubernarique proſpeximus, omnes gentes nationeſque ſuperavimus.*

We did not ſubdue the *Spaniards* by Numbers, the *Gauls* by Force, the *Carthaginians* by Stratagem, nor the *Greeks* by Arts; neither did we reduce our neighbouring *Italians* and *Latins* by any ſuperior or native Underſtanding; but by this Wiſdom alone, which taught us, that the whole World was govern'd by a divine Providence, did we conquer all Nations, and all Kingdoms.

It is certain (ſays *Balzac*) that God ſeemeth to have been more bountiful in former Times than at preſent; and altho' his Arm be not ſhortned, yet are his Hands leſs open'd.

Beſides the Right of Seniority, which Antiquity poſſeſs'd over theſe latter Times, ſhe had other Advantages which expir'd at the ſame Time, and which never had a Reſurrection: She poſſeſs'd Virtues, of which the preſent Age is not capable: It is not in us to form your *Camillus*'s nor *Cato*'s; we have not the Strength and Vigour of *Romans*: Inſtead of exciting our Courage, they reduce our Ambition to a State of Deſpair: They make us Preſents, but we have no Hands to receive them: They ſeem rather to brave us, than to inſtruct

us

us by their Actions: Their numerous and heroick Examples ingage us in Purſuits quite out of our Reach. It is poſſible (ſays he) that one great Man in an Age may be found; one priviledg'd Soul above the common Level of Mankind; but ſuch a Rarity puts an Accent of Reproach rather upon the preſent Generation, than of Honour and Renown: It expoſes more our Wants. Where is the Multitude? The Nation of brave and Heroic Spirits? We muſt ſearch for them in their Tombs, and adore their Relicks, either in the Books which they have writ themſelves, or thoſe which record their noble Atchievements.

THE Senate, familiar Converſation, Affairs Civil, and Actions Military, had all their proper Seaſons: The Theatre and Poetry had theirs: The Pleaſures and Entertainments of Wit were never better reliſh'd than amongſt the *Romans*; and with the ſame Hands they gain'd Battles, ſign'd the Deſtiny of Nations, and either writ or applauded the beſt Performances.

*SALUST* gives a charming Idea of the firſt *Romans*: War, ſays he, was their predominant Paſſion; and their Youth delighted infinitely more in poliſhing Arms, managing of Horſes, than in making Love, or any Sort of Debauchery. They were inur'd to Labour and Induſtry: No Place was inacceſſible to them; no Enemy terrible; their Valour render'd everything eaſy.

THEY had no Diſputes, but about Glory: Each Individual was ſolicitous to beat the common Enemy; to mount the Walls of a beſieg'd Town, and to exert his Courage in the moſt eminent Perils. It was in theſe that they plac'd their Riches, their Renown, their Nobility and their Grandeur: Greedy of Honour, prodigal of Money, they aſpir'd to an unlimited Glory, to a moderate and well-gotten Competency.

THE

THE moſt worthy preferr'd noble Actions to the fineſt Speeches; and lik'd much better to afford Matter of Commendation by their own Atchievements, than to recount what others had done.

JUSTICE was not more firmly eſtabliſh'd amongſt them by the Laws, than by Nature.

THEY had no Quarrels, no Differences, no Enmities, but with the Enemies of the Commonwealth. The Citizens diſputed about nothing but Virtue. They were magnificent in the Sacrifices of their Gods, Managers in their domeſtick Expences, faithful to their Friends, ſtrenuous and bold in War, equitable in Peace.

NOTHING can be ſeen finer than the Image of *Auguſtus* his Reign, after the Death of *Cæſar*. *Vell. Pat. lib. Hiſt.* 1.

PLAIN Dealing is recall'd to the Bar; Diſcord is baniſh'd the Senate; Equity and Juſtice return to the City, attended with Ability and Induſtry; the Magiſtrates have reſum'd their Authority; the Senators their ancient Majeſty; Decrees and Judgments their wonted Force: We ſee the Citizens reinſpir'd with a generous Emulation of doing good Actions; or forc'd upon ſuch by a happy Neceſſity: Virtue is honour'd; Vice puniſh'd; the inferior Rank have a Veneration for the Superior, without any Mixture of Awe, or Averſion; and the latter conſider the former without any Sentiments of Contempt.

THE Difference that *Saluſt* puts betwixt the Manners of the firſt Times of the Commonwealth, and thoſe of degenerate *Rome*, is very remarkable. Our Anceſtors, (ſays he) of all the Men in the World, were the moſt Religious, and the greateſt Enemies of Luxury. Their Piety ſerv'd as an Ornament to their Temples; and the Glory of their brave Atchievements, conſtituted all the Beauty of their Houſes.

OLD

OLD *Pliny* for this Reaſon reproaches the degenerate *Romans*, with ſaying, *Triumphabant etiam, dominis, mutatis ipſæ domus; & erat hæc ſimulatio ingens; exprobrantibus tectis quotidiè imbellem dominum intrare in alienum triumphum. The very Palaces, after the Change of their Maſters, ſeem'd alone to triumph: This itſelf was a mighty Incentive; the very Houſes daily reproaching the mean-ſpirited Owners, with intruding into other Men's Triumphs.*

THEY underſtood Moderation in Victory; and they depriv'd the vanquiſh'd only of the Liberty to do Hurt; but their Deſcendants, on the other Hand, the meaneſt ſpirited of all Mortals, diveſted their Allies of what victorious Heroes left their Enemies: As if to commit Outrages and Injuſtice, were the proper Exerciſe of Conquerors and Governors.

EMPIRES have the ſame Fate as private Families; and they fall gradually by the Indolence and Vices of Succeſſors, as they riſe by the Virtue and Induſtry of their Founders: For no ſooner did the noble Spirit of the *Camilli*, the *Fabricii*, and the *Scipio*'s expire, which propagated the *Roman* Greatneſs, and carry'd it to that vaſt Height in which it flouriſh'd at the Time of *Auguſtus*; but we meet with a mean and degenerate Race of *Caligula*'s, *Nero's*, and *Vitellius*'s, and theſe attended with a baſe and contemptible Train of Sycophants and Flatterers, who being conſcious of their own Want of Merit, were glad to give into all the Vices and Follies of their Superiors, and to raiſe their own Fortunes out of the Ruins of the Commonwealth; every brave Patriot, or Perſon of eminent Virtue, was deem'd tacitly to reproach others with a contrary Conduct; and a ſcandalous Informer never fail'd of Encouragement and Reward: At laſt, when the Riches of that numerous Nobility had chang'd Hands, the whole Buſineſs of the Miſtreſs of the World, was little more than to

build with the greateſt Magnificence, to feed with the greateſt Luxury, to attend the Theatres, and other Shows exhibited at incredible Expences, and in managing a Commerce of Flattery and Deceit; till at laſt this mighty People ſoftned into a Delicacy and Effeminacy, and their Genius ſtifled in all Manner of Debauchery; they languiſh'd ſome time in a Sort of national Conſumption, and at laſt expir'd: As they had vanquiſh'd the whole World by their Reſolution, and Virtue, ſo did they ſubdue themſelves by all the Practices of a mean and vicious Spirit; and *Rome* now ſtands a Monument as well of her own Peoples Folly, Vice, and Ruin, as ſhe does of their Wiſdom, Virtue, and Power.

When once Vice has, like a Plague, ſpread its Contagion over any Nation, and does not only walk barefac'd in all Shapes and Figures, but rides triumphant, and tramples under its Feet every Thing that bears the Name of Virtue, and Religion, it is no hard Matter to foreſee the moſt terrible Events, in Cauſes ſo prolifick and big with Ruin and Deſolation. *Lucan*, in Quality of Prophet as well as Poet, read the Deſtruction of the *Roman* Empire in its corrupted Manners, as plainly as if he had liv'd to ſee the ſad Cataſtrophe.

*Moſt fatal Seeds luxurious Vices ſow,*
*Which ever lay a mighty People low.*
*To* Rome *the vanquiſh'd Earth her Tribute paid,*
*And deadly Treaſures to her View diſplay'd:*
*Then* Truth *and ſimple Manners left the Place,*
*While* Riot *rear'd her lewd, diſhoneſt Face;*
Virtue *to full Proſperity gave Way,*
*And fled from* Rapine, *and the* Luſt *of Prey:*

On

*On ev'ry Side proud Palaces arise,*
*And laviſh Gold each common Uſe ſupplies;*
*Their Fathers frugal Tables ſtand abhorr'd,*
*And* Aſia *now, and* Africk *are explor'd,*
*For high-priz'd Dainties, and the Citron Board.*
*In ſilken Robes the Minion Men appear,*
*Which Maids, and youthful Brides ſhould bluſh to wear.*
*That Age by honeſt Poverty adorn'd,*
*Which brought the manly* Romans *forth, is ſcorn'd,*
*Where-ever ought pernicious does abound,*
*For Luxury all Lands are ranſack'd round,*
*And dear bought Deaths the ſinking State confound.*
*The* Curii's *and* Camilli's *little Field,*
*To vaſt extended Territories yield;*
*And* foreign Tenants *reap the Harveſt now,*
*Where once the great* Dictator *held the* Plow.

Rome, *ever fond of War, was tir'd with Eaſe;*
*Ev'n Liberty had loſt the Pow'r to pleaſe:*
*Hence Rage and Wrath their ready Minds invade,*
*And Want could ev'ry Wickedneſs perſwade:*
*Hence impious Pow'r was firſt eſteem'd a Good,*
*Worth being ſought with Arms, and bought with Blood:*
*With Glory* Tyrants *did their Country awe,*
*And* Violence *preſcrib'd the Rule to* Law:

*Hence pliant ſervile Voices were conſtrain'd,*
*And Force in popular Aſſemblies reign'd;*
*Conſuls, and Tribunes, with oppoſing Might,*
*Join'd to confound, and overturn the Right:*
*Hence ſhameful Magiſtrates were made for Gold,*
*And a baſe People, by themſelves were ſold:*
*Hence Slaughter in the venal Field returns,*
*And Rome her yearly Competitions mourns:*
*Hence Debt unthrifty, careleſs to repay,*
*And Uſury ſtill watching for its Day:*
*Hence Perjuries in ev'ry wrangling Court;*
*And War, the needy Bankrupt's laſt reſort.*

Rowe's Lucan. *Book I.*

# *Some general Expreſſions about* Liberty, *and* Independency.

THE Queen of *Sweden*, in her Letter to the King of *Poland*, upon the Occaſion of his raiſing the Siege of *Vienna*, expreſſes herſelf in a very juſt and noble Manner.

*Io chè Regni più non hò, lè devo la conſervatione della mia independenza è della quiete, chè io più ſtimo che tutti li Regni del Mondo.*

*I* WHO *no longer poſſeſs a Kingdom, am indebted to your Majeſty for the Preſervation of my Quiet, and Independency, which I eſteem more than all the Kingdoms of the Univerſe.*

IN another, to the ſame Prince; *A Niſſuno vivente portai io invidia già mai, ſolo V. M. m' ha' fatto provare queſta per me incognita paſſione della quale mi credei fin hora incapace. I never envy'd any Perſon living; your Majeſty alone has made me feel a Paſſion before unknown to me, and of which I thought myſelf incapable till this Moment.* She goes on; *Sappia però la V. M. che la mia invidia è di quella chè fà naſcere nel cuore quella ſomma ſtima ed ammiratione che à V. M. ſono douute. Io non le invidio il ſuo Regno nè quanti teſori è Spoglie ella s'aquiſtò. Io invidio ſolo à V. M. le ſue fatiche, è li ſuoi pericoli, io invidio il bel titolo di* Liberatore della Chriſtianità *il guſto di dare ogni hora*

*hora la vita è la libertà à tanti s'fortunati de gl'amici è nemici quali devono à lei ò la libertà o la vita loro.*

*YOUR Majeſty muſt, however, be appriz'd, that the Envy I bear you, is of a particular Nature, and which inſpires the Heart with infinite Eſteem, and that Admiration which is juſtly your due. I neither repine at your Poſſeſſion of Kingdoms, Treaſures got, or Spoils obtain'd in Battel. I envy the Fatigues you have undergone, and the Perils you have eſcaped. I envy you the glorious Attribute of* Deliverer of Chriſtendom : *The Pleaſure of giving Life and Liberty to ſo many unhappy People, Friends, and Enemies, who muſt ever ſtand indebted to you for the one or the other.*

*MONSIEUR* Balzac *writing to a Friend from his Solitude, expreſſeth himſelf with a good deal of Humour.*

I Do not care, ſays he, to return to a Country, where Men become hunch-back'd by ſcraping, and cringing. I am ſo happily ſituated, that all the Princes of the World act Comedies for my Diverſion: I poſſeſs all the Abundance of the Univerſe, from the Heights of Heaven, down to the Brooks and Springs; and with the greateſt Eaſe, obtain from the Moderation of my Deſires, what I never hope from the Liberality of Fortune. This being the true State of my Caſe, would you adviſe me to leave theſe Poſſeſſions, which nobody envies, and to neglect that precious Liberty, for which the *Hollanders* have ſacrific'd ſo much Blood, and contended with the *Spaniards* theſe Fifty Years?

HE who is ſenſible of a Felicity like this, who can look with Indifference upon the Grandeur of the World, and retire ſatisfy'd with the Income of Moderation, to the Enjoyment of good Books, little Company, and wiſe Reflections: Such a one, ſays Mr. *Amelote*, may be ſaid really to have found the Philoſopher's Stone.

A CER-

A CERTAIN *French* Gentleman, ſpeaking of his Independency, does not expreſs himſelf ill, if you give him ſome Grains of Allowance as a *Gaſcogne*; and, indeed, a Man of that Nation, who dares ſpeak againſt the Court, and in Favour of Liberty, deſerves all Sort of Indulgence.

*Je me ris des honneurs que tout le monde envie,*
*Je mépriſe des Grands le plus charmant accueil,*
*J'évite les Palais comme on fait un écueil,*
*Où pour un de ſauvé, mille perdent la vie.*

*Je fuis la Cour des Grands autant qu'elle eſt ſuivie;*
*Le Louvre me paroît un ſuperbe cercueil;*
*La pompe qui le ſuit une pompe de deüil,*
*Où chacun doit pleurer ſa liberté ravie.*

*Loin de ce grand écueil, loin de ce grand tombeau,*
*Je renferme en moi-même un empire plus beau.*
*Rois, Cours, Honneurs, Palais, tout eſt en ma puiſſance.*
*Pouvant ce que je veux, voulant ce que je puis,*
*Et vivant ſous les loix de mon indépendance:*
*Enfin les Rois ſont Rois, je ſuis ce que je ſuis.*

*The World's all envy'd Honours I deſpiſe,*
*And all the Pomps that dazzle vulgar Eyes;*
Proud Palaces, *like fatal* Rocks *I ſhun,*
*Where for One ſav'd, Ten thouſand are undone.*

*As others follow, I avoid the* Court,
*Which ſeems to me a Funeral Reſort*
*Of ſplendid Courtiers, that at Heart bemoan,*
*Their* Liberties *interred in a* Throne.

*Far*

*Far from this* Rock, *this mighty* Tomb *I reign*
*An independent* Monarch *in my* Soul;
*With Will, and Power equal, I maintain*
*An* Empire, *which no Mortal can controul.*
Kings *are but* Kings, *whilſt the more* Godlike I
Am what I am, *and all vain Pow'r defy.*

As never any great Miniſter ſeem'd to have the Intereſt of his Country more at Heart than *M. T. Cicero*, ſo did never any *Roman* ſpeak with more Freedom and Reſolution, than he in the moſt perilous Times in Defence of Liberty. In one of his Orations againſt *Anthony*, he addreſſes himſelf in this noble Manner to the Senate.

*QUID tam populare quam pax, quâ non modo ii quibus natura ſenſum dedit, ſed etiam tecta, atque agri mihi lætari videntur; quid tam populare quam libertas? Quam non ſolùm ab hominibus, verùm etiam à beſtiis expeti, atque omnibus rebus anteponi videtis. Quid tam populare quam otium? Quod ita jucundum eſt, ut & vos & majores veſtri, & fortiſſimus quiſque vir, maximos labores ſuſcipiendos putet, ut aliquando in otio poſſit eſſe, præſertim in imperio, ac dignitate.*

*PRO libertate, vitæ periculo decernendum eſt non enim in ſpiritu vita eſt, ſed ea nulla eſt omnino ſervienti. Omnes nationes ſervitutem ferre poſſunt, noſtra civitas non poteſt; nec ullam aliam ob cauſam, niſi quod illæ laborem, doloremque fugiunt, quibus ut careant, omnia perpeti poſſunt. Nos ita a majoribus inſtituti, atque imbuti ſumus, ut omnia conſilia atque facta ad virtutem & dignitatem referamus; ita præclara eſt recuperatio libertatis, ut ne mors quidem, ſit in repetendâ libertate, fugienda. Quod ſi immortalitas conſequeretur præſentis periculi fugam, tamen eò magis ea fugienda videretur, quò diuturnior eſſet ſervitus.*

*HANC igitur occaſionem oblatam tenete per Deos immortales P. C. & ampliſſimo orbis terræ conſilii principes vos eſſe aliquando recor-*

*recordamini. Signum date populo R. consilium vestrum non deesse reip. quoniam ille virtutem suam non defuturam esse profitetur: Nihil est quod moneam; nemo est tam stultus qui non intelligat si indormierimus huic tempori, non modo crudelem superbámque dominationem nobis, sed ignominiosam etiam & flagitiosam. Quod si jam, quod dii omen avertant, fatum extremum reip. venit; quod gladiatores nobiles faciunt, ut honestè decumbant; faciamus nos principes orbis terrarum gentiumque omnium ut cum dignitate potius cadamus, quam cum ignominiâ serviamus: Nihil est detestabilius dedecore, nihil fœdius servitute, ad decus & libertatem nati sumus, aut hæc teneamus, aut cum dignitate moriamur.*

" WHAT, honoured Fathers, is so beneficial and acceptable " as Peace, with whose Enjoyment, not only those Things " to which Nature has given Sense, seem to be pleas'd and " transported, but the very Fields and Houses. What so a- " greeable as Liberty? which you see is not only coveted by " Men, but Beasts, and is more valuable than all other Pos- " sessions whatsoever. What so desirable as Leisure and Re- " tirement? These, indeed, have been ever esteem'd so " charming, that both yourselves and Ancestors, and every " brave Man, has thought himself oblig'd to undergo the " greatest Fatigues, in order to sit down at last in Quiet; " especially, if invested with Power and Honour.

" WE ought to contend for Liberty at the Hazard of Life " itself. As Life does not consist in Spirit, or in being alive, " but in being free; so Slaves, in some Sense, may be pro- " nounc'd dead. All Nations can submit to Servitude, but " our City cannot; and for this Reason only, because they, to " avoid the Labours of Mind and Body, will suffer any other " Impositions; but so are we taught by our Forefathers, and " prepared by Nature, that we refer the whole Bent of our " Counsels and Actions to Virtue and Honour: So glorious is " the Recovery of our Liberty, that in her Pursuit, Death " itself is not to be avoided. Now if an Immortality could " attend our flying from the present Danger, we should the

"rather abhor it, because it would bind us in more lasting "Chains of Slavery.

"TAKE hold then, noble Fathers, of this Opportunity "which is offer'd you by the immortal Gods, and call to "Mind, at last, that you are the Heads, and Princes of the "greatest Council of the whole Earth: Give the *Roman* "People an Earnest of your assisting them with your Advice, "since they, for their Part, declare that they will stand by "you with their Virtue, and Courage. But I have little "Occasion for admonishing you; there is scarce any Man so "weak, as not to see, that if we slumber over this Occasion, "we must not only submit to a cruel, and proud, but a "scandalous, and flagitious Dominion: But if (which Omen "the Gods avert) the last Fate of *Rome* is at Hand, what ge-"nerous Gladiators do that they may dye with Honour, let "us do, who are Princes of the Nations of the whole Uni-"verse: Let us fall rather with Dignity, than serve with Ig-"nominy. Nothing is more detestable than Dishonour, no-"thing more scandalous than Slavery; we were born for "Honour and Liberty, let us either hold fast these, or sink "with Glory.

*O Liberty! thou Goddess, Heavenly bright,*
*Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight;*
*Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,*
*And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train:*
*Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,*
*And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight,*
*Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,*
*Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day.*

Addison.

HER Grace of *M——h* being at *Tunbridge* in the Year 1704, and at the very Time when the Duke obtain'd the most glorious Victory of *Blenheim*, there happened one Morning, as she

ſhe was ſitting near the Well, to be ſome Diſcourſe about Liberty, in which her Grace bore not only a Part, but diſtinguiſh'd herſelf in a particular Manner: A Gentleman, who was one of the Audience, took the Hint, and writ theſe Lines *ex promptu.*

*Madam, would you, with your Angelick Train,*
*Vouchſafe, each Year, to bleſs this humble Plain;*
*The* Spring *more fam'd than* Helicon *would grow,*
*And* Valley *riſe above* Parnaſſus's *Brow.*
*The* Senſe *that flows from your unerring* Tongue,
*Clear as this* Stream, *and like its Virtue ſtrong,*
*Shows, you alone, by* Heaven *were deſign'd*
*To form our Thoughts, and ſooth a* Monarch's *Mind.*
*From your bright* Preſence *all inſpir'd depart,*
*And feel a happy Change in* Head, *and* Heart.
*Had the* Nine Siſters *talk'd with ſuch a* Grace,
*Or* Learning *ever wore ſo fine a* Face,
*A ſhort Attention, and a Moment's Sight,*
*Had fill'd the Soul with every uſeful Light.*
*In painful Studies none had loſt their Eyes,*
*Nor grown more dull, in ſeeking to be wiſe.*
*Madam, proceed, perſuade us to be free;*
*And make us Captives to ſweet Liberty!*
*That when an Univerſal Peace ſhall ſmile,*
*And own her Influence to this happy Iſle,*
*No Conteſt may ariſe, but only who,*
*You, or your Hero did moſt Hearts ſubdue:*
*To Thouſands he gives Freedom by his Arms,*
*To Thouſands you, by Wit, and Beauty's Charms.*

# CATO.

SINCE of late the *Roman* Story has been with ſo great Force and Elegance adapted to the preſent Situation of Affairs, and all the great and good, as well as the mean and criminal, have been brought upon the Stage with the Deſign of encouraging true Patriots, and of expoſing and chaſtizing thoſe of a contrary Character, I ſhall not pretend to intermeddle with ſo arduous, and critical an Undertaking; but ſince of all thoſe numerous Heroes that adorn'd Antiquity, none ever affected me more than *Cato*, I deſire Leave to repeat ſome little of what the Hiſtorians, who liv'd in, and about his Time, have ſaid of him. *Valerius Paterculus* gives him this Character; *Homo virtuti ſimillimus, & per omnia, ingenio diis, quam hominibus propior, qui nunquam recta fecit, ut rectè videretur.* *A Man who bore the neareſt Reſemblance to Virtue, and whoſe Soul, upon all Emergencies, diſcover'd more a divine than human Nature; who never did a good Action with the Deſign of being ſeen.* He had no Notion of an Intereſt diſtinct from that of his Country; and ſhow'd, upon all Occaſions, the ſincereſt Paſſion for publick Liberty: This he purſu'd amidſt the greateſt Dangers; and entertain'd ever a generous Contempt for any Man's Enmity, when it came in Competition with the Safety of the Commonwealth.

*Such Virtue ſcorn'd on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,*
*Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Eaſe;*
*But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her State,*
*Then faireſt to herſelf, then moſt compleat,*
*When glorious Danger makes her truly great.*

As

As an Aſſemblage of fine Features and a true Porportion conſtitute a regular Beauty, in the ſame Manner do a thouſand rare and conſiſtent Qualities conſpire to the forming of a Man truly great; but not to run over the Catalogue of moral Virtues, it may be ſaid of *Cato*, that he was as conſummate and perfect, as right Reaſon, and the Light of Nature could make any Man: He was a great Philoſopher, excellent Soldier, ſteady Patriot, and ſure Friend.

*Few were his Words; but from an honeſt Heart,*
*Where Faction, and where Favour had no Part,*
*But Truth made up for Eloquence and Art.*
*Alike his Foes, and Fellows of his Cauſe*
*Approv'd his Deeds, and join'd their vaſt Applauſe.*

So well were the *Roman* People perſwaded of his Honour and Integrity, that the moſt ambitious Spirits of them all, did not dare to propoſe anything to him inconſiſtent with the publick Welfare; they might, and did, at laſt, enſlave the Empire; but they could not ſubdue the Mind of *Cato*.

*Et cuncta terrarum ſubacta*
*Præter atrocem animum* Catonis.

He could not be ſaid to adhere to a Side, ſo much as to the beſt choſen Principles; nor wou'd he have paid down the ſmalleſt Truth for the Purchaſe of the whole Empire. As the whole Study and Bent of his Life and Soul, was to reſcue his Country out of the Hands of rapacious, and tyrannical Conquerors, and to beſtow upon Mankind, if poſſible, a new Deſtiny; ſo finding, after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, the Affairs of the World deſperate, and deplorable, he retir'd with ſome ſcatter'd Remains of his Army to *Utica*; and perceiving amongſt theſe ſome of the *Senatorian Order*, he told them, that with all his Steadineſs and Reſolution, he did not pretend

pretend to live free, but amongſt Perſons in the ſame Condition: That it was his Conſolation, and hoped it would prove theirs, that the Virtuous were only happy, and free, the Wicked were wretched and Slaves. After this, he took his Leave of them in the tendereſt Manner, and kill'd himſelf: Which made *Cæſar* ſay, That *Cato*, envy'd him the Glory of ſaving his Life. So ſenſible were the *Romans* of the Loſs of ſo great a Man, of his ſincere Paſſion for his Country, and numberleſs Virtues, that they ſtrove who ſhould deliver him down to Poſterity with the greateſt Honour. *Seneca* pronounces of him, That *Jupiter* could not wiſh to ſee a more glorious Spectacle upon Earth, than that of *Cato*, ſuſtaining himſelf in the midſt of a routed Party, ſtanding firm, and unſhaken amongſt the Ruins of a Commonwealth; that *Cato* could not ſurvive Liberty, nor Liberty ſurvive *Cato*.

SINCE *Lucan* goes a great deal out of his Way, purpoſely to put the following Speech into *Cato*'s Mouth, we hope to have ſome Indulgence likewiſe, for inſerting it in this Place.

CATO in his March being ſuppos'd to arrive at the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, one of his Generals, *Labienus*, deſires Leave to conſult that Oracle about the Event of the War, to whom *Lucan* makes *Cato* give this noble and ſublime Anſwer.

*Full of the God that dwelt within his Breaſt,*
*The Hero thus his ſecret Mind expreſs'd,*
*And inborn Truths reveal'd; Truths which might well*
*Become even Oracles themſelves to tell.*
*Where would thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?*
*What miſtick Fate, what Secret wouldſt thou know?*
*Is it a Doubt, if Death ſhould be my Doom,*
*Rather than live 'till Kings, and Bondage come,*
*Rather than ſee a Tyrant crown'd in Rome?*

Or

*Or wouldſt thou know, if what we value here,*
*Life, be a Trifle, hardly worth our Care?*
*What by old Age, and length of Days we gain,*
*Does more than lengthen out the Senſe of Pain?*
*Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,*
*The univerſal Malice of Mankind,*
*Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt Mind?*
*If ſtable Virtue can her Ground maintain,*
*While Fortune feebly threats, and frowns in vain?*
*If Truth and Juſtice with Uprightneſs dwell,*
*And Honeſty conſiſts in meaning well?*
*If Right be independent of Succeſs,*
*And Conqueſt cannot make it more or leſs?*
*Are theſe, my Friend, the Secrets thou would'ſt know,*
*Thoſe Doubts, for which to Oracles we go?*
*'Tis known, 'tis plain, it is already told,*
*And horned* Ammon *can no more unfold.*
*From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,*
*We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:*
*And tho' the Prieſts are mute, and Temples ſtill,*
*God never wants a Voice to ſpeak his Will.*
*When firſt we from the teeming Womb were brought,*
*With inborn Precepts, then our Souls were fraught,*
*And then the Maker his new Creatures taught:*
*Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,*
*He gave us all our uſeful Knowledge then.*
*Can'ſt thou believe the veſt eternal Mind,*
*Was e'er to* Syrts *and* Libian *Sands confin'd?*

M

*That-*

*That he would chooſe this waſte, this barrren Ground,*
*To teach the thin Inhabitants around;*
*And leave his Truth in Wilds, and Deſarts drown'd?*
*Is there a Place that God would chooſe to Love,*
*Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon Heaven above,*
*And virtuous Minds the nobleſt Throne of* Jove?
*Why ſeek we farther, then? Behold around,*
*How all thou ſee'ſt does with the God abound;*
Jove *is alike in all, and always to be found.*
*Let thoſe weak Minds who live in Doubt and Fear,*
*To jugling Prieſts for Oracles repair:*
*One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,*
*My fix'd, my certain Soul from doubt has freed,*
*The Coward, and the Brave are doom'd to fall;*
*And when* Jove *told this Truth, he told us all.*

## *MECÆNAS.*

*MECÆNAS* was generally reputed more a Man of Letters, than a Man of War; yet what is wonderful, there are no Pieces remaining, that, with any Certainty, can be attributed to him, or that carry the Stamp of ſo great a Genius.

If his Works are loſt, his Fame and Glory will, however, live as long as Books ſhall have any Exiſtence in the World: He

He had a ſincere Paſſion for all Sort of polite Learning; and honour'd all Men with his Friendſhip, and an unaffected Intimacy, that exceell'd that Way: He did not only give them his Heart, but his Purſe; and theſe, on the other Hand, gratefully repaid the Benefits of a ſhort Life, with Immortality.

As *Auguſtus*, by his mighty Talent, for Government, ſeem'd deſtin'd to be Emperor of the World; ſo did *Mecænas* ſeem ordain'd to be his Miniſter, or rather, a wiſe, and happy Favourite, who did not ſo much execute his Maſter's Will, as preſide over it by the Mediation of the ſoundeſt Reaſon, temper'd with the greateſt Complacency, and good Breeding.

His great and fruitful Genius gave him, by Way of Advance, all that Knowledge which is generally collected from a long Train of Obſervation, and a great Diverſity of Events: And his Generoſity was ſo great and diffuſive, that he gilded an Iron Age, and render'd Monarchy not only ſupportable, but agreeable to a People paſſionately fond of Liberty: He ſeldom aſk'd Favours, but in order to diſpence them to his Maſter's Honour. All Perſons of Merit were ſure to be Sharers in his Felicity; and he was much more inclin'd to give Ear to good Reports, than any Sort of artful and envious Inſinuations. He was ſo far from diſcouraging all Addreſs to him, by a formal Look, or ſtiff Behaviour, that, with a chearful and open Countenance, he encourag'd modeſt and diſtreſs'd Merit to approach him: As he had ever the Inclination to grant Favours, ſo none departed diſſatisfy'd who had the leaſt Reaſon to expect them. But with all this, he did not want Reſolution to give a Denial: The Impudent, and Importunate, did never obtain from a vicious Weakneſs, what was due to Virtue. In a Word, he was the Channel through which the Riches of the Empire flow'd to the Meaneſt; and he never thought Money better laid out, than when he purchas'd for his Maſter the Affections of the People.

THE Quickneſs of his Parts gave him a great Dexterity and Facility in the Diſpatch of Buſineſs; and altho' he was wonderfully aſſiduous, yet did he never ſeem puzzled, or perplex'd, or more out of Humour than if he were about ſome ordinary Diverſion.

HE paſs'd with the ſame Facility from his Pleaſures to Affairs of State, as from theſe to his Pleaſures; but his Diverſions were ſo refin'd, and ſhared by ſo many Perſons of excellent Wit, and Learning, that he improv'd his Mind even by his Amuſements. As he was indebted for his excellent Qualities, both of Mind and Heart, to the Bounty of Nature, and not to the Liberality of his Prince, ſo could no Change or Revolution of State Affairs, no Violence raviſh them from the Poſſeſſor: Treaſures of another Kind, when compar'd with theſe, are little to be valued.

THEY may procure hypocritical Adorers, but never true Friends: In a Word, a Miniſter of this Character ſeems to have treaſur'd all his Riches in his Soul; he has nothing to apprehend from abroad, and his Pleaſures are as free and extenſive as his Thoughts.

# *Some* RULES *of Qualification for Miniſters of State; by Cardinal* Richelieu.

BY Way of Preface to theſe Inſtructions, I think it not improper to take Notice of that Part of this great Man's *Character* which had an immediate Reference to himſelf as a *Miniſter*. Mr. *Coſtar* ſays, That whoever had the good Fortune to approach his Perſon, when he had the Conduct of all great Affairs, they never obſerv'd any Difference in him, beſides that of having as much the Power to oblige, as he had before, the Inclination. And to the ſame Effect the *Cardinal* ſays of himſelf; That he treated all Men with great Civility who made their Addreſſes to him. The Nature of Affairs, which obliges one to give frequent Denials, does not allow (ſays he) either of a diſobliging Look, or harſh Language; but my ill State of Health would not permit me to give Acceſs to all that deſir'd it; and this gave me frequently ſo great Uneaſineſs, that it made me frequently think of a Retreat.

## *His Rules are theſe.*

THE Capacity of a States-man does not require a pedantick Sufficiency: There is nothing more dangerous to the Publick, than thoſe who pretend to govern Kingdoms by ſuch Maxims as they extract from Books. They frequently by this Method ſubvert 'em; becauſe the *Paſt* has no Reference to the *Preſent*, and the Conſtitution of Times, Places, and Perſons, changes.

IT requires only a well temper'd, and ſteady Mind, Solidity of Judgment, a true Spring of Prudence, a ſufficient Tincture of Learning, a general Knowledge of Hiſtory, and the preſent Conſtitution of all the States in the World, and particularly that of one's own Country.

TWO Things are chiefly to be conſider'd for this Purpoſe.

THE *Firſt* is, That great Wits are more dangerous than uſeful, in all publick Tranſactions: If a *Genius* has not more of *Saturn* than *Mercury*, he will prove altogether inſignificant to the State.

SOME there are extremely fertile in Inventions, abounding in Expedients, but ſo variable in their Deſigns, that their Morning and Evening Opinions are ever at Variance, and who have ſo little Choice, or Connexion in their Reſolutions, that they change the Good as well as the Bad, and never are conſtant to any one Purpoſe. I may with Truth aſſert, as knowing it by Experience, that the fickle Diſpoſition of ſuch Sort of People is not leſs dangerous in the Adminiſtration of publick Affairs, than the Malice of a great many others.

A GREAT deal may be juſtly fear'd from Minds whoſe Vivacity is attended with a ſlender Judgment; whereas, ſuch

ſuch as excel on the diſcreet and ſober Side, although they prove of no great Extent, will not, however, fail of being uſeful.

The *Second* Remark which I think to make upon this Subject, is, That nothing can be more dangerous, than to place in Authority ſome Sort of Men who have not Diſcretion ſufficient to govern their own Actions; and yet eſteem themſelves too abounding to ſtand in Need of anybody's Aſſiſtance: They can neither take any good Advice from their own Heads, nor follow their Admonitions, who are very capable of giving the beſt Counſels; hence flow a thouſand Miſtakes and Inconveniencies.

Presumption is one of the greateſt Vices a Man can be poſſeſs'd with in publick Employments, and ſuppoſing Humility not to be neceſſary in ſuch as are deſtin'd to be *Miniſters*. Modeſty, however, is abſolutely requiſite; it being moſt certain, that the greater any Spirit is, the leſs capable does it ſometimes find itſelf of Society, and Advice; Qualities, without which, even thoſe to whom Nature has been moſt bountiful in her Gifts, are little fitted for Rule and Government. Without Modeſty, great Wits are ſo wedded to their own Opinions, that they condemn all others, how good ſoever; and the Pride of their natural Conſtitution, join'd to their Authority, renders them altogether inſupportable.

The moſt able Stateſman in the World, is oblig'd ſometimes to give Attention to his Inferiors in Capacity. As he himſelf is concern'd, in Prudence, to ſpeak but little, ſo is he to hear a great deal: Some Advantage is to be made of all Sorts of Advices; the good are profitable in themſelves, and the bad confirm the good.

In a Word, every Miniſter's Capacity muſt be adorn'd with Modeſty; and if to this Quality, he has the Addition of a well

well natur'd Diſpoſition, and Solidity of Judgment, he will be as well accompliſh'd as is neceſſary.

THE Cardinal, *in the Introduction of his Work, addreſſing himſelf to his Prince, expreſſes himſelf like a very faithful and great Miniſter.*

BEING reduc'd (*ſays he*) to an extream ill State of Health, and not able to execute this Project of writing my Sentiments ſo perfectly, and ſo copiouſly as I deſire, for the Glory of your Perſon, and the Advantage of your Dominions, I thought, however, that I could not excuſe myſelf from leaving your Majeſty ſome Memoirs of what I eſteem'd the moſt Important, and conducive to the Proſperity of your Government, without being reſponſible for the Neglect before God.

TWO Things perſuade me chiefly to this Undertaking: The *Firſt* is, The Fear, and the Deſire I have to finiſh my Days, before the Courſe of yours be ended.

THE *Second* is, The faithful Paſſion I entertain for your Majeſty's Intereſt; which makes me not only deſire to ſee you flow in Proſperity as long as I live, but wiſh with Ardour to have a Proſpect of its Duration, at that Time, when the inevitable Tribute, which everybody muſt pay to Nature, ſhall prevent my being an Eye-witneſs of it.

IF my Ghoſt, which will appear in theſe Memoirs, can, after my Deceaſe, contribute anything to the Government of this great Kingdom; in the Management whereof your Majeſty was pleas'd to give me a greater Part than I could pretend to deſerve, I ſhall eſteem myſelf infinitely happy.

AFTER having examin'd the neceſſary Qualifications of Miniſters, I cannot forbear (*ſays the Cardinal*) obſerving, that as many Phyſicians do more frequently kill than cure the Patient, ſo will any State receive greater Damage than Advantage

tage from numerous Counſellors. As for my Part, I think Four ſufficient; and that One of theſe ſhould preſide effectually over the reſt; he ſhould, be as it were, the *Primum Mobile*, giving Motion to all other inferior Orbs, without being mov'd himſelf by any Impulſe, or Conſtraint, but that of his own Intelligence. The natural Envy that is generally to be found amongſt equal Powers, is too obvious to merit many Words to prove this Aſſertion; what one advances, will be diſapprov'd by another; and if the beſt Advice were given by a Man of conſummate Integrity, It would not fail to be eluded and baffled from a Principle of Vanity, by another of greater Wit and Penetration: Every Individual would have his particular Followers, who inſtead of fixing a State by Union, would tear it in Pieces by Cabals and Parties. As Diſtempers and Death proceed from the ill Accord of Elements, which form the Conſtitutions and Temperaments of Mankind; ſo is it certain, that the Contrariety, and the little Agreement that is ever to be found amongſt equal Powers, will ſubvert the Peace and Repoſe of thoſe States that are under their Direction, and will produce divers Accidents, which at laſt will intirely ſubvert and deſtroy them.

If it be true, that Monatchical Government has the neareſt Reſemblance to that of God: If all Politicks ſacred, and prophane teach, that this Sort of Government ſurpaſſes all thoſe which have ever yet been put in Practice; we may boldly pronounce, that if the Soveraign cannot, or will not even have his Eye upon the Map and the Compaſs; Reaſon requires abſolutely, that he ſhould give that Truſt to ſome particular Perſon.

As many Pilots never at the ſame Time put their Hands to the Helm; ſo muſt one only manage that of the State; he may take the Advice of others, nay he ought ſometimes to deſire it: But it is his Buſineſs to examine, whether or no the Advice be good, and to turn his Hand this Way, or that, as he thinks moſt proper; for the avoiding of a Storm, or making the beſt of his Way.

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THE whole of the Matter conſiſts, upon this Occaſion, in making a good Choice, and in not being deceiv'd. There is nothing ſo eaſy as to find a firſt Mover, who may act without being acted himſelf by any other ſuperior Authority, beſides that of his Maſter; but there's nothing ſo hard to meet with, as a Perſon who acts well, without being acted by any Conſideration whatſoever, that may diſorder the Steadineſs of his Conduct. Every Man, in his own Judgment, will think himſelf capable of this Function; but no Man can be his own Judge in this Cauſe: The Determination of ſo important a Fact muſt depend upon ſuch as are not blinded by any particular Views of Intereſt.

SUCH an one will be proof againſt the Practices, the Bribes, and Preſents of the State's Enemies, who cannot be ſo againſt their Artifices.

ANOTHER ſhall give Way to ſome Intereſts not in themſelves criminal; and which, however, would not fail to bring notable Prejudice to the State.

MANY are to be found, who would chuſe rather to dye, than to make the leaſt falſe Step againſt their Conſciences; who wou'd prove, however, altogether uſeleſs to the Publick, becauſe ſo frail, as to yield to Importunities, and thoſe tender Sentiments which they entertain for their Friends.

ANOTHER, who is not capable of being influenc'd by any Intereſt whatſoever, may ſtill be ſo, by Timidity, Surprize, or a pannick Terror.

I VERY well know, that Capacity, Probity, Courage, and in one Word, thoſe Qualities which we have attributed to Counſellors of State, may poſſibly remedy ſuch Inconveniencies: But to be ingenious, as the Miniſter we deſcribe muſt exceed all others in Authority, ſo muſt he, in all theſe eminent Qualities; and, conſequently, he muſt be carefully look'd into,

into, and examin'd, before he is fix'd in ſo arduous, and high an Imployment.

THE Prince ought to have a ſufficient Knowledge himſelf of a Perſon to whom he would commit ſo great a Truſt; and altho' the Choice muſt depend chiefly upon himſelf, yet ſhould it be accompany'd, if poſſible, with the Approbation of the Publick; becauſe, if he has the good Wiſhes of the World on his Side, he will be more capable of doing good.

IN the ſame Manner as thoſe who excel moſt in aſtronomical Calculations, muſt not be deceiv'd in a ſingle Minute, leaſt their Judgments prove ſubject to a thouſand Falſities, and Errors; ſo is it true, that if his Qualities, who is deſtin'd to govern others, are only good in Appearance, his Conduct will prove wretched; and if they are only moderate, his Adminiſtration will be found the ſame.

IT is eaſy to repreſent thoſe Qualities with which a firſt Miniſter ought to be inveſted; but it is very difficult to find them all in one Subject: Yet may it be with Truth aſſerted, That the Happineſs, or Miſery of any State, depends upon ſuch a Choice; and this lays an indiſpenſable Obligation upon *Sovereigns*, of either taking this Charge upon themſelves, a Weight inſeperable to the wearing of a Crown, or of making Choice of ſuch a Perſon as is qualify'd, to eaſe them of this Oppreſſion, by being approv'd both by God and Man.

I ONLY give this Sketch of Cardinal *Richelieu*'s *Teſtament Politique*, in order to recommend it to all young Gentlemen who deſire to underſtand the Conſtitution of *France*, or, indeed, any other Kingdom that tranſacts any Buſineſs of State with that Monarchy.

# *A few REMARKS upon Counſel, and Politicks.*

ALL Matters of Counſel, are like dead Images; they muſt be inſpir'd with Life, and Motion by the ableſt Miniſters. Theſe ought to be conſulted with, both ſeperately, and together; for in private, Opinion is more diſengag'd from Awe; in publick, it is more retain'd by Reſpect. Let a Prince, when he preſides in Council, take Care he does not diſcover his own Inclinations; for ſhould he give the leaſt Hint, obſequious Courtiers will ſoon take the Scent, and in lieu of giving their ſincere Advice, will ſing him a Song of Complaiſance, or *Placebo*. Lord *Bacon*.

WE ſee in all Times (ſays the Lord *Clarendon*) how Compliance, and Flattery, gets the better of Honeſty, and Plain-dealing. All Men, indeed, love beſt thoſe that diſpute not with them: A Misfortune, whilſt it is amongſt private Perſons, that is not ſo much taken Notice of; but it becomes remarkable, and grows a publick Calamity, when this uncomely Obſequiouſneſs is practis'd toward great Princes, who are apt to miſtake it for Duty, and to prefer it before ſuch Advice as is really good for their Service; at leaſt, 'till the Folly and Vanity of ſuch Proceedings comes to be ſeen through; and then the Reward of ſuch unſeaſonable Courtſhip frequently overtakes the miſerable Authors, tho' the Diſcovery comes too late to preſerve from Ruin the Maſter, who hath been deluded.

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THE Truth is, the ſinking and near deſperate Condition of Monarchy in this Kingdom, can never be buoy'd up, but by a prudent and ſteady Council attending upon the Virtue and Vivacity of the King; nor be preſerv'd, and improv'd, when it is up, but by cheriſhing, and preſerving the Wiſdom, Integrity, Dignity, and Reputation of that Council, the Luſtre whereof always reflects upon the King himſelf; who is not thought a great Monarch when he follows only his own Reaſon, and Appetite; but when for informing his Reaſon, and guiding his Actions, he uſes the Service, Induſtry, and Faculties of the wiſeſt Men. And tho' it hath been, and will be always neceſſary to admit to thoſe Councils ſome Men of great Power, who will not take the Pains to improve their great Parts, yet the Number of the whole ſhould not be too great, and the Capacities and Qualities of the moſt, ſhould be fit for Buſineſs, that is, either for Judgment and Diſpatch, or one of them at leaſt, and for Integrity above all.

*APOLLONIUS*, upon *Veſpatian*'s aſking him the Reaſon of *Nero*'s Overthrow, ſaid, *Nero* could touch and tune the Harp well; but in Government he uſed to wind the Pins too high, ſometimes he let them down too low. The Wiſdom of all theſe latter Times in Princes Affairs, has been (ſays Lord *Verulam*) rather fine Deliveries, and Shiftings of Dangers, when near, than ſolid and well-grounded Courſes to keep them aloof. But in the Triumvirate of King *Henry the Eighth*, *Francis the Firſt* of *France*, and *Charles the Fifth*, there was a juſt Ballance of Power maintain'd. This Obſervation has Reference only to foreign Affairs; but *Apollonius*'s Anſwer may, I think, be altogether as well apply'd to the ſtretching of the Prerogative beyond its juſt Pretenſions at Home; and give Room to a politick Maxim, as expreſs'd in the Preface to my Lord *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory.

WHEN any King, by ill Judgment, or ill Fortune of his own, or thoſe intruſted by him in the chief Adminiſtration of his Government, happens to fall into an Intereſt contrary to that of his People, and will purſue that Miſtake, that Prince muſt have terrible Conflicts in the Courſe of his Reign, which Way ſoever the Controverſy ends. On the other Hand, that People, who, tho' invaded and oppreſs'd in their juſt Rights and Liberties, ſhall not reſt ſatisfy'd with reaſonable Reparation and Securities; but, having got Power into their Hands, will make unjuſtifiable Uſe of it, to the utter Subverſion of that Government they are bound in Duty and Allegiance to ſupport, do but, at laſt, make Rods for their own Backs, and very often bring upon themſelves, from other Hands, a more ſevere Bondage than they had ſhook off.

*HENRY the Third* of *France* enter'd into a League to extirpate the Proteſtants; and ſoon after the ſame League was turn'd againſt himſelf: For when the Authority of Princes is made but an Acceſſary to a Cauſe, and that there be other Motives ſtronger than thoſe of Sovereignty, Kings begin to be put almoſt out of Poſſeſſion. Lord *Verulam*.

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BUT there is no Neceſſity for looking Abroad for Inſtances of learned and polite Ladies; for, not to mention a Miracle like that of our Queen *Elizabeth*, nor ſeveral very great Ladies at this Time of Day, with whoſe Characters I ſhall not preſume to meddle, (remembring that the greateſt *Dawbers* are ever ſpoiling *Kings* and *Queens Pictures*) I ſhall only take Notice that we have had, and have at this Time ſome of the fair Sex, not of ſo high a Degree, who excel in all Parts of polite Learning, and have writ ſome Things with ſurprizing Wit and Accuracy. But no Perſon has diſtinguiſh'd her ſelf in a finer and more commendable Manner, than ſhe who writ a Book ſome Years ſince, call'd, *The Principles of a Daughter of the Church of* England, as well as ſeveral other Tracts, which ſhew her equally devout, ingenious, and learned: So well ſatisfy'd is this Gentlewoman with doing good to the World, that ſhe ſeems to deſire no other Enjoyment of it, and lives like a *Herwit* upon *Earth*, that ſhe may the better ſhew others the Way to Heaven. How happy would it prove for us, could we, inſtead of adorning our Cloſets with a Picture, which is not, it may be, to be obtain'd from her Modeſty, adorn our Lives with the Image of her Mind, illuſtrated by the fineſt Precepts, and beſt Example.

A LET-

# *A LETTER to Miſtreſs .... upon the Marriage of Madamoiſelle* Pelliſari *with Mr.* Wharton, *an* Engliſh *Gentleman. After the Manner of Mr.* Pavillon.

IT is moſt certain, Madam, that our Bridegroom does not ſpeak a Word of *French*, and that the Bride ſpeaks as little *Engliſh*: This appears at firſt Sight whimſical enough; but it is for want of conſidering the Matter in all its Circumſtances as it ought to be.

*In ſpite of* Babel's *old Confuſion,*
Love *keeps a Tongue of ſweet Deluſion;*
*And tho' he be a mighty Ranger;*
*Yet in no Part is he a Stranger;*
*Where e'er he paſſes, he will find*
*A Language ſuited to the Mind.*
*Magick Signs, and Sighs impart*
*His Meaning to each am'rous Heart.*

As he is the Father of all Mortals, ſo is he underſtood by all their Children. It's true, when he finds himſelf inclin'd to play ſome unlucky Prank, as it is neceſſary that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf, ſo muſt he likewiſe make uſe of the Language of the Country; but when he proceeds under the Conduct

duct of *Hymen*, without whoſe Protection he can't hope to be well receiv'd amongſt Perſons of Honour; it is ſufficient only to ſhew himſelf to be underſtood, and all the World then ſpeaks in his Favour.

*Let him then himſelf expreſs*
*As he beſt pleaſes, for he's ſure*
*Never to fail of good Succeſs,*
*When his Deſigns are good and pure.*

THE Reaſon of this is, that the Language of Love is no more than a ſimple Tradition, and moſt eaſy, of which Nature is *Depoſitary*, and which ſhe never fails of revealing to all *young Ladies* in Time of Neceſſity.

*For when we come to ſolemnize*
*Love's awful, private Myſteries,*
Hymen, *amongſt all Nations,*
*Has, upon theſe Occaſions,*
*A certain Application*
*That don't want Explanation.*

DON'T then wonder, *Madam*, that two Perſons, Strangers, and of Languages ſo different, could reſolve to marry; and believe it, as an Article of Faith, that in ſuch Rencounters, and upon ſuch Emergencies, all the World ſpeaks *French*. You may add to this, that every young Couple has a particular Way of entertaining themſelves independently of all the Tongues in the World.

*Complements are idle Things,*
*When once we come to Bed;*
*And ſhe that a good Stomach brings,*
*Is not ſo to be fed.*

LOVE is the only one amongſt the *Deities*, whoſe Service has never changed; his Worſhip is the ſame now that it ever was ſince the World began: The ſame *Vows* are made him, the ſame *Sacrifices* offer'd, the ſame *Victims* ſlain; and when two Lovers agree heartily to aſſiſt at theſe *myſterious Rites*, no ſooner are the profane baniſh'd, and ſent away, but the two *Lovers*, full of the God that poſſeſſeth them, comprehend, in an Inſtant, all Ceremonies, and every individual Thing that can be done to his Honour and Glory. Now ſhould you argue in the ridiculous Manner of *Thomas Diafoirus*, our young Couple do not ſpeak the ſame Language, *ergo* they do not underſtand one another, he would anſwer you, *Diſtingua*, Madam, they do not underſtand each other in the Day; *Concedo*, Madam, they do not underſtand each other in the Night; *Nego*, Madam: Now to have an Underſtanding all the Night, is to have a good Underſtanding half of their Lives, and that is a great deal for marry'd People: I know a great many, and you too, who ſpeak very good *French*, that would deſire nothing more.

*That marry'd Man is happy, ſure,*
*Who ſpends the Night in ſilent Joys,*
*And paſſes the whole Day ſecure*
*From his Wife's Folly, and her Noiſe.*

## *To two young Idle* LADIES.

LADIES, I am appriz'd with what Rigour you put in Practice the Rules of our moſt happy *idle Order*, and that you would not, for the Sake of all Worldly Enjoyments, break the Vow of *Indolence* that you made in my Hands. It is not then with the Deſign of making you violate your pious Reſolutions, that I give you the Fatigue of peruſing this Billet, but of delivering you only from ſome *Scruples* into which a ſuperſtitious *Idleneſs*, like that of yours, might poſſibly throw you.

*Tho' doing nothing's underſtood,*
*To be alone your ſoveraign Good;*
*Yet the moſt Learned do allow,*
*Some ſmall Abatements to your Vow.*
*You may then where, and when you pleaſe,*
*Stretch'd in a Chair, or Couch at Eaſe,*
*Admit a Kiſs, and ſomething more,*
*From the ſweet Man you moſt adore.*

A PERFECT *Supineſs*, and *Tranquillity*, are Virtues, it is true, that you profeſs; yet, methinks, with all Security, you may receive a Love Letter, peruſe it with Pleaſure, and ſome Emotion of the Heart, provided you do not anſwer it at a Time when you are preſſed by a more immediate Engagement of Love, or any other trifling Amuſement.

*It is, no Queſtion, wond'rous ſweet;*
*To pleaſe, and ſooth an Inclination;*
*Yet is the Care and Pain too great,*
*To make, and keep an Aſſignation:*
*But ſhould Fortune ſend a Lover,*
*In a Moment, ſoft and tender,*
*Paſs all idle Scruples over,*
*And both Heart and Soul ſurrender.*

THERE is a delicate Sin againſt *Idleneſs*, which will ſteal upon the Unguarded, without the greateſt Precaution, which is that of taking ſome Pains to be agreeable.

*Now for ever to be ſighing,*
*Be languiſhing, and dying,*
*Playing the ſly Coequette's Part,*
*To ſurprize, and catch a Heart,*
*Is againſt all grave Injunction,*
*And much below your idle Function:*
*But then, on the other Side,*
*Meanly to run away, or hide;*
*To wage a War with Inclination,*
*When you have a ſweet Temptation,*
*And obſtinately to reſiſt,*
*When with Eaſe you may be kiſt;*
*Are Crimes againſt your meek Profeſſion;*
*And well deſerve ſevere Confeſſion.*

I Do.

I Do admit and grant, Ladies, that in the Statutes of pure Idleneſs, it is moſt expreſly forbid and defended to all ſuch as, like you, incline to live and die under the ſweet Diſpenſation of a rigorous Tranquillity, of what Shape, Beauty, and Condition ſoever they may be, to entertain, in the whole Courſe of their Lives, any the leaſt Concern about the Manage of their Houſes, Kindneſs for their Huſbands, or Uneaſineſs for their Children; to make, accordingly, in what Time ſoever, any Viſits due to Duty, Ceremony, or Relations: In a Word, to trouble themſelves with anything in the World, beſides what paſſes within the Curtains of their Beds, and Walls of their Chambers. This does not, however, hinder, but that a true *idle Body*, without infringing the Rules of Obſervance, may make uſe of the Indulgence granted Time out of Mind, to the Neceſſities of her Sex: That is to ſay, ſhe may talk for Hours together, provided it be againſt her Rival; that ſhe does not think before ſhe ſpeaks, nor remember a Word ſhe ſays; for ſome Actions of the Mind, if not under proper Regulations, may be found as much againſt the Rules of your Order, as thoſe of the Body.

Of this Kind, I ſuppoſe, none may give greater Diſcompoſure than the Thoughts of ſaying Prayers, or doing Charities. To ſet your Conſciences then right in this Particular, you may pleaſe to obſerve, that altho' in Times of old, a *Sacrifice* was not eſteem'd good without a *ſound Heart*, yet a *ſound Heart* at this Time of Day, makes a good *Sacrifice*: If you have only a certain Biaſs, and Bent to do good, it is not a Farthing matter whether you make any Motion towards that Good or not; according to this Maxim, you may wiſh everybody well, and never do a charitable Action; and ſtretch out your Arms to yawn, but never to work, or pray. In Love Affairs, you may think quietly without abrupt Doing; and do quietly without abrupt Thinking, and ſo keep one Part idle at leaſt: For there can be no Harm in willing

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ſing the Thing you do not, nor in doing the Thing you would not, provided you ſupport ever a proper Tranquillity. You ſee, *Ladies*, in reſpect to you who appear ſo piouſly diſpos'd to obſerve the Laws of your Order, I have endeavour'd to remove all *Scruples* that might interrupt you in the Diſcharge of ſo important a *Duty*; and have endeavour'd, puſuant to the true Explication of our Maxims, to accommodate the Pleaſures of your *Age*, and the Duties of your *Profeſſion*. Adieu; I am juſt aſleep: So be it with you.

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